Liberty

SEPT. 22, 1945

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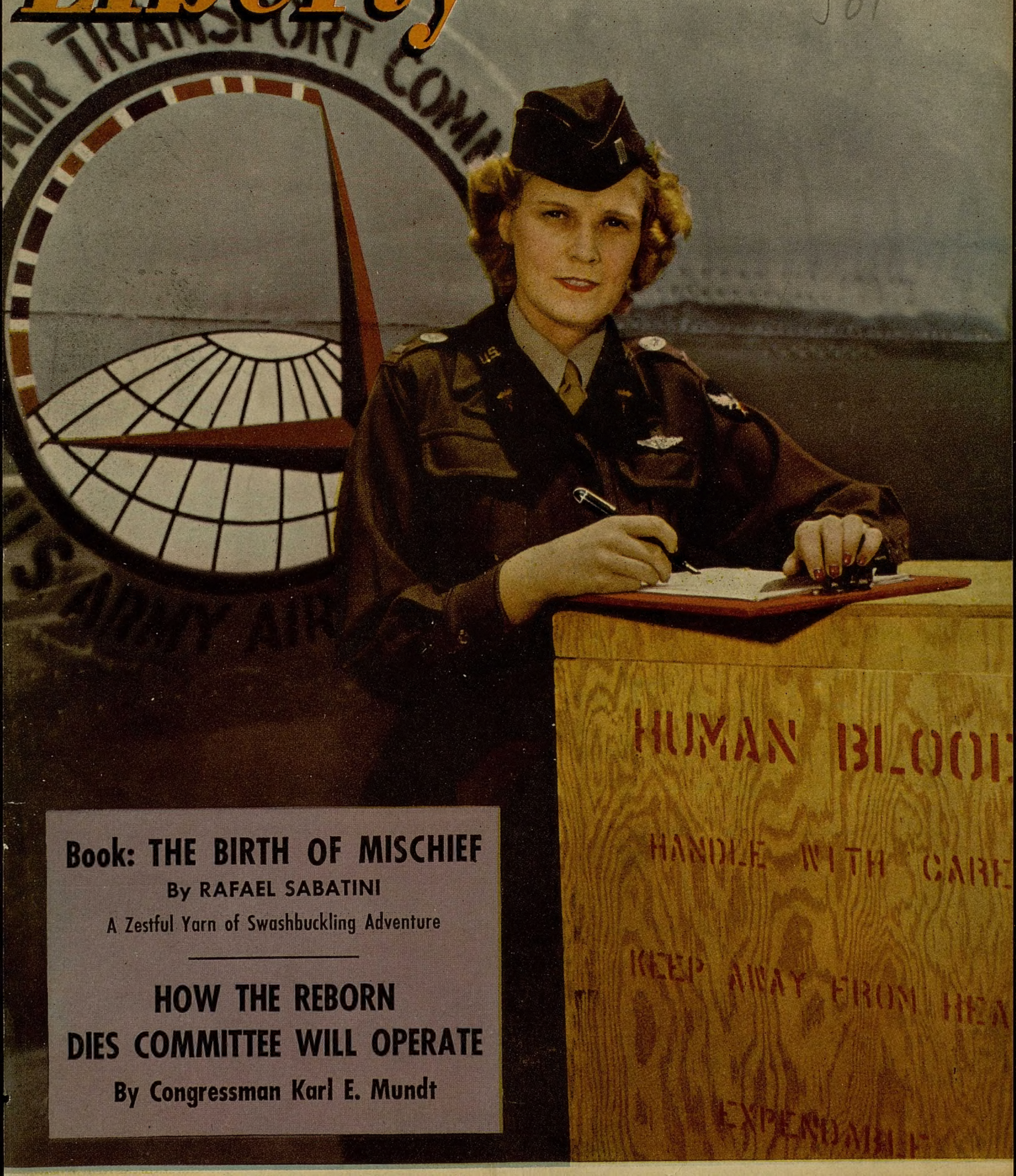
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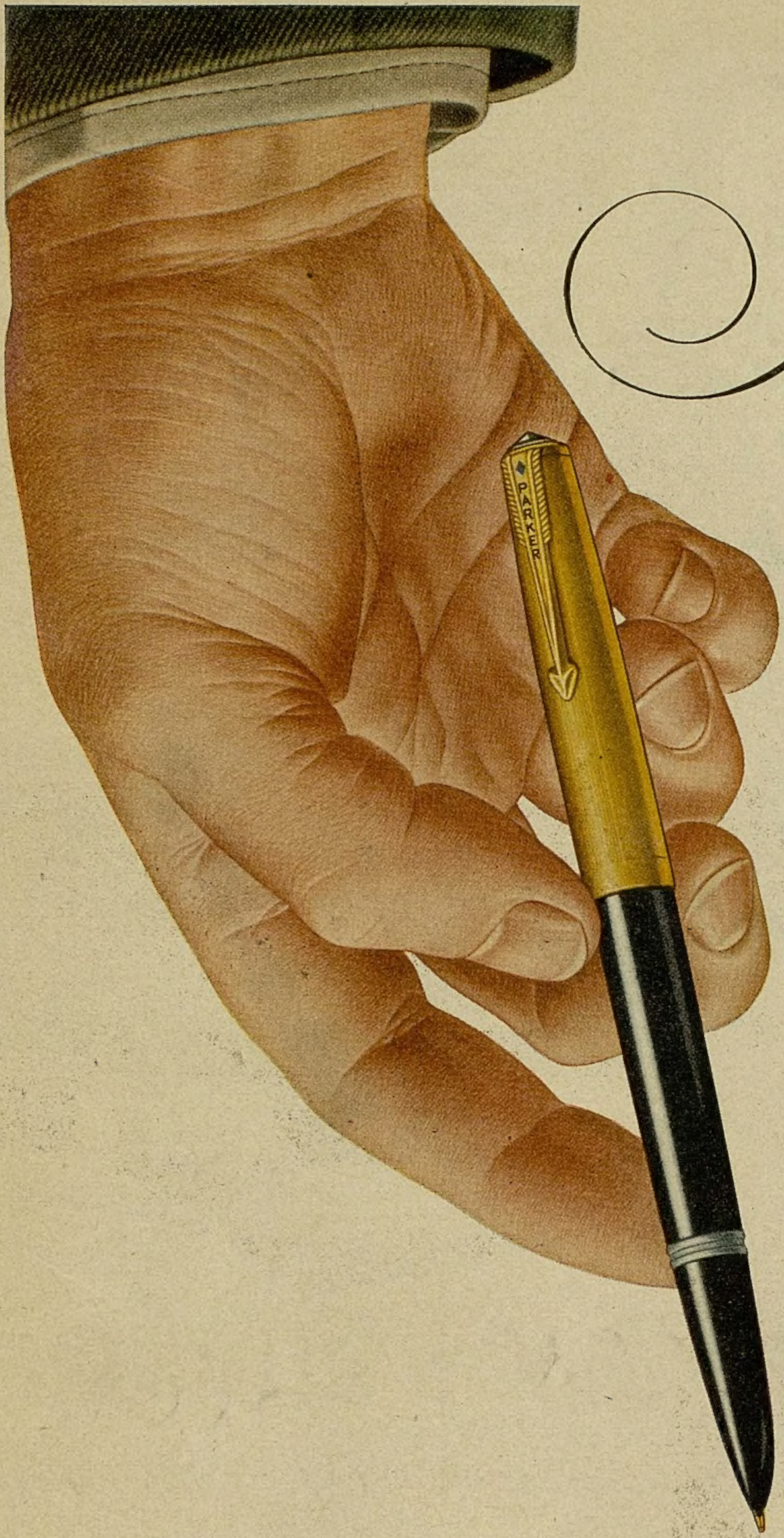

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In the days before victory, life-saving blood was rushed to the wounded by plane. Lt. June L. McElwaine, Army nurse, checks through a case to Okinawa.

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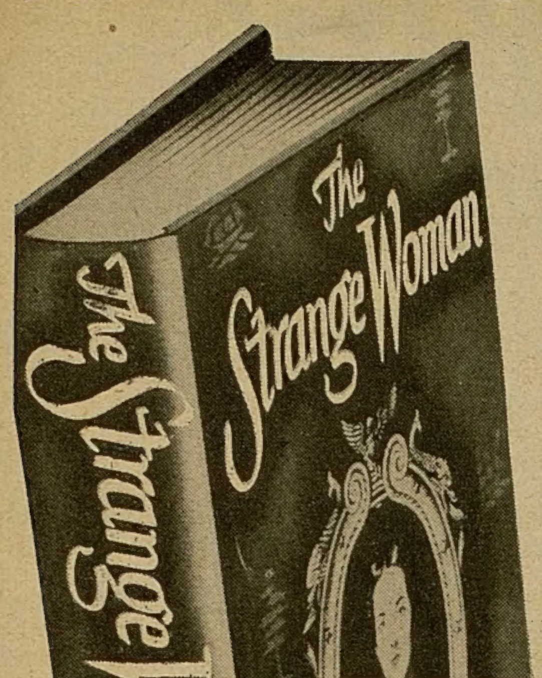

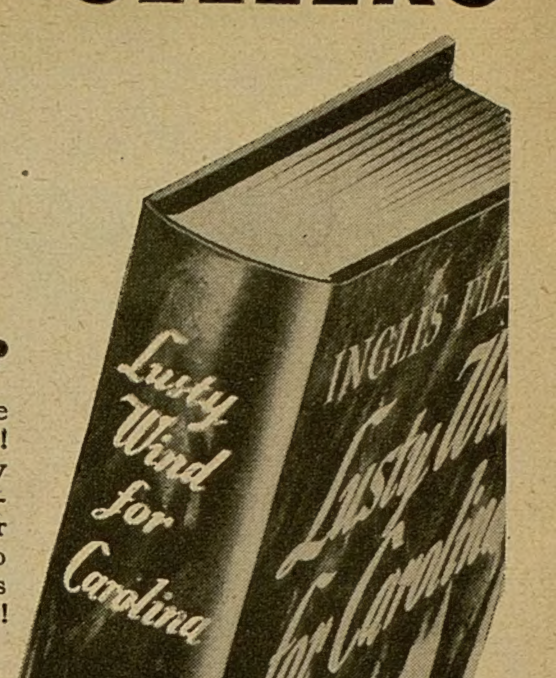

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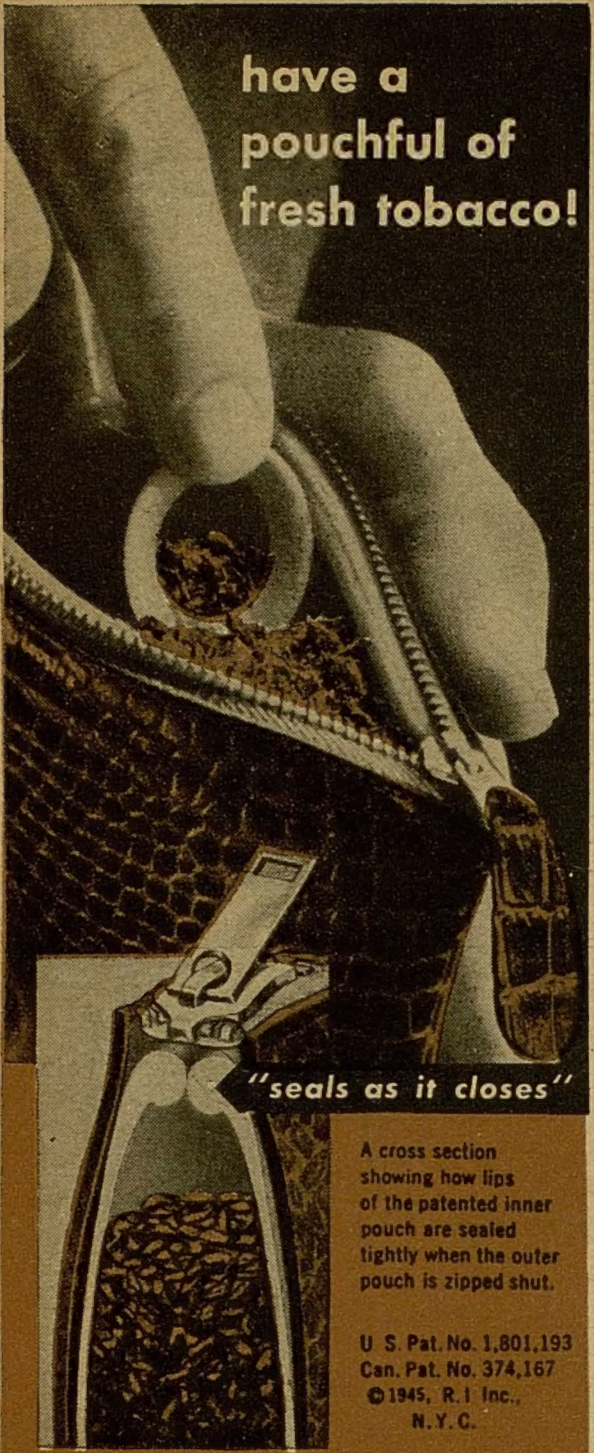

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★ VOX POP ★

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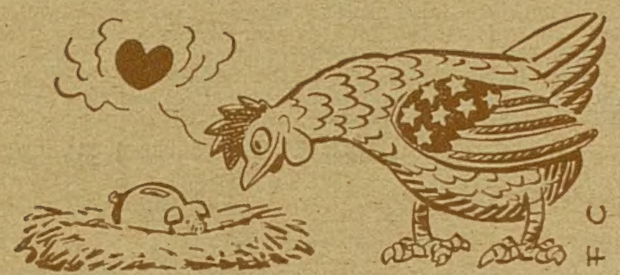
LIFE-INSURANCE COMPANIES, TOO

New York, N. Y.—Paul Hunter is to be commended for his editorial, The Great American Nest Egg (August 4). The American public well deserved his pat on the back for handling their excess funds pretty sensibly and not indulging in buying sprees during the wartime period of piled-up buying power.

The concluding observation, that "the great American nest egg, possessed for the first time so widely, can be saved and made to grow" if we can rapidly bridge the reconversion gap, was particularly striking in its wisdom. It should encourage the great mass of Americans to persist in their habits of thrift.

Mr. Hunter did not note, however, either in the editorial or in Stan MacGovern's excellent cartoon, the very important part that life insurance has played—with war bonds and savings-bank accounts—in all official stabilization and anti-inflation programs. Since August, 1943, when the life-insurance companies acted in the interest of their policyholders and the public generally, they have hammered home in a co-operative advertising campaign now reaching more than 35,000,000 Americans the importance of prudent spending and the necessity of putting as much money as possible into war bonds, life insurance and savings accounts.—*Walter E. Schneider.*



IN DEFENSE OF BURKE

Philadelphia, Pa.—Having read the article, Pacific Troopship, by James Burke (June 16), I was burned up to notice that some servicemen in Vox Pop (August 4) considered it purely a figment of fancy. How any one can pass judgment on something he has next to nothing to do with, I can't understand.

Mr. Burke's article was quite correct. When I read part of it and discovered it was my old ship he was speaking of, I really was surprised. I served aboard her from the time she was commissioned until April 20, 1945.—*W. S. D., Rdm 3/c.*

MORE ON "KAYO"

Oakland, Calif.—We have just finished reading the article, Hero by Design, by Art Cohn (August 4). The story may have been meant to be a tribute to Michael (Kayo) Janic, but in reality it turned out to be a malicious mockery, for Mr. Cohn worded parts of his article in such a way as to expose Kayo to ridicule.

It is true Janic did not have a finished education, but that did not stop him from bettering himself by his own methods and in his own time. He is by no means ungrammatical and illiterate, as Art Cohn would have us believe; neither is he a bum or a hobo. His diction is not that of a man without schooling. On the contrary, he has a vocabulary that is surprisingly large for one who left school at an early age.

There are a few other facts that we would like to point out about him, such as his generosity to wounded veterans. He has given them large sums of money on the spur of the moment. His explanation for the deed—"I feel humble because they had given so much and I was fortunate to come back whole."

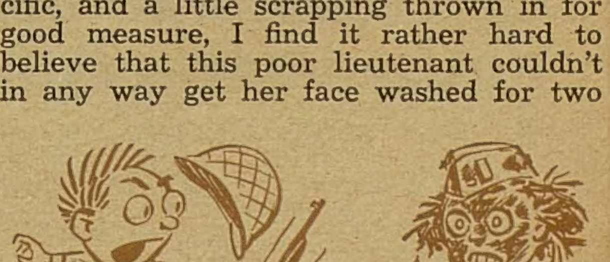
He is always going out of his way for the people he cares for, especially children. Children know him as a pal with a tough exterior and a soft interior.

Being a personal friend of Kayo, Mr. Cohn probably assumed that the aforementioned was known to the public and did not deem it necessary to include it in his article. We who also have had the privilege of personally knowing Kayo feel that an injustice was done by the omission of these points which bring to light the other side of his personality. Therefore we would appreciate any action on your part to so enlighten the public. —*Evelyn Glazer, Poppy Finsten, Ruth Siver, Vera Manger, Billie Posnet, Jane Nitzburg.*

ON WOMEN AND WAR

San Francisco, Calif.—I have just read the letter in Vox Pop by WAC Lt. G. L. L. (July 28) who was subjected to all of the horrors of the present war in the Pacific, and to top it off was rationed only one quart of water a month, to say nothing of the lice and mud in her hair.

After thirty-three months in the Pacific, and a little scrapping thrown in for good measure, I find it rather hard to believe that this poor lieutenant couldn't in any way get her face washed for two months. I cannot bring myself to call her a liar, but I have had the pleasure of serving with many Army outfits in the Pacific, and though their appearance may not have been appropriate for the Waldorf-Astoria cocktail lounge, they did manage to get their faces and feet washed.



Never—and I repeat, never—have I seen a place in the Pacific where there were women in the service quartered that did not have facilities for cleanliness much superior to those afforded the enlisted men.

I have gone a month without taking my

(*Continued on page 8*)

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1508 Facts About Poisons
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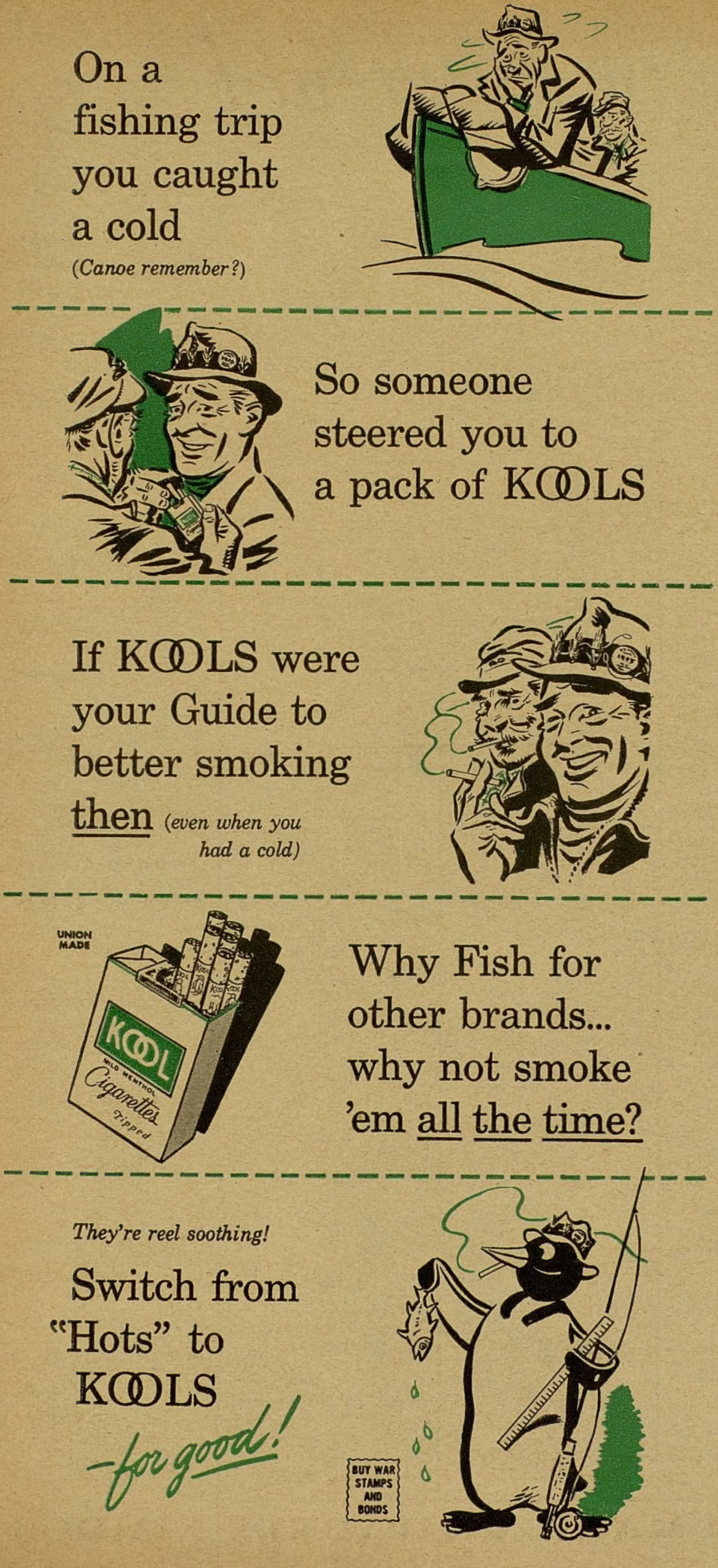


On a fishing trip you caught a cold
(*Canoe remember?*)

So someone steered you to a pack of KOOLS

If KOOLS were your Guide to better smoking then (*even when you had a cold*)

Why Fish for other brands... why not smoke 'em all the time?

They're reel soothing!

Switch from "Hots" to KOOLS

—for good!

(*Continued from page 6*)

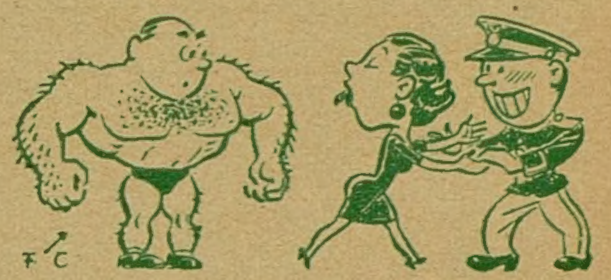
shoes off, but that didn't stop me from wading into the sea or a stream with them on to cleanse my body. If the lieutenant lived under the conditions that she described, she is leading a tougher existence than 99 per cent of the combat marines.—*Corporal F. E. R., U. S. Marine Corps.*

SHOEMAKER, CALIF.—Cheers for the WAC lieutenant who writes in defense of the Women's Army Corps and all other women's services.

They may not go through everything this "looie" did, but it's about time they got some praise and compliments for a job well done.—*R. W. B., S1/c.*

NO EXCESS MUSCLE

CONCORD, CALIF.—Phooey to "Mr. America," the most perfectly developed U. S. male, who was pictured in Camera Eye (August 4). I'll take my 145-pound marine any day. He's got what it takes, without a lot of excess muscle to get in the way!—*Mrs. E. A. Daniels.*



CALL A HALT

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS—When is the editor of Liberty going to start censoring articles written by his brilliant employees? I refer to The Sock-and-Bustin' Boy, by Elizabeth Wilson (May 19), in which she quoted a movie fan of James Cagney as saying that he is a "cocky little bastard" badly in need of having the hell knocked out of him. I think Mr. Cagney should be pleased at being described thusly, especially when he has to explain to his own youngsters just what it means. Also it should please the parents of the many children who will read that article and then go to mom or pop for an explanation.

We in the service hear enough of those delightful words every day without having Liberty throw them in our teeth. I realize that the moral conscience of a nation is lowered during wartime, but when a medium with the influence of Liberty tends to push those morals even lower, a halt must be called. We have had a lot of bright authors try to tell us what we are fighting for, but it took this article by intelligent Elizabeth Wilson to give me a good reason to be fighting mad, but not at the enemy.

If you must give American children unfamiliar or new words for their vocabularies, why not make them beautiful ones? There are already too many ugly ones. —*Cpl. Marion J. Schneider.*

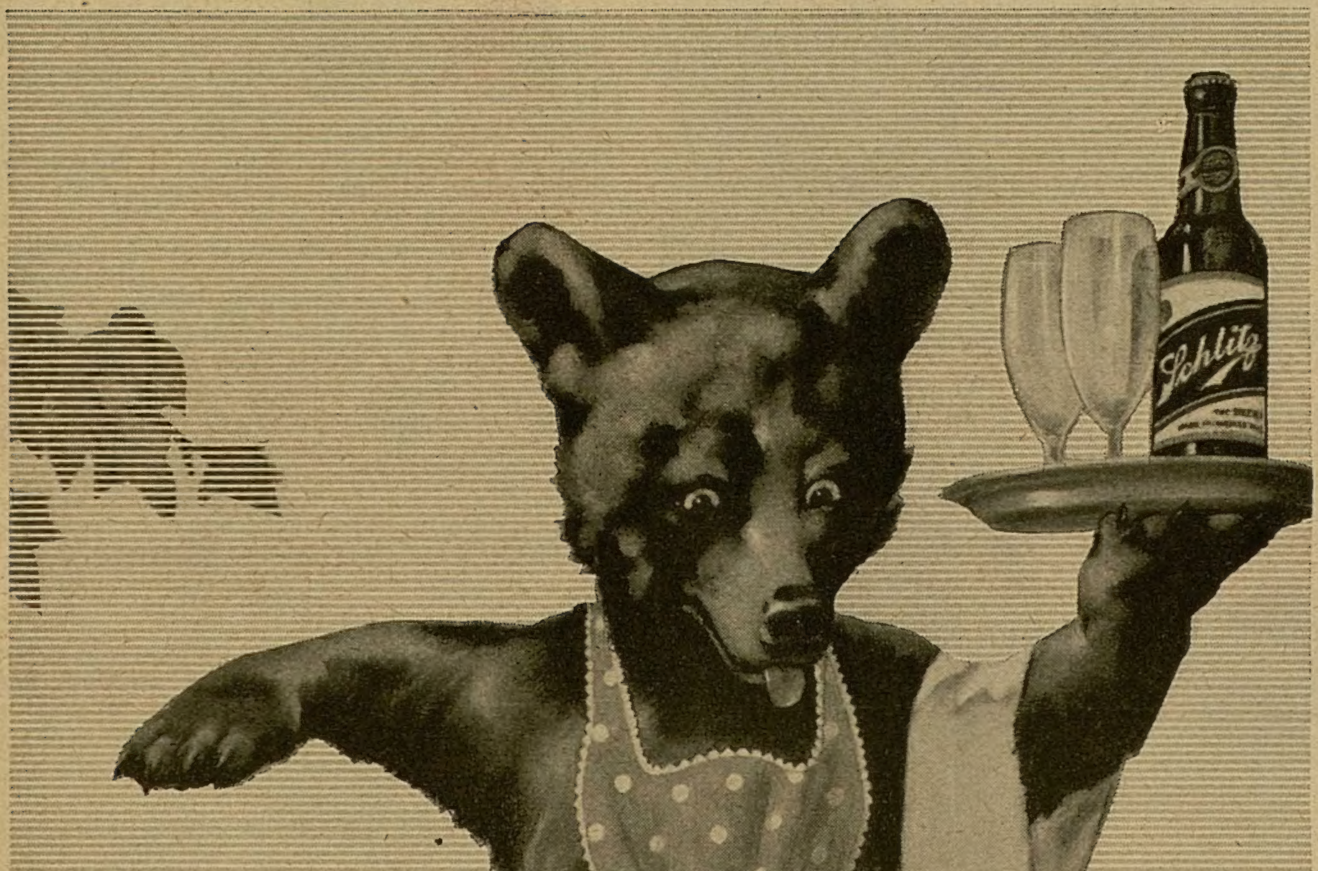
UNUSUAL WAR STORY

NEWTON, MASS.—To me, the story Night Without End, by Georges Carousso (August 11), is one of the best short stories I have ever had the pleasure of reading. Not only is it an unusual war story, but it also has a terrific surprise ending.

I close with but one request—let's have more stories by this author.—*Dorothy Likely.*

Refreshingly different!

Your SCHLITZ is on the way, sir! These magic words rouse eager anticipation with their promise of a beer that's refreshingly different. Millions hail that famous flavor found only in SCHLITZ as the smoothest thing on ice!



JUST THE *kiss* OF THE HOPS

...no bitterness

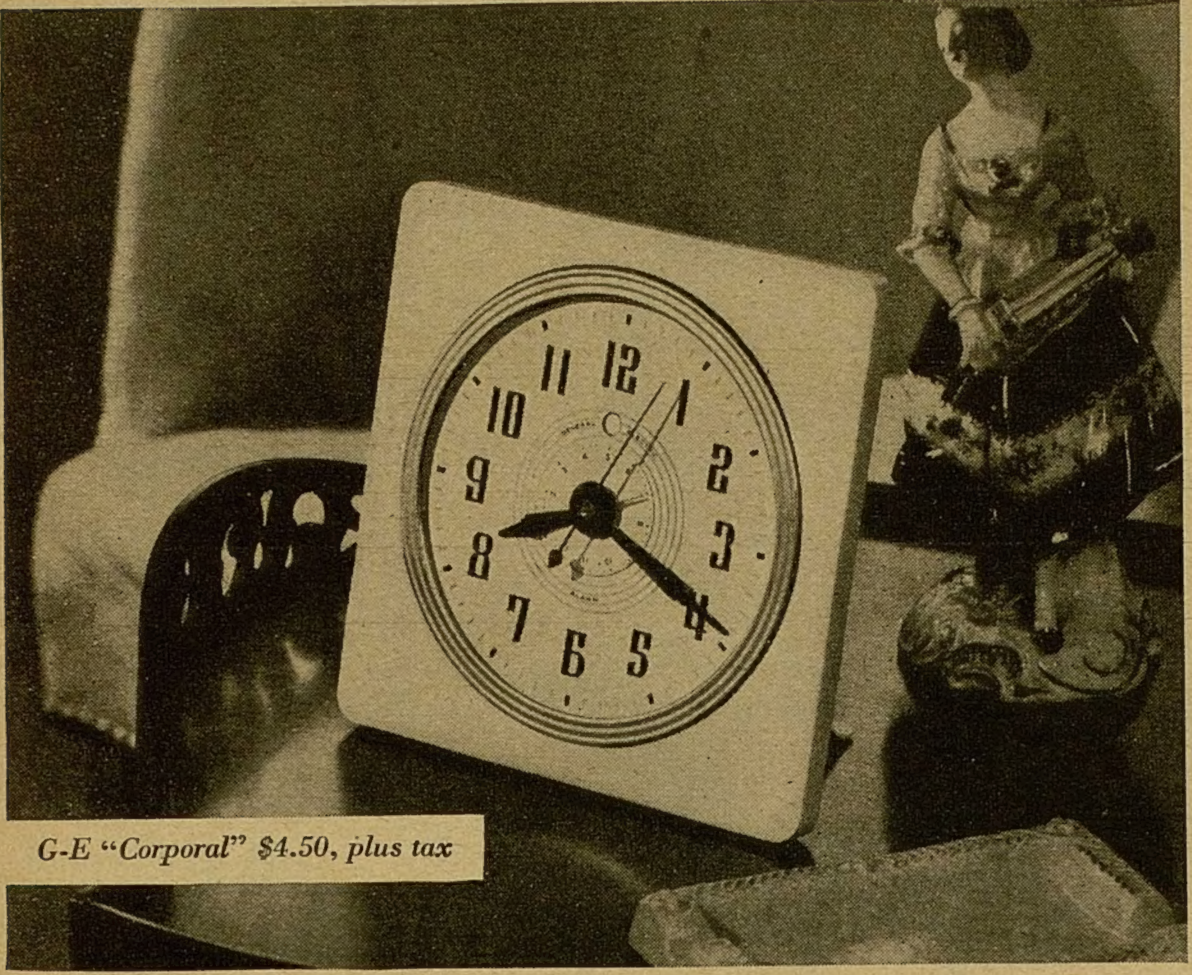
Schlitz
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

Schlitz

Copr. 1945, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

No twist— No trouble— No tick-tock with a G-E Alarm Clock



G-E *"Corporal"* *$4.50, plus tax*

Just set your General Electric Alarm Clock . . . plug it in . . . and the self-starting G-E motor does the rest.

No Twist: No keys to wind—or to forget to wind. Electricity keeps it going with split second accuracy, eliminates the nuisance of winding.

No Trouble: There's no spring to break, no delicate balance wheel to get out of kilter. And the sealed-in-oil mechanism of a G-E Clock will give attention-free service for years and years.

No Tick-Tock: You'll appreciate this alarm clock because it's *so quiet.* No annoying ticking, only the turning of the big sweep second hand tells you it's on the job. But the pleasant alarm is a sure "waker-upper."

If your dealer is out of stock, be patient, try him again soon. And remember, it won't be long before he'll have a full line of General Electric Clocks for all your needs. General Electric Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

FOR GOOD LISTENING: Don't miss Art Linkletter, in "The G-E House Party," every afternoon, Monday through Friday, 4 p. m., E.W.T., CBS. "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra," Sunday, 10 p. m., E.W.T., NBC. "The World Today," News, Monday through Friday, 6:45 p. m., E.W.T., CBS.

FOR FINAL VICTORY—BUY AND HOLD MORE WAR BONDS

General Electric Clocks

GENERAL ELECTRIC

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

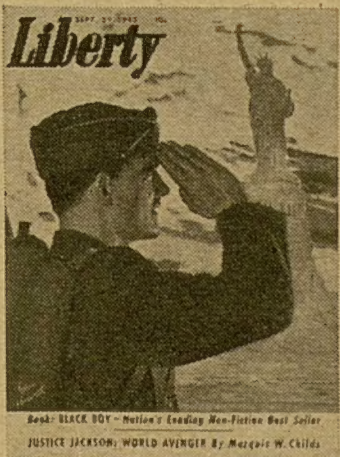
MUNDT—MAN OF MANY INTERESTS

KARL E. MUNDT has had his finger in a lot of pies since he started teaching in his home state of South Dakota in 1923. Among other avocations, he was national vice-president of the Izaak Walton League, editor of the magazine published by the National Forensic League (of which he is now president), program director of the Rocky Mountain Writers' Conference. In 1936, when he forsook the field of education to devote more time to the Mundt Loan and Investment Company, he had been a superintendent of schools and a college instructor. Two years later he was elected to the U. S. Congress. A member of the reborn Dies Committee (as well as the House Foreign Affairs and Indian Affairs committees), he's in an ideal position to answer the question, WHAT IS UN-AMERICAN ACTIVITY?

FATHER OF HISTORICAL ROMANCE

IT was some twenty-odd years ago that Rafael Sabatini wrote the record-breaking Scaramouch which catapulated him to fame and fortune and put the historical romance back on the map. His fortieth novel since then, THE BIRTH OF MISCHIEF—in the same swashbuckling tradition—is condensed in this week's issue of Liberty. Born in Italy, educated on the Continent, and now at home in England, Mr. Sabatini is planning a trip to America in his chosen role of angler. "It leaves me cold that men write better books than mine," he says, "but I hate the man who can catch more fish."

NEXT WEEK


Liberty
Book: BLACK BOY—Nation's Leading Non-Fiction Best Seller
JUSTICE JACKSON: WORLD AVENGER By Marquis W. Childs

MR. JUSTICE JACKSON became a historic figure when he declared that aggression was a crime. In JUSTICE JACKSON TRIES HIS TOUGHEST CASE, Marquis W. Childs presents the man who is applying that tenet to Europe's warmongers now. . . . DEATH BEFORE DEATH is Victor Race's up-to-date report on man's age-old scourge, leprosy. . . . In BOSS LADY, Elizabeth Wilson gives you the remarkable Joan Davis, who got to the top by knocking herself down. . . . Victor Boesen relates the fun, food, and grief that result when the Navy plants VICTORY GARDENS IN THE PACIFIC. . . . In Liberty's Book Condensation, BLACK BOY, Richard Wright presents his own boyhood story as critics enthuse.

THE MAN WHO SET AMERICA TO MUSIC

DY IN BLUE · PORGY AND BESS · SUMMERTIM
AMERICAN IN PARIS · I GOT RHYT
CONCERTO IN F · BLU
ACEABLE Y
GOOD

Robert Alda as George Gershwin

As a boy, he lived over a bakery shop in Brooklyn.

While the other kids were playing one-o'-cat and Red Rover, his mother made him stay inside and take piano lessons. (Twenty-five cents a lesson — cash!)

And when he played Mozart in ragtime, his teacher turned purple with rage.

But Mozart wouldn't have minded. Because he'd have heard, in that "ragging", the nervous, impudent rhythm of a city . . . the violent, cocksure cadence of a nation . . . the first whisper of a genius that would someday speak in rich, exuberant accents, and make the music of George Gershwin world-famous.

* * *

Out of the exciting life of this man . . . out of the wealth of best-loved music he wrote . . . we at Warner Bros. have fashioned a magnificent motion picture.

We think you'll enjoy RHAPSODY IN BLUE as you've enjoyed few entertainments in your lifetime.

We think, too, that RHAPSODY IN BLUE says something important about the democracy which gave Gershwin a chance to prove his genius . . . and that RHAPSODY IN BLUE is in the Warner tradition of *"combining good picture-making with good citizenship."*

WARNER BROS.

JACK L. WARNER, EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

Rhapsody in Blue

THE JUBILANT STORY OF GEORGE GERSHWIN

starring

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Directed by IRVING RAPPER · Produced by JESSE L. LASKY · MUSIC BY GEORGE GERSHWIN · Original Story by Sonya Levien · Screen Play by Howard Koch and Elliot Paul

Dances created and directed by LE ROY PRINZ · Orchestral arrangements by RAY HEINDORF

An attractive personality calls for a good disposition

The first requirement of an attractive personality is to be pleasant and considerate at all times. Intelligence, vivacity and high ideals add to your charm, but a good disposition comes first!

"Fresh up" —keep smiling!

You like it ...it likes you

Pour a chilled bottle of 7-Up gently down the side of the glass. Then sip it slowly . . . let it roll over and under your tongue. That's the way to get complete enjoyment from America's "fresh up" drink. Scent the delicate bouquet. Taste its fine fresh flavor. Notice how each sip dances and tingles and wakes up your mouth. The more your enjoyment grows, the more you feel like smiling. That's the "fresh up" with 7-Up that millions love. Get yours at any store displaying the 7-Up signs.

LAUGH!

Hear the newest, funniest comedy and variety program on the air—The "Fresh Up" Show
Mutual Network . . . 8:30 p.m. EWT—7:30 CWT —6:30 MWT—8:30 P.WT.—Every Wednesday

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Consolidated Vultee's new B-32 Dominator superbombers in formation flight. Its high tail surface makes the B-32 exceptionally stable and maneuverable.

ON THE BEAM

Now it's all over, just what did the Germans' vaunted air force amount to, and did they really know how to use it? A post-mortem answer

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Paris.

CONTROVERSY over the questions of who won the war in Europe and how large a part air power played in the winning will presumably go on for years, but one cannot tour a dozen major German cities and fly over the western half of Germany today without reaching the firm conviction that it was air power that paralyzed Germany's industry and communications to such an extent that her position was hopeless.

Railways, canals, roads, and the basic sources of war material were so thoroughly blasted out by strategic air forces that even today, some months after the final collapse, relatively little of Germany's extensive rail system has been put back into even temporary working order.

Germany's effort to put her war factories underground and to disperse her industry away from the heavily bombed and vulnerable large cities was a makeshift move which not only failed to work but actually backfired. Once dispersed, her industries became largely impotent because the Allies had knocked out her transportation facilities.

From interviews with both Germans and Allied officials, and from personal observations, it seems clear that the Germans never really understood how to use their vaunted air force. They had had a separate air force for a long time, they did a lot of talking about the use of air power, and they went into large-scale aircraft production long before any other nation did. But they didn't understand what air power was all about.

When Germany invaded Poland, it was smooth going. The Poles were very weak in the air. The German aircraft roamed almost at will and proved to be remarkably effective—so much so, in fact, that the Germans then decided to use their air force prominently in the invasion of the Lowlands in 1940. There again they met with great success, because there was very little opposition in the air. Britain had only a very small air force, needed chiefly for defensive purposes. The French had almost nothing, for the nationalization of the French aircraft industry several years earlier had plunged the industry into a morass of political conflicts, with virtually no output.

The whole secret of air power, as explained by a high Allied official, is the ability to concentrate an air force on the right place at the right time. It is flexibility that counts.

The biggest fault of the German air effort was the dispersal of the air force. The Germans thought of air power as an aid to the ground forces. Even when they attempted to bomb England out of the war although they had no aircraft designed for the purpose, they were unable to concentrate. German bombers came over in a long procession, one after another, enabling British fighters to make as many as four sorties during one German attack—in other words, to have four cracks at the Germans instead of one.

Ironically enough, Germany was far ahead of Britain and the United States in abstract aeronautical research, according to well-informed sources. The Germans early took the lead in jet propulsion. Had they organized their production better, they might well have stalled off the end of the war by as much as six months and inflicted many more casualties on the Allies, especially in the air. But having led the way in research, they failed to excel in production and in air operations because they failed to understand air power and how to use it.

"The Germans had too many brain waves," one official has commented. "They jittered about from one thing to another and got hopelessly lost."

(Continued on page 16)

CUSTOMBILT • FROM BOWL TO HILT

So cool, the joy does not pall... So light, the jaw does not tire... Because each CUSTOMBILT PIPE is a union of lighter stummels and bigger bowls ... No breaking-in, either... Cured for your immediate pleasure ... And styled by artists who use their imagination as well as their hands ... No two alike.

CUSTOMBILT *Pipe*

Pipe illustrated, $7.50. The CUSTOMBILT Pipe collection includes a wide range of styles at $5, $7.50, $8.50, $10, $12.50 and up. All packaged in handsome gift boxes. Only at Better Stores.

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Distributors also of Sportsman Pipe Mixture, Sasieni Fine English Pipes and Sportsman Toiletries for Men.

Your own thoughts of CHEVROLET will tell you . . .

Now that new motor cars are beginning to roll off America's assembly lines, it will pay you to remember the following important facts:

In 10 of the last 11 car-production years, people purchased more Chevrolets than any other make of car, because they were convinced that Chevrolet led all others in *high* quality at *low* prices. All during the war, Chevrolet cars have proved and confirmed their right to public preference by their extraordinary display of performance, economy and dependability under the most difficult driving conditions. And today, *one* out of every *four* automobiles in use in America is a Chevrolet—*it leads all others in total registrations.*

In other words, Chevrolet is the *prewar leader*—Chevrolet is the *wartime leader*—and your own thoughts tell you that Chevrolet will be the *postwar leader* too!

All of which means, it will pay you to depend on the dependable, and to choose Chevrolet for the "highest quality in the lowest price field," in the months and years to come.

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Corporation*, DETROIT 2, MICHIGAN

FOR 34 YEARS

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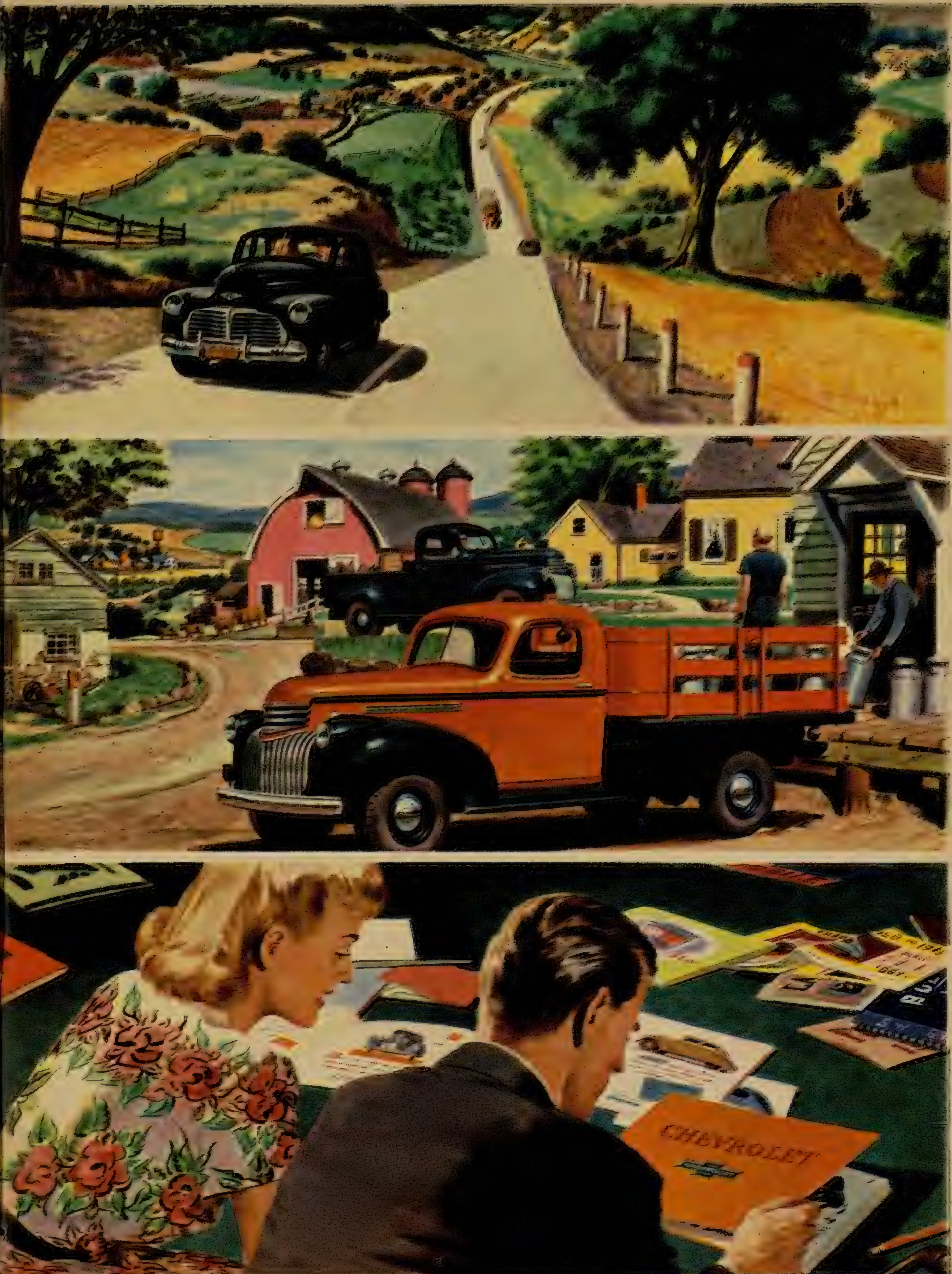
THE SYMBOL OF SAVINGS

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

"PREWAR LEADER

WARTIME LEADER

POSTWAR LEADER *Too!*"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BOTTLED AT THE WORLD'S LARGEST VINEYARD
Bottled at the Winery
1914
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PALE DRY SHERRY

It's love at first taste ...with this sherry!

"DRY" grapes from non-irrigated vineyards give I.V.C. wines that extra delicious flavor.

Naturally, these non-irrigated "DRY" grapes of ours grow smaller, but the precious juices are more luscious . . . just naturally richer for wine.

And if I.V.C. Sherry is superb . . . just wait till you taste our Port, Sauterne, Rhine, Grignolino and sparkling Champagne!

Since 1883, these rare California wines have been bottled . . . here at the world's largest vineyard located in the Cucamonga Valley. Today, I. V. C. bottles eighteen different fine wines for your pleasure under the famous Gold Medal label.

I.V.C WINES

BOTTLED AT THE WINERY

Distributed by
CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC.
New York, N.Y.

(Continued from page 13)

A visit to German aircraft factories is sufficient evidence of how the Germans became lost in their air plans. They started many different aircraft models, concentrated on almost none, and altered their design and production plans often. They became panicky and desperately anxious for something new in the air—but it was too late to find the right answer. It has been surprising to find that during the last few months of the war in Europe a lot of German development work was in progress which had no immediate relation to the war. Had this manpower been devoted to production of good aircraft of a few already tried and proved types, the Allied supremacy in the air might have been seriously delayed.

In a sense, it all goes back to the fact that the Germans did not prepare for a long war. Germany herself was not mobilized for a long war. Her manpower and womanpower were not utilized to any efficient extent.

While the Germans had excellent scientists and technicians, the leadership at the top was poor. At no time did the German High Command know what to do with its air force and how to do it. The air force actually was beaten every time it appeared in the war after the Allies took the offensive.

GERMAN fighter planes were as good as any in the world. In fact, the jet-propelled Messerschmitt 262 was the fastest operational aircraft in the war at the time the Germans collapsed. But German bombers were far, far behind the parade. And as it turned out, it was the heavy strategic bombers, of which the Germans had not a single one, that played the decisive role in paralyzing Germany in a way that Germany could never have paralyzed England when she had the opportunity.

The individual German fighter pilot was as good as any in the world until the six months before the collapse, but then the quality deteriorated considerably. For one thing, Germany had lost her best pilots in combat fighting. For another, she had no oil to use for training—and the nation that cannot continue to train new pilots is in a bad way.

The Russians understood less about air power than the Germans and employed an entirely different kind of warfare than did the British and Americans. The war story in Russia might have well been very different but for Allied bombers destroying the sources of war material and lines of communication in Germany. The Russians owe a far bigger debt to Allied strategic bombing than they have thus far acknowledged.

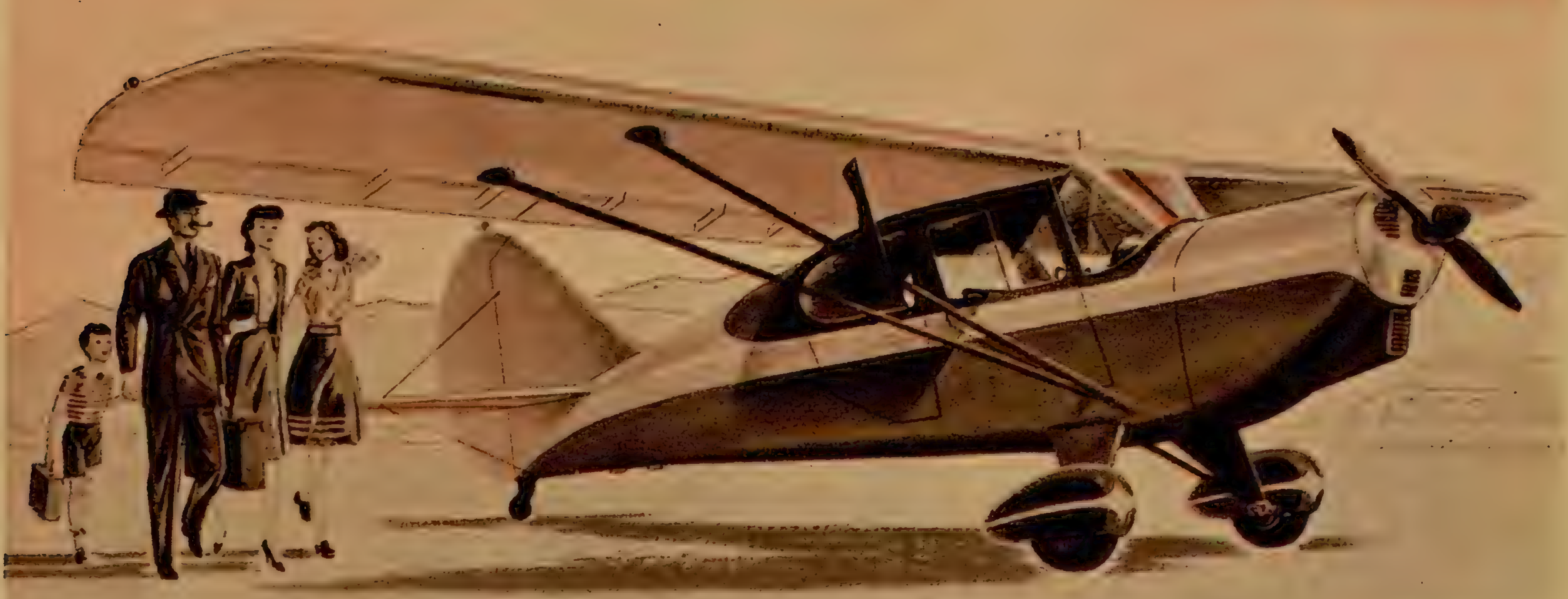
Much has been told on this page about the British and American types of bombing. Because of strong German fighter defenses, the British did not believe day bombing would be possible, hence they engaged in what they called area bombing by night—plastering an area of a city as thoroughly as they could.

The Americans proved that day bombing was not only possible, but was the only effective way of knocking out German fighters and attaining air supremacy over Germany. The Eighth Air Force concentrated on high-priority strategic targets, beginning with ball-bearings plants and going on to oil refineries and other vital targets and finally to railroad marshaling yards.

The two methods were excellently supplementary. The British destroyed the homes of the German workers and whatever factories were in the areas covered. The Americans destroyed the tools of war. The result was wholesale and staggering destruction in every important German city and in hundreds of towns.

FAMILY PLANE COST CUT IN HALF

Taylorcraft "Foursome" Already Flying!



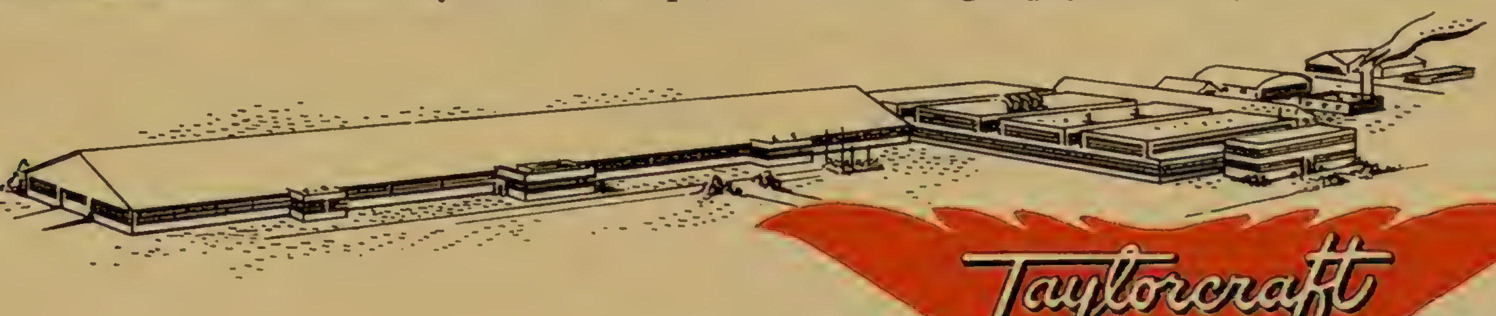
BEFORE the war, 4-passenger airplanes were heavy, high-powered and costly. Prices were from $7,500 to $15,000 and more.

The new Taylorcraft "Foursome" takes the family plane out of this luxury price bracket for the first time in aviation history—yet provides luxury features never before obtainable in an airplane, regardless of price.

For instance: the biggest, roomiest cabin ever built into a 4-passenger plane. Electric starter—no prop spinning. Unlimited visibility—with wide windows all around and the new Taylorcraft one-piece sunproof windshield. And performance *superior* to the heavy, costly prewar ships in many respects.

The instrument panel is compact and uncomplicated like the dashboard of your car, and the engine—what an engine! Light, powerful and smooth performing, it harnesses 125 horses—expert aeronautical engineers say it is the best all-around, most economical engine ever built for a 4-passenger plane.

See your local Taylorcraft dealer. He will gladly give you full particulars and tell you how convenient budget payments can be arranged.



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World's Largest Builders of Side-by-Side Airplanes

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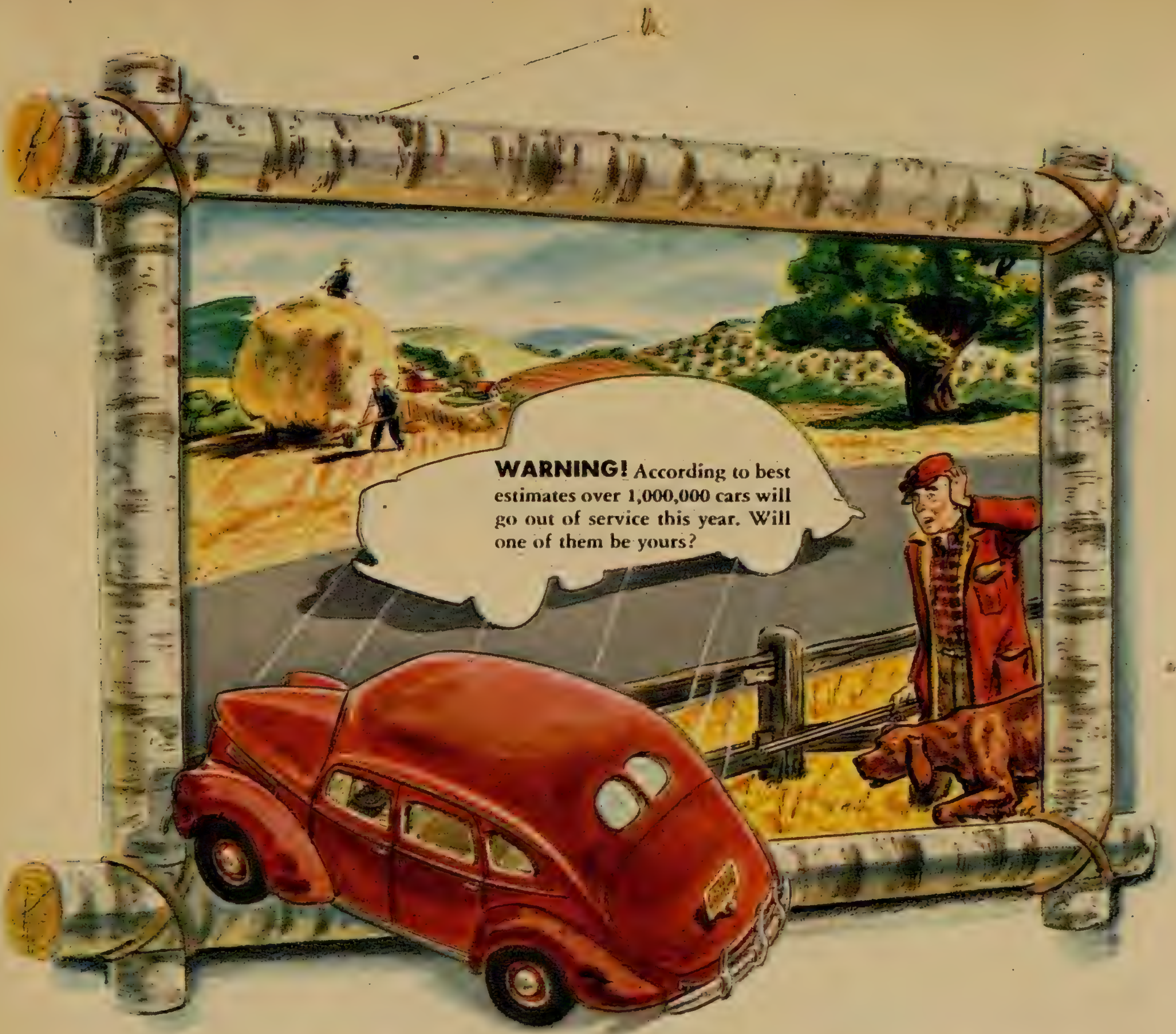
WARNING! According to best estimates over 1,000,000 cars will go out of service this year. Will one of them be yours?

OUT OF THE PICTURE ... *will it be yours?*

ONE day your car rolls along in plain view. A very pretty picture, too. Next day that car has dropped out — kerplop — leaving an empty and cheerless picture — *for you!*

But there's a bright side to the picture, as long as your car is still in it. Because there's still time to see your Texaco Dealer!

He knows that a crankcase full of clean, fresh insulated HAVOLINE or insulated TEXACO MOTOR OIL is a great life preserver for any car. And the car that gets its regular check-up on tires, battery, ignition system and other vital points . . . is the car that will stay on the job. And there's nothing like MARFAK lubricant to protect the chassis against wear and tear.

Your car has been in the picture a long, long time — at least three long years. Better see your Texaco Dealer right away.

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TUNE IN . . . Texaco Star Theatre every Sunday night starring James Melton. See newspapers for time and stations.

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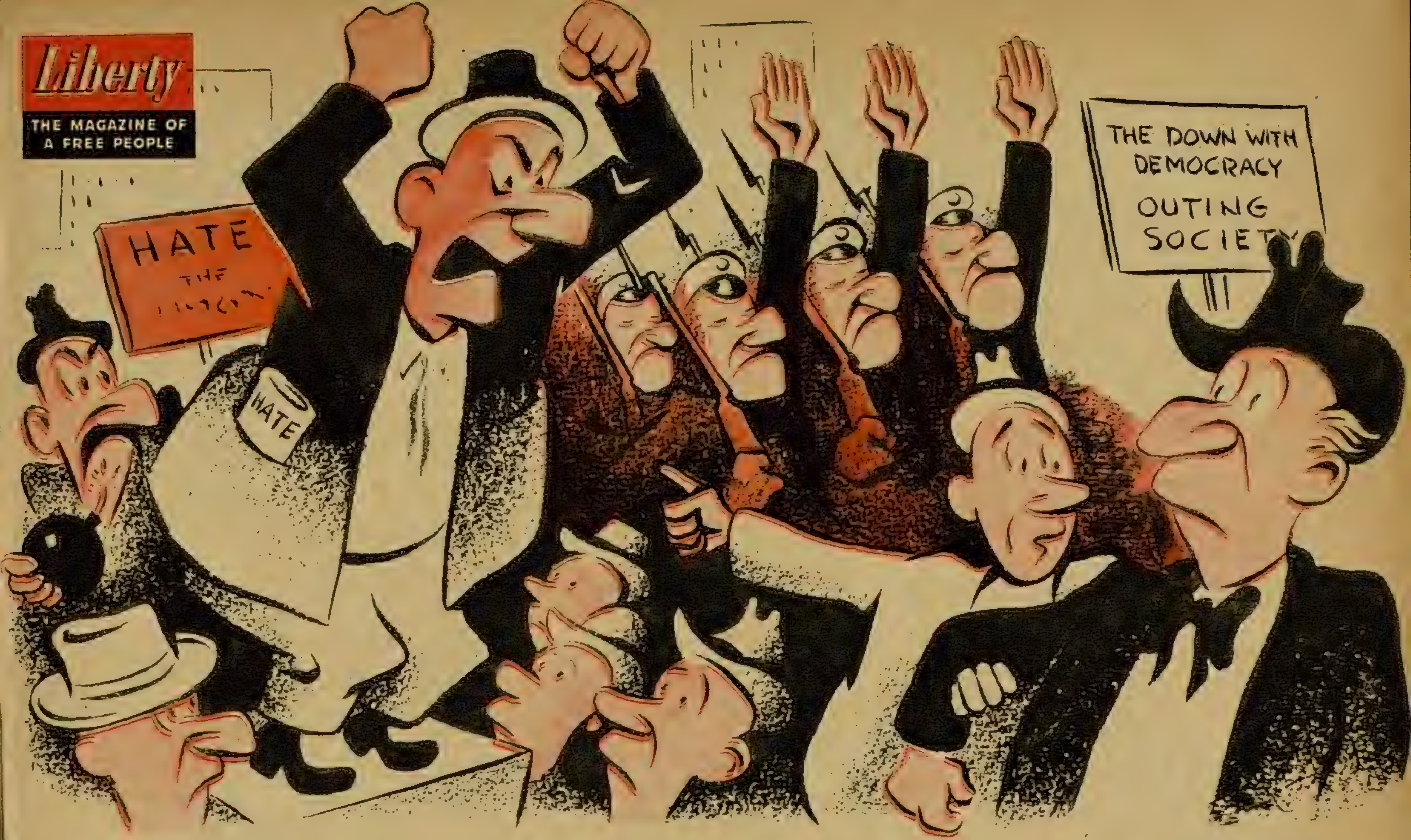
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CARTOON BY BILL O'BRIAN

What is Un-American Activity?

BY REPRESENTATIVE KARL E. MUNDT

The Dies Committee's successor is determined to do an unprejudiced job. From the views of 100 prominent Americans it has drawn up a blueprint for investigation which will guide its work

IN what was Hitler's Berlin or in what is left of Hirohito's Tokyo, a man had only to criticize the heads of state to be listed as engaged in subversive activity.

In Germany, the only "Committee on Un-German Activities" was the Gestapo, and few whom it investigated ever escaped the state's wrath. Even the suspicion of nonconformity meant banishment to starvation and death, or worse.

But here in the United States it's not so simple to determine what should be considered subversive. We treasure freedom so much that people of every point of view cherish the privilege of criticizing their government. They enjoy the right to advocate basic changes.

It was largely to protect precisely those rights and privileges that your Congress voted overwhelmingly to create a permanent House Committee to Investigate Un-American Activities.

The writer is a member of this new committee which, incidentally, is the most powerful in Congress. We can sit at any time, at any place in the United States. We have the perpetual power of subpoena and can require records to be produced. We can bring in original legislation or hold hearings on bills introduced in the House. We can introduce bills of impeachment. We are authorized to maintain a permanent staff of investigators and researchers with unlimited rights to travel.

Properly conducted, this committee can be a great asset in preserving and protecting our American freedoms. Improperly administered, it can be guilty of smear tactics, Red baiting, name calling, and un-American methods more nauseating than some of the super-patriot hysteria that arose during and after World War I. It is the hope and ambition of every member of this important committee to establish a record of constructive service which will vindicate the confidence Congress displayed in creating it.

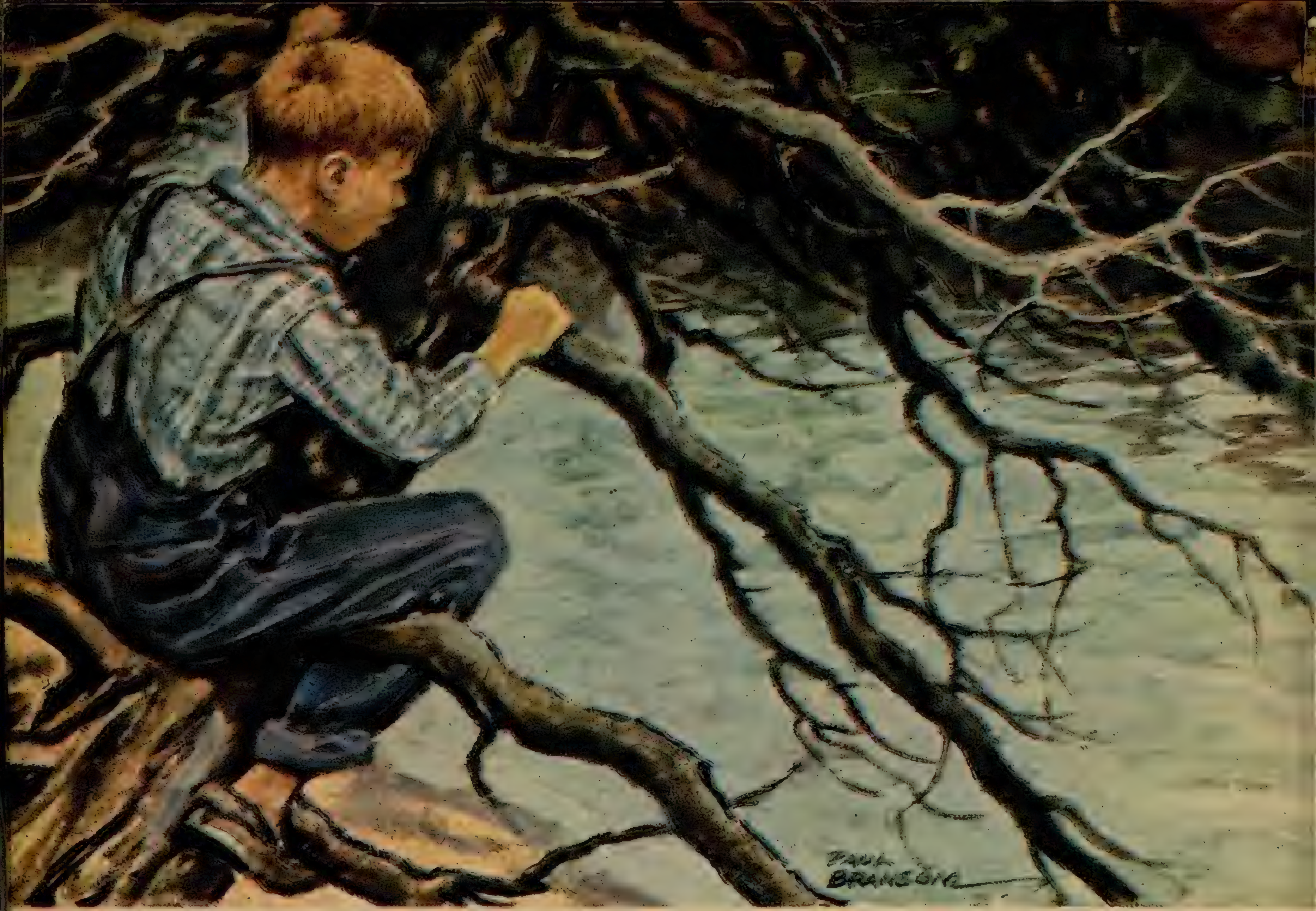
My two years' experience on the Dies Committee convinced me that our new group could best serve the country if first of all we could agree on a definition of "un-American activities." Since it was our job to ferret them out, expose them to the public gaze, and propose legislation to curtail them, it seemed obvious that first of all we must agreed among ourselves as to *what they actually are!*

As a member of the old Dies Committee, I had been concerned at times because much of our investigation had been aimed at activities and individuals whose purposes had not been demonstrated to be "un-American."

Also, I wanted our new committee to continue the helpful, public-serving achievements of the Dies Committee without subjecting itself to the criticism which that group had sometimes merited. It seemed that its experiences should furnish guideposts for improving the new committee's work.

Consequently, I sent identical letters to 100 outstanding Americans primarily engaged in molding public opinion, asking each of them to give me his definition of an "un-American activity." The list included eight governors, twelve heads of national organizations such as the American Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars, Daughters of the American Revolution, General Federation of Women's Clubs, and the like; ten prominent radio commentators, the writers of the twenty newspaper columns with the greatest circulation, ten magazine editors in the public-opinion field, twenty-two editors of daily newspapers, and fourteen prominent counselors of American thought like John W. Davis of New York City, President Robert

(Continued on page 92)



Just then the big coon appeared beside him and a fraction of a second later was on the dog's back, gripping his

Alone in the woods with the Killer — the monstrous wild dog that had terrorized the valley — the boy clung desperately to the limb of a tree, waiting for help. But through the night none came — until Davy saw

. . The

THE setting sun had vanished in celestial flame that seemed like a forest fire on the broken horizon of the Cascade foothills as Davy Thrane reached the Indian Creek trail. Coolness crept through the woods as the shadows lengthened abruptly and the purplish masses of fireweed lost their brilliance. Of a sudden he felt indignation against Missus Muley, the old cow whose whim of seeking solitude in the deep forest when she was about to be blessed with another calf had resulted in his being at least two miles from home, with night coming on. If his father hadn't promised that the calf would be Davy's, the boy would gladly have let Missus Muley go her way regardless.

But that calf was valuable. It meant a lot of things close to a backwoods boy's heart—a single-barreled shotgun, a hunting knife, even a hound pup of his own. Eventually Missus Muley would return to the Thrane farm, bringing her calf with her. But Davy doubted that Missus Muley, with her crooked, almost laughable horns, would be able to protect the calf if the Killer found her and her baby.

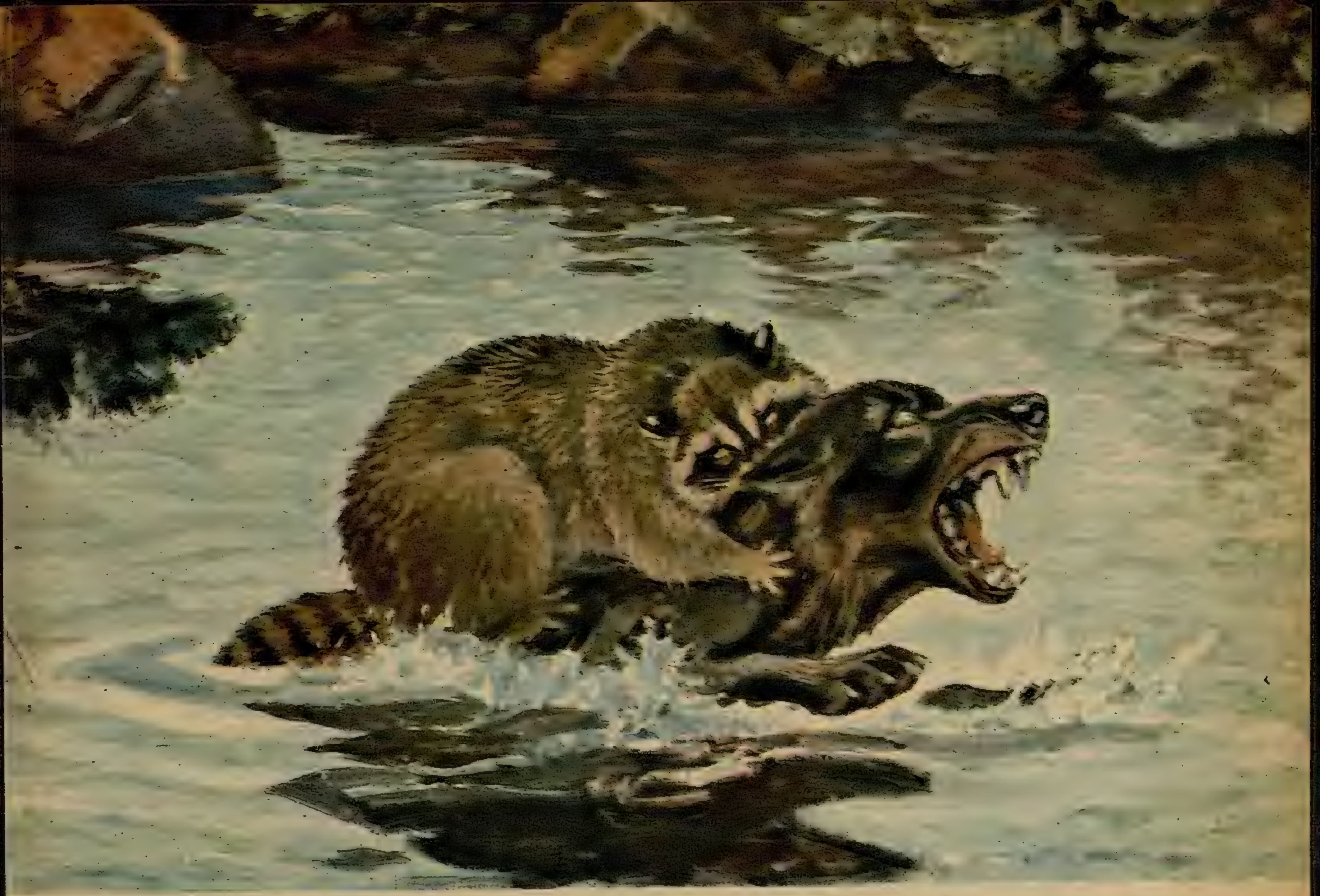
The manner in which the Killer had torn out the throats of sheep on the Thrane ranch, as well as others on ranches elsewhere in the Pahanomish Valley, had convinced Davy that Missus Muley, with her bluffing ways, would offer little protection to the new-born calf. So he had turned off the twisting dirt road and cut through the brush toward Indian Creek for two reasons: it was a short cut homeward, and there was also a chance that he might find Missus Muley and her offspring at the deer meadow.

But she was nowhere to be seen when he reached the lush grass that marked the natural break in the solid forest. A doe and a fawn saw him and whistled alarm before they went bounding lightly into the underbrush. Evidently Missus Muley had decided on something more original than the deer meadow for a hideaway. Davy crossed it and presently struck the Indian Creek trail. It was then that he became aware of the nearness of night—and he had suddenly become afraid.

His first impulse was to laugh at his fears. Ever since he could toddle—and he was now twelve—he had wandered through the forest as he desired. Jed Thrane wasn't the kind of man to raise a boy who was "scary." Davy had long ago met the forest's denizens—some large, some small—and he had been unafraid of all of them. If a black bear seemed too inquisitive, the boy merely yelled at him and the bear promptly vanished with loud whuffs of alarm. Twice Davy had met wildcats on the trail, and each time they had fled with explosive snarls of terror. He had never seen a cougar, yet he knew confidently that the big cat wanted nothing more than to put as much distance as possible between himself and all dreaded human beings.

There was nothing in the woods, therefore, that Davy feared. And yet—the first qualms of uneasiness gave him an odd twitching sensation, almost as though he were touched by something cold at the back of his neck. He found himself scanning the trail ahead and the brush on either side as he moved up Indian Creek.

By and by he stopped, determined to settle the thing in his own mind. The fate



foe by the fur at either side of the neck. In a tremendous flurry to shake the coon loose, the wild dog went under.

Watcher by the Pool

BY KENNETH GILBERT

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL BRANSOM

of Missus Muley and her offspring was forgotten for the moment. Davy was curious to find out what was troubling himself. Strangely enough, well-remembered words of his father seemed to ring in his ears.

"Don't overlook a hunch when you're in the woods, son," Jed Thrane had advised. "Find out what's wrong. All wild critters have a sixth sense. Reckon Injuns do, also. That's why they survived."

Davy stood very still, scarcely breathing as he studied the darkening woods. Indian Creek slipped by within a few feet of him, its muted whispering the only sound which broke the silence which had suddenly, in his imagination at least, become weighted with portent. At this point, too, the creek widened into a pool formed by fallen rocks which dammed its course. Brush grew thickly here, particularly devil's-club, which loves shade and nearness to water. It leaned toward the pool, almost hiding the fringe of sandy beach, for the freshet stage of Indian Creek had passed weeks ago and the stream was almost at the low level of summer. Great cedars and firs likewise drooped protectingly over the spot. Davy had come here only twice before, because it was farther from home than he usually strayed. Yet he knew there were big trout in the pool, which was as limpid as molten glass. Perhaps this summer—

His gaze swung behind him. Suddenly he had the tightened feeling of fear, as though some unseen thing had seized his throat, the panicky impulse to cry out. Yet he made no sound, merely standing there transfixed.

Less than a hundred feet distant, the thing stood there, watching him. His first thought was that it was a timber wolf, one of the blackish beasts called Siberians, occasional visitors from the north. Its coat was dark, thick, and matted with burs; its muzzle was gray and pointed. And yet after that first glance he knew that it wasn't a wolf. It was a dog, the biggest he had ever seen.

Yet no dog such as he had known. Its brushy tail drooped in wolfish fashion and its eyes had a topaz-jade brittleness in which there was no doggish warmth. It came to him then that this was the Killer, the outlaw that made periodical raids on bands of sheep which strayed too far into the hills. Sheep had died, apparent victims of the lust of killing; so had faithful sheep dogs who had tried to defend their flocks. Herders reported that they had only glimpsed the marauder; he struck swiftly at night, a swift-moving shadow that escaped rifle bullets. Hunts had been organized for the Killer, but they had proved fruitless. The wild dog lived on.

Where he came from they could only guess. Old Charley Spence, when he returned from the north a few years before to spend his remaining days in the pleasant valley, had brought with him a big wolf dog. One day it was noted that Charley Spence had not been seen for some time. They went to his cabin at the head of the valley and found the old man dead in his bunk. There was no sign of the dog. Age and other natural causes had claimed Charley Spence. Possibly the dog had died of starvation. But in the following weeks, things began to happen in the valley.

(Continued on page 85)

Jap Surrender Salesmen

BY VICTOR BOESEN

Out on Tinian, smart Yankees have converted some Jap prisoners, and the converts are cajoling their compatriots into surrender. It saves an awful lot of trouble

THE Tinian Hunt Club, Marianas Islands Chapter, was taking to the field. Its quarry was a Japanese naval lieutenant and four men who had holed up in a cave and refused to surrender. They had been given ample warning that they would be liquidated unless they came out. At the same time they had been assured that these measures would be adopted only as a last resort, for the Tinian Hunt Club does not use violence. It uses converted Japs with a high-pressure sales line.

The master of hounds in this novel enterprise was Major Charles F. Erb, Jr., of Los Angeles, former captain and quarterback of the University of California's Golden Bears through three undefeated years, and later, at twenty-two, coach at the University of Nevada.

He has had more than thirty months in the Pacific, serving in the New Guinea, Marshalls, and Gilberts campaigns as an Air Forces intelligence officer before his present duty as head of the psychological warfare unit on Tinian.

This assignment required him to capture or otherwise bench those Japs still on Tinian. They were shooting Americans who prowled the bush for souvenirs—a habit no Yank is going to drop in the face of a few bullets—and one night 120 tons of dynamite mysteriously took off, nearly taking the island with it and killing eleven men. This, too, was charged up to the Jap squatters.

Previous efforts to mop up the island, using the traditional methods of machine guns, dynamite, and flame throwers, had been expensive and only moderately effective. There were no voluntary surrenders in the first two months after Major Erb took over late last March.

But since then, with his crew of a half dozen Americans and a few converted P. O. W.s—prisoners of war—he has accounted for 364 Japs without killing or wounding a soul on either side.

Sharing the credit with Erb for this record is Major Sam Weintraub of Brooklyn, New York, veteran of nearly 200 combat patrols and most of the Pacific campaigns and holder of law and Bachelor of Science degrees from Georgetown University and City College of New York, respectively. Like Erb, he wants to get the war over with by the shortest route possible, even if that means not killing every last Jap.

After visiting a hospital and seeing some of our boys paying dearly for a little well-earned recreation, Erb made up his mind. He remarked to Lieutenant Hall Williams, former hammer-throwing Olympics contestant, now a staff athletic officer under Admiral J. H. Hoover, that he was going to convert a Jap prisoner of war and put him to work selling surrender to his countrymen. Why beat your brains out for three yards when maybe you can throw one for thirty? he asked. Compassion for the enemy had nothing to do with it. The sole consideration was to save American lives.

Charlie's first candidate for conversion looked like the last Jap in the world who'd ever vote American. Chunky, muscular, his black eye-slits brimming with hate, he was the Nipponese Dead End kid.

Maybe the manner of his capture had something to do with his disposition. Toughie, as he became known, was dynamited from a cave along with nine others who survived and seventeen who didn't. Two exploring Seabees had been killed at the mouth of that cave. He was a sight to frighten even the hard-bitten campaigners who drove him out. A black beard circled his snarling mouth. He had a cadaverous pallor from his long sojourn in darkness, and he carried a hand grenade which he was dissuaded from using. Even so, it was some time before he was allowed to get within blast distance of anybody, including the other Japs. He was a booby trap in human form.

Removed to the hospital for minor repairs, he startled every one the next day by abruptly announcing to Charlie, through a Nisei interpreter, that he knew the whereabouts of eight more of his brethren. But when he was asked slyly whom he thought best suited to induce the eight to surrender, he clammed up.

So Toughie was carefully fitted out in new clothing, then taken to Erb's quarters for a shower, shave, and haircut, with mirrors artfully placed to make sure that he saw the transformation these ministrations produced. He was made to understand that the doctor on hand was a specialist.

Thus softened up, he was asked again to nominate the logical man to approach his compatriots. This time Toughie hesitated but a moment. He would do it himself, starting at dawn the next morning.

At dawn he was driven to a cane field in the area supposedly harboring the other Japs. Given his orders, he blinked inscrutably and trotted off. Two dozen infantry guards dispersed into the field to positions where they could take charge if Toughie proved perfidious.

In forty minutes he returned, leading his eight countrymen. That night he went out again and brought in five more. Two weeks later he scored a third time, getting eleven who were slinking around a burning rubbish heap near a Seabee camp, after giving them an hour's sales talk on the attractions of American custody.

So began the team which is demonstrating that in some situations, at least, applied psychology works better than flame throwers. Toughie, made president of the Tinian Hunt Club as a matter of course, acquired four teammates, Smiley, Up, Stand By, and Big Brother, each named for some outstanding characteristic.

There are other Japs available for the hunt, but these five are the regulars. Their loyalty is unquestioned. "These boys would die for me," Erb declared. They've demonstrated that several times.

Well fed and clothed, they are walking proof of what they tell their reluctant comrades about treatment in American hands. Now and then they are taken from their stockade and treated to a full-blown American meal. By such treatment, Charlie and Sam figure they are merely keeping a vital bargain. Anything less would be betrayal and would pay off in the same coin.

But the Japs' loyalty has deeper roots than food and clothing. As Charlie explains it, they've been made to envision a new life ahead for them despite their government's edict that to surrender is to die, and they intend to help create that new life. They're convinced they are doing their fellow soldiers a service by bringing them out alive. They consider themselves not Quislings but leaders among the remaining Japs. In short, they have been unsold on Japanese propaganda tales of American savagery.

U.S.M.C. PHOTO FROM INT. NEWS

Sold on surrender by a converted Jap prisoner, a hold-out Jap naval lieutenant comes out of his dark hiding place and gives himself up.

Managers of surrender salesmen on Tinian are (standing, l. to r.) Majors Charles F. Erb, Jr., and Sam Weintraub, with Capt. Leon Scholl, their unit's security officer. Before them are its guards, Sgts. Buck Newsom, Charles J. Nicolosi, and John A. Trujillo.

Guardsmen for the team, augmented as the occasion requires, are Sergeants Buck Newsom of Lexington, Missouri; Charles J. Nicolosi, Gloucester, Massachusetts; and John A. Trujillo of Gallup, New Mexico, Captain Leon Scholl of Mohnton, Pennsylvania, former chain-store manager who is security officer for the unit, sets the guard.

And now back to that hunting party taking to the field in two jeeps and a truck, headed for the hold-out Jap lieutenant and his four men. The party was resigned to the possibility of gunplay. Toughie & Co. were getting disgusted with the Jap recalcitrants, for their continued refusal to yield was tantamount to insult. It was costing face.

WITH Toughie, Smiley, and the interpreter, Erb had twice visited those die-hards in their cave, once talking to the lieutenant for three hours.

The Jap officer had been in a high state of confusion and indecision. He had wept. He had mentioned that he was a college graduate, that he was not a gambler. He'd wanted to know what his visitor would do in his position, with the price of surrender disgrace to his family and his emperor and exclusion by legal death from ever returning home.

Charlie had been sympathetic, but had argued that suicide was the coward's way out. The Jap had bridled. Charlie had gone right on:

"A man of your education and background has an obligation to live and help his fellow men who are less fortunate. You're no good to anyone, dead."

Whether this idea had registered Charlie couldn't tell. Again the lieutenant had asked for more time to think. His men were disposed to quit, but he was holding them in check. As Charlie had turned to leave, Smiley and Toughie had moved close to shield him with their bodies, one behind him and the other at his side.

If there had to be violence now, it would mean that this entire program of subjection by cajolery would be halted, for the Japs' trust in Charlie, who was known to all on the island, would be shattered and the P. O. W. helpers looked on as traitors.

The little caravan drove off the main road and jostled along a trail broken by coral boulders. The trail led through a cane field toward an escarpment that thrust up like a dinosaur's back to a point of land jutting into the sea. The cliff, 200 feet high, was pocked with caves and divots chipped out by naval shellfire. The Japs were in a cave hidden by vegetation. This was Zimmerman cave, named for an American killed there. The neighborhood had yielded seventy Japs in the past two weeks. Also, it was excellent ambush country for the enemy. Emerging from the cane several hundred yards short of the escarpment, where the remnants of a Japanese farmhouse littered the ground, the procession stopped.

There were nine P. O. W.s, and Charlie huddled briefly with them. Then he said, "Good-by, boys. Good luck." Seven of the Japs filed off toward Zimmerman cave, and the remaining two, one of them Toughie, struck out in another direction.

One P. O. W. Jap lieutenant, taller than the rest and with a certain courtliness, turned and somberly saluted Commander Clark Bucknam of Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts, who commands the island naval base. As a charter member of the hunt club, Commander Bucknam would as soon lose a certain bathroom fixture from his Quonset hut—the only such fixture on the base—as miss one of these forays.

THE tall Jap was remembering his first night as a prisoner, when Buchnam had treated him and his sergeant to beer, cheese, apples, cigarettes, peanuts, and sandwiches at his hut after the lieutenant had kept a surrender rendezvous with Charlie on a lonely road. The lieutenant had delivered six men along with himself as he had promised, and was already an enthusiastic supporter of the hunt club program.

Charlie's first contact with this lieutenant, incidentally, had called for plenty of courage. It had been late at night, and he had walked down the dark road unarmed and alone, except for an interpreter, to a point designated by the P. O. W.s. The Jap had come up armed to the teeth and backed up by two guards equally well heeled.

Charlie's only cover had been Bucknam, lying in the cane off the road. In the background had been Vince Smith, Pittsburgh Pirates catcher on the island to play baseball. Vince had begun to edge forward, threatening to upset the situation, but Charlie had broken the tension by asking the Jap whether he was interested in baseball. He was.

"I've got one of the world's best players

(*Continued on page 84*)

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

A DOWRY *for* WILLIE

Not many men are bold enough to bargain for a bride as if she were government-brand beef. But it's a push-over for a man who has no intention of being the groom

BY ALBERT N. WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE EADS

THIS is how Willie Fearless arranged for to get married to Gertrude Littleblood, a schoolteacher in North Platte, Nebraska, back in 1870.

Now there ain't nothing strange about a couple of people wanting to get married, then or now. However, a man shy as Willie Fearless, him even asking for a glass of water is mighty strange, so when he told us him and Gertrude was engaged, we nearly fell off our horses, me and Doughhead Charlie.

Yep, Willie was mighty, mighty shy. Used to cause him a lot of misery, account of his shyness made him nervous, and being nervous made him quick with his trigger finger. Folks used to call him unreasonable, the way he'd shoot first and ask questions later. Shucks, he wasn't unreasonable. He was just tongue-tied.

I always figgered Willie might loosen up once he got engaged to a girl, but no, sir, not so much as a howdy-do. It was so bad he made me and Doughhead do the bargaining with Gertrude's paw. "Shucks," says Willie, "I can't go dickering with a man about his daughter. Just ain't decent. I can buy and sell beef cattle, and trade mules and Indians, but it ain't right a man should bargain over women."

Well, Doughhead offered to make the arrangements. Now, Doughhead ain't much of a hand with the women himself—smells too high. But when it comes to striking a bargain, there just ain't no man in the States or islands can hold a candle to him. Why, he could talk an angel outen his harp, then stick him cartage for hauling it away.

Course that's exactly what Willie wanted—someone who could strike a good bargain. You see, getting married out there in the old West wasn't like it is today. Then it was half love and half trading. First off a fellow'd decide if the girl's paw was anxious to get her off his hands. That took the calculation of a horse trader. However, if it turned out the girl was a liability, the chances were a good trader could lay claim to a few acres of good land and a team of horses to boot. Mules, at any rate. Dowry they called it. Right sobering thought what some men'll do to get their daughters taken off their hands. Also a mighty sobering thought what some men'll go through to get their hands on a matched team of horses or a quarter section of bottom land.

However, as far as Willie was concerned, there wasn't none of that worry, for Willie really loved this here Gertrude Littleblood. Told me so himself. And she was real purty, purty as a speckled hen. Little roan gal with a patch of red hair. Stood about as big as a dime's worth of liver, and appeared to come of good stock. Lived with her paw over the depot. Taught school, attended the Baptist church, and probably would have voted straight Republican, had she been a man.

No, sir, there wasn't much chance of Willie getting beat down on that trade. But just the same, he was cautious, and he didn't want to take no chances in a situation where talking was required. That's why he asked Doughhead to do the dickering with old man Littleblood.

Doughhead, he thought the matter over, then said, "If I play my cards right, I'll get a team of mules to boot. I'll get the mules, even if I don't get the bride."

So we set off that afternoon to talk to Paw Littleblood. Paw kept a harness shop across the street from the drugstore, but spent most of his time down by Ed Spiteful's dram house, teasing and tickling the horses so they'd break their halters. Kept his business up to normal, so he said.

Now I hadn't never met old man Littleblood, having been in North Platte only about two weeks, but I'd heard about him. Appreciated a bargain's much as any man. Little more, if anything. Yep, he had quite a reputation around and about, and I could see that Doughhead was thinking the matter over as we rode down the street.

We stopped in front of the Oriental Laundry to ask a fellow some directions. "Looka here, neighbor," asked Doughhead, "do you know old man Littleblood?"

The stranger, who was resting, nodded. "Yes, I know Nate Littleblood."

"Where do you reckon we can find him?"

The fellow shifted his tobacco chunk. "Why, I don't know exactly," says he. "Was you to tell me your business, maybe I could help you."

Doughhead said, "Figger there is only one man who can help me, and that's old man Littleblood himself. I'm a-going to ask him for his daughter's hand for to get married with."

NOW this here stranger was a long-connected sorta feller. 'Peared to come from kinda far down East. Pennsylvania way, or New York State maybe. Didn't have much to say, but you could tell he was interested in passing events. "Who's making out to marry her?" he asked.

"Jest tell old man Littleblood that Willie Fearless is in town, and tooken a shine to his daughter."

"Willie Fearless," says the feller. "Huh. Now, what sort of a man is this here Willie Fearless?"

Doughhead sees he's got an audience, so he lets himself out. He settles back like a cow who's met a champeen milker. "Well, you can just tell folks that Willie Fearless is about the smartest, strongest, long-ridingest, sure-shootingest, cleanest card-playingest soldier that ever got mustered outen the Tenth Illinois Regiment. Why, stranger, when the angel Gabriel calls in the bets up yonder, who do you think will be holding the four aces?"

The feller thinks a minute, then says, "General Grant?"

"Nope. Wrong you are. Grant's a good man, all right, but he don't measure up to my candidate, not by a stone's throw."

The feller thought another minute, then says, "Dan'l Webster?"

"Not a chance," says Doughhead. "Give you one more guess. There's only one man who can call hearts and spades when Gabriel sounds the call."

The feller all of a sudden brightened up and says, "You mean this here Willie Fearless?"

Doughhead beats his leg and shouts, "That's certainly right! Why, dog my cats if he ain't the man!"

THE stranger nodded his head. "H'mmm—that's mighty interesting. Tell me, this Fearless, does he spend much time in the card houses?"

"Willie Fearless in card houses? Why," says Doughhead, "he couldn't any more pass up a chance to lay a bet than you could pass up a chance to kick an Indian. Why, there ain't a faro dealer this side of St. Joe who don't know him better than his own mother."

The feller paused. "Gambling man, is he? Does he go often to the saloon?"

Doughhead just laughed. "Does a rabbit spend much time in a lettuce patch?"

"Quite a man, this here Willie Fearless, ain't he?" asks the stranger.

Doughhead, he leaned forward. "That's what you can tell your friend. He's quite a man. But tell me, does old man Littleblood own any property worth staking a piebald pony on?"

"Two hundred acres," says the feller.

"How far from the courthouse?"

"Courthouse is next to the property."

"How far from the railroad?"

"Railroad runs through the property."

"That right?" says Doughhead. "Mortgage on the property?"

The feller sneers. "'Tain't likely. Littleblood don't believe in mortgages. They make him unhappy."

"H'mmmmm," says Doughhead. "Reckon a feller could do worse than marry up to this here daughter of Littleblood's."

"Feller could do a sight worse," says the man.

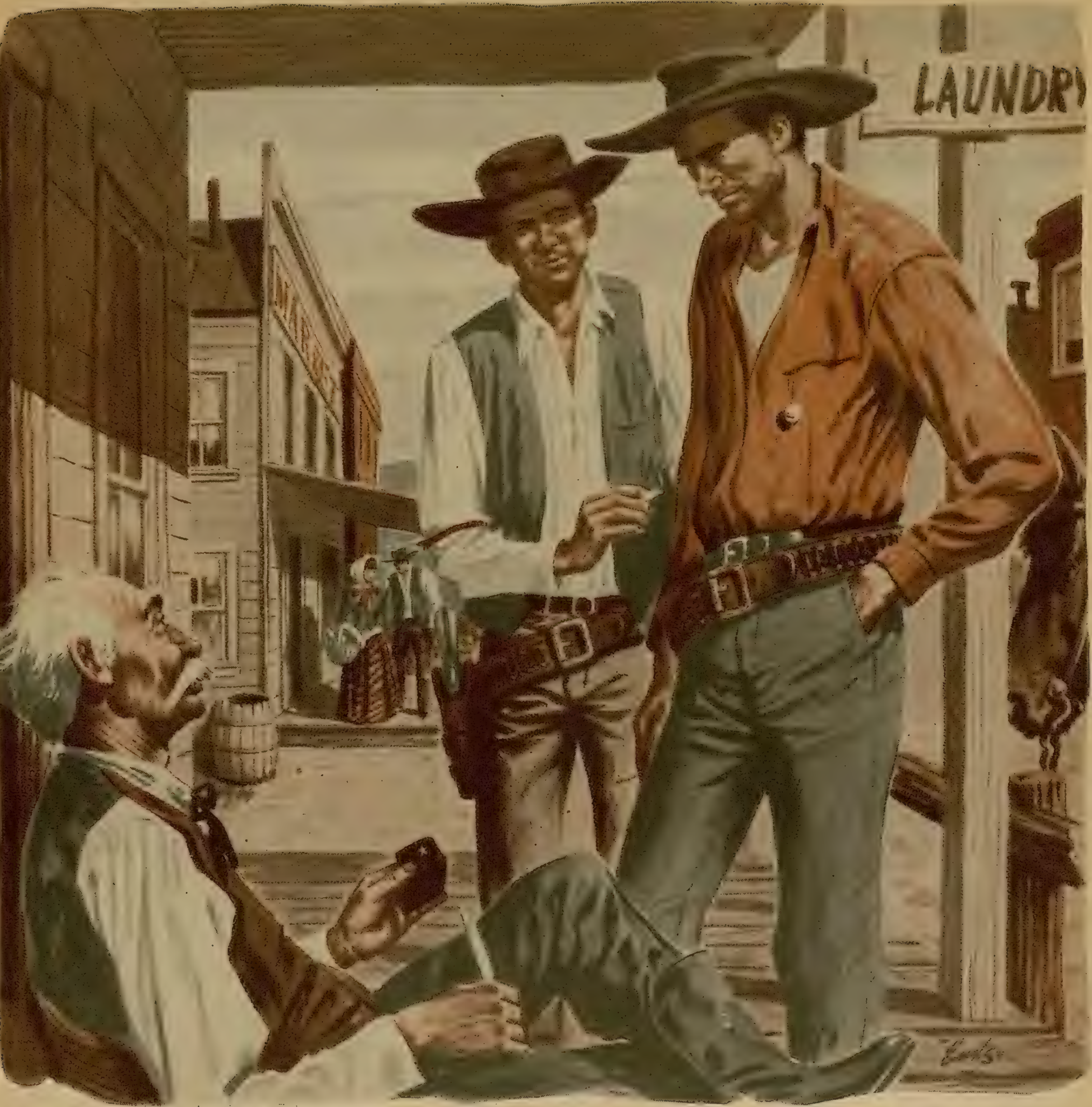
"Then I tell you what to do," says Doughhead. "Here it's getting late, and I got to start prospecting for some dinner. Got no time for to go looking for this Littleblood. Just you tell him what I said about Willie Fearless, and say that Willie would like to marry Gertrude."

Now that he'd done his duty, Doughhead sets back in his saddle preparatory to riding away, but the stranger stops him.

"Be happy to carry the message, neighbor," he says to Doughhead, "but do you want I should mention how interested you are in the land and property?"

"Lord, no," says Doughhead. "Willie, now that he knows the land is there, he'll really set out to get it, but you don't need to bring the matter up."

The old fellow sliced off a fresh piece of chomping tobacco. Doughhead was getting a wee mite impatient. "Looka here. How



"Jest tell old man Littleblood that Willie Fearless is in town, and tooken a shine to his daughter."

much argument do you think Littleblood will put up to this marriage?"

"Why, I don't think Nate Littleblood will offer much argument."

"That right?" says Doughhead.

"Nope. I don't think Littleblood will mind if his daughter can abide you. Far as the old man's concerned, he's got a lot of tolerance. And he's got a lot of admiration. Any man who'll bargain for a girl like she was government-brand beef, like you do, that man's got a future ahead of him. Specially when he don't try to pretend that he spends all his time in the Baptist church after hours. Yep, a man that will proudly own up to card houses and dram houses, and even boast of his dealing skill, that's a man to back. A man that thinks only of land and cattle, he's miserly. Man that thinks only of women, he's lecherous and God'll smite him down. Man who thinks of both of them, he's a good man, and a man who'll help build up the territory out here. Man worth paying out some land to keep in North Platte. Yep, as far as this marriage goes, you can count it a bargain."

"A bargain? You'll shake hands on that?" says Doughhead.

"Yep, I'll shake on it."

Doughhead shook hands with the feller, and then turned to me. "You done witnessed the hand-shaking, Jack."

Yep, I'd witnessed the hand-shaking, and I writ X in the dust with my gun butt to seal the bargain. Then Doughhead spoke up once more. "Now looka here, mister, I'm powerful glad to have your sworn word that this here bargain is made, but how'll I know it will hold?"

"Don't worry about that," says the feller. "I know Nate Littleblood, and I can promise you it'll come off the way I said."

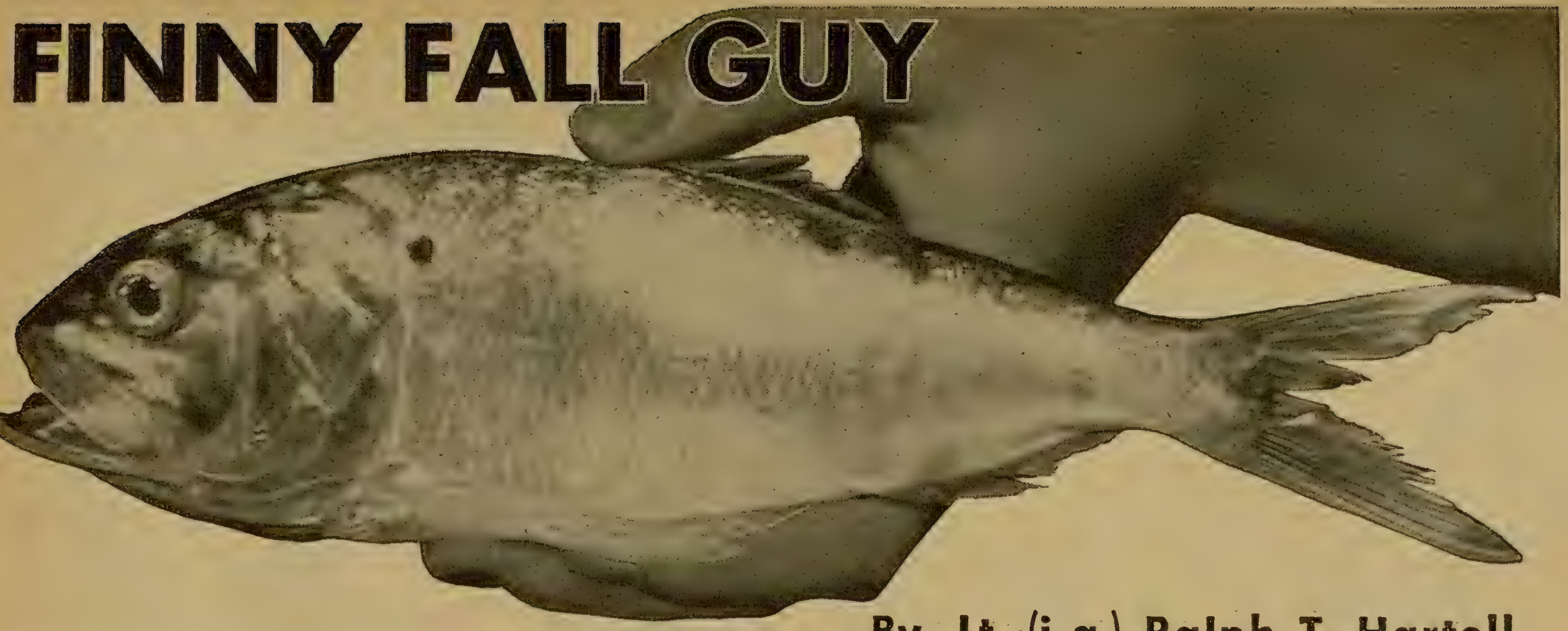
"How well do you know Littleblood?" asks Doughhead cautiously.

"Well, son," says the feller, smiling. "I am Nate Littleblood."

And that's how we got Willie Fearless accepted to Gertrude Littleblood's paw. Course we had to keep Willie in hiding until the ceremony took place, so's the old man wouldn't notice the difference between him and Doughhead, and then at the wedding we had to get the old man likkered up so he wouldn't notice the substitution. But once the marriage got under way, it turned out to be one of the biggest events that ever happened in Nebraska territory.

THE END

FINNY FALL GUY



By Lt. (j.g.) Ralph T. Hartell

He's the Atlantic's richest prize, this fish you may never have heard of. Nobody knows where he comes from or where he goes. But he's a fish for everybody—including all the other fish

MENHADEN sounds like double talk. It's an insignificant-looking, unsung and largely unknown fish, a foot long and less than a pound in weight. Yet it supports an industry which, with few more than 100 boats, fewer than 4,000 men, and only a score or more of factories, provides humanity with a dizzying variety of products worth millions.

Menhaden's industrial usefulness extends from plastics to aluminum foundries and from insect sprays to high explosives. It makes a wonderful feed for animals and its oil is bursting with vitamin D.

Says a U. S. Fisheries bulletin, "Almost every person in the United States has at some time been indebted to the menhaden for something he eats, wears or uses . . . yet few people have heard of this fish."

The menhaden has other paradoxical qualities. Inshore Atlantic waters swarm with him, and on that coast he has been far and away the most important fish since the Indians taught the Pilgrims to drop one menhaden in each hill of corn as fertilizer. Yet nobody knows where the menhaden spawns or where he goes when he disappears every fall. And no one—fish-boat captain or federal ichthyologist—has ever seen a fingerling or infant menhaden.

To science, the menhaden is *Brevoortia tyrannus.* But from Maine to the Gulf he's known by such irreverent names as pogy, hardhead, whitefish, bonyfish, chebog, bunker, oldwife, bugfish, fatback, yellow-tailed shad, and mossbunker—among others.

Scientists say he's a pretty fish, "pearly opalescent in color." But in the hold of a fishing boat he looks like a poor relation of the shad, which he is.

By any name, the menhaden is the fall guy for almost everything that swims. He eats no other fish, but just about all other fish esteem him—and consume him—as a delicacy.

In maturity, he lives in close-packed hordes, gulping down swarming plankton, the minute vegetable and animal organism that forms the basis for all marine life. For this diet, oddly, he has the same equipment as the huge right whale. His small jaws are fringed with delicate strainers—miniature whalebone—through which he sifts out his microscopic chow.

Then, as a sort of synthesizing plant, he becomes both meat factory and oil well. He converts the plankton into meat which feeds hungry fish and, ultimately, man; but principally he makes it into oil which he stores up in his body.

In quantity he's legendary. The amazing total of 140,000 eggs has been taken from a single female. One scientist once estimated the total menhaden population at "a million million of millions"—the figure one with eighteen zeros staggering after it. In 1873, menhaden jammed Long Island Sound in such numbers that larger fish preying on them couldn't enter it. In 1901, panicky menhaden fleeing their enemies shoaled on the beach at Beaufort, North Carolina, and 11,000,000 were shoveled up for processing.

Year after year, more menhaden have been taken than all other food fish put together. In the days of the harpoon, menhaden produced more oil for the United States than the whale, seal, and cod combined. Catches have increased during the last twenty-five years, but still the menhaden shows no sign of diminishing.

Strictly speaking, the ocean hordes of menhaden are not fished; they're hunted and then seined in pretty much the time-tried fashion developed 100 years ago. Back in 1920, the Navy experimented with scouting for menhaden schools by plane, but although it worked, the industry never bothered to develop the idea. Where fishermen for blues and herring use radio, the menhaden boys stick to grandfather's technique: they watch for the rippled patches of rust-tinted water that show up best in the slanting light of early morning or late afternoon.

Follow one of these high-bowed craft out from the big red factory at Promised Land, on the lonely eastern tip of Long Island. Last week this boat or one of her sisters sailed from an oil-extraction and protein-feed factory at Port Monmouth, New Jersey. The month before, it unloaded at a plant in Delaware Bay near Lewes. Earlier in the summer, it served a cannery at Reedville, Virginia, or tied up at a fish-processing wharf in Beaufort.

It started its season last winter more than 1,000 miles south of Promised Land, combing the waters off St. Marys and St. Johns rivers in Florida. It's now in the midst of an eight-month quest for the Atlantic's richest prize.

The boat is about 100 feet long, though it may run to 175. Its 400 to 600 gross tons will handle 1,000,000 fish. It will chug along at twelve knots, drawing never more than nine feet of water, but sticking its high bow into the air for all the world like a white seagoing tug. Its tall mast carries the crow's-nest and slings a boom for hoisting operations. Once you've seen one, you can't forget a menhaden boat. Once you've been close to one, you won't forget the reek of oily, rotting fish.

With the captain and the mate aloft in the crow's-nest, the boat chugs out toward Block Island Sound. The grinning crew—simple, superbly muscled, back-country Negroes—consume enormous breakfasts. The food is Southern—plenty of hot biscuit—and very good. It has to be, for there is no harder work than menhaden fishing when the fish are running.

The boats strike for the shallows along the coast, for the menhaden flocks and feeds five to fifteen miles offshore. As soon as a school is sighted, two sturdy thirty-four-foot dories—adaptations of the famous New Bedford whaleboat—are quickly dropped over the side. Captain and mate, each in command of one of these seine boats, stand on platforms astern and work down on the schooling fish.

Meanwhile the striker boat, a lighter, smaller dory, dashes to the far side of the school. A single keen-sighted, supple-armed crew member puts on a skillful performance in this dory. He stands erect, facing forward, and rows the striker boat through the seas. First he marks the school, signaling to the captain with his oars. Then he drives the fish down to the heavy seine boats. The striker boatman is the game beater in this menhaden hunt.

In each of the seine boats, half of the stout 1,000-foot-long purse net lies piled in a neat brown heap. As soon as the menhaden come close enough, the net is quickly payed out. The fish are deftly encircled and the tom, a 400-pound lead weight, is dropped to zipper fast the net.

Hand over hand, the straining net is "pursued," and the bunt or reinforced center slowly "hardened" by concentrating the haul into it. During this labor, stalwart voices ring out. The menhaden fisherman still carries on the ancient tradition of chantying.

As the madly milling fish are crowded into the shrinking space between the seine boats, a soapy foam of exuded oil whitens the water. Sharks, which delight in slashing savagely among the schools of menhaden, are frequently crushed to death by the terrific weight of the catch at this time. The mother boat steams alongside, and the dip net, roughly the size of a sugar barrel and holding up to 3,000 fish, is plopped into the bulging net. In a single hour, half a million thrashing menhaden can be scooped and hoisted into the huge hold amidships by a skilled, hard-working crew. The moment its hold is filled, the menhaden boat wallows homeward.

The ingenious purse seine, originally invented by Gloucester fishermen for netting mackerel, was adapted for menhaden 100 years ago. The specialized seine boat, likewise developed in Gloucester, was cannily borrowed a few years later. Except for the introduction of power, there have been few changes in menhaden fishing since.

Nowadays the seines have grown to 1,200 feet in length and 150 or more in depth. They would fascinate firebugs because they will "heat" and burn—probably from the menhaden oil. If not thoroughly salted down every day, a purse seine may simmer and rot clear through in a single night.

THESE days, a new-built menhaden boat would probably cost up to a quarter of a million dollars—as much as a yacht of its size. But it would be a considerably better investment. The Swanson, high boat last year, hauled into the factories 25,000,000 menhaden worth a small fortune in products.

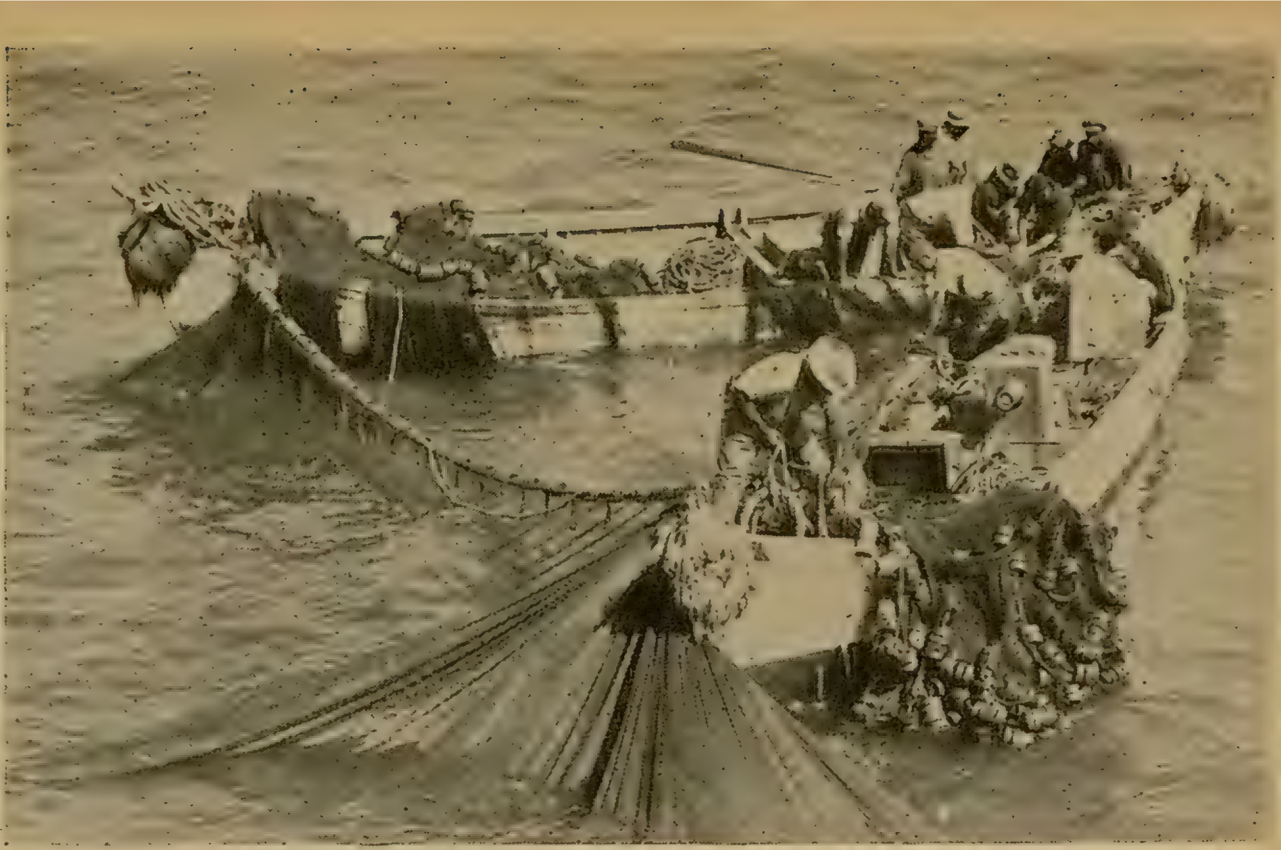
The captains and crews of the menhaden boats are salty, rugged, old-fashioned Americans. Everything aboard is informal and friendly, but hard-working and businesslike. Few of the captains, mates, and pilots are under middle age. Burly and weather-beaten, they have the look of the sea. Names of the crews read like the attendance roster at a backwoods church supper in great-grandmother's day. Names like Adolphus Lambkin, Jose Hoose, Ezekial Cabe, Omay Mayfield, Hudnall Haynie, and Chew Somax adorn the ships' papers.

According to the economic textbooks, fishing is the lowest paid of occupations. But not when you're after menhaden. The crews are paid on "shares," which vary with the catch and the factory. Around New York last year, pay for a captain was forty cents per 1,000 fish; for an engineer, twenty cents; a mate, eighteen; a pilot, fourteen; and ten cents for each member of the crew. In recent years captains have made as much as $10,000 by six months' hard work. And the crewmen, who may come from Tobacco Road country, can pull in $100 a week during the season.

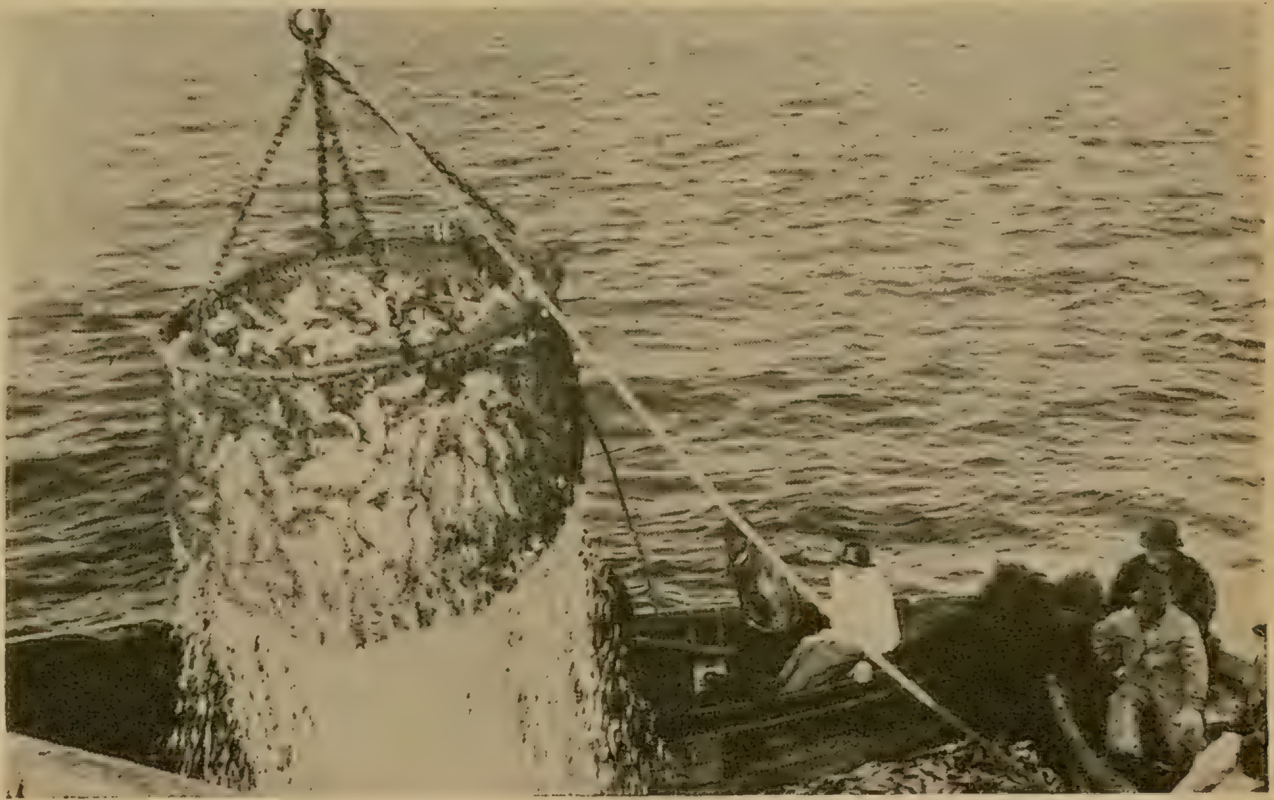
Despite military restrictions, tough weather, and roving subs, the wartime menhaden fleet has kept its holds brimming over. Catches in recent years have been the largest in a decade. In 1943, 124 boats manned by 2,800 fishermen hauled in 920,000,000 fish weighing 616,430,000 pounds and bringing the men more than $500,000 in shares. In 1944, the industry more than held its own. This year, with the Navy returning many vessels to the fleet, statistics should jump—if the factories can get the men.

The menhaden began to develop byproducts almost a century ago. In 1850, the process of extraction of oil was dis-

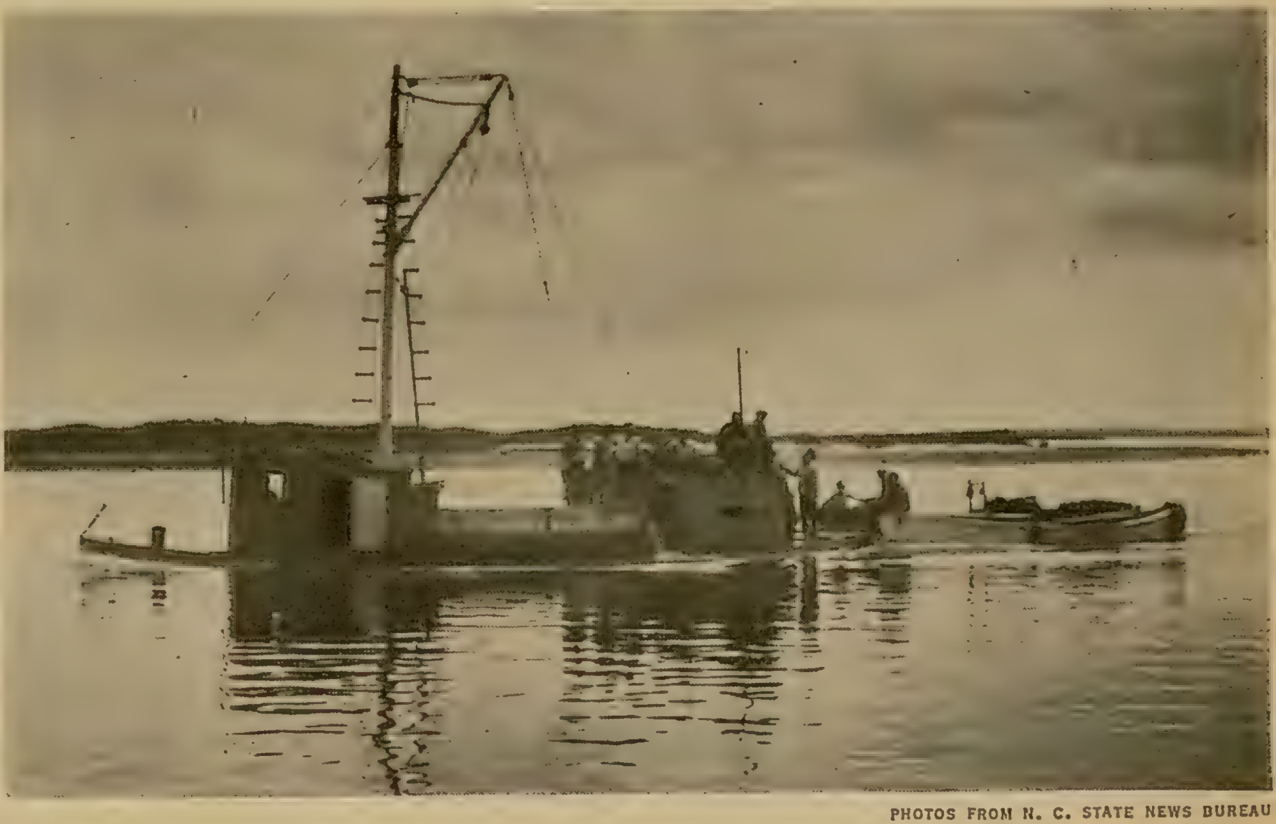
(Continued on page 70)



Hard, fast work! Once menhaden are encircled, a 1,000-foot net is closed on them.



Then mother boat joins seine boats and a dip net scoops their catches aboard her—



PHOTOS FROM N. C. STATE NEWS BUREAU

—until, dangerously loaded, almost foundering, she makes her way in to a factory.

It's a Topsy-Turvy World—to Them!

Join the fun with a group of Russian students in New York as they strive to sort out their bewildering impressions of America — to understand Dick Tracy, singing commercials, and lunch-counter slang

by

JULIET BRIDGMAN

Mystified young Russians learning new ways of life.

A LITTLE over a year ago a small group of Soviet students came here to study at New York's Columbia University. In the group were young engineers, future members of the Soviet diplomatic, consular, and trading services in this country, and other professional and business trainees. They had been sent to Columbia primarily for a year of intensive brushing-up in English, which most of them had already studied in Soviet schools, and to acquaint themselves with American history and life.

No sooner had they recovered from their first exposure to the hubbub of Manhattan than they spotted what looked like a fanatical new political movement. A group of riotous citizens seemed intent upon unseating the actual leaders of the government. Men bearing placards marched the streets and were even pictured, openly, in the press. Rank anarchy was clearly discernible in the slogans they bore aloft:

"LEO DUROCHER FOR PRESIDENT!"
"FOR VICE-PRESIDENT, PEEWEE BAKER!"

An alarming situation, the visitors thought; clearly the beginning of revolutionary outbreak. Who were these rebels acclaimed for political office? A terse caption in a tabloid described Durocher as the manager of "Dem Bums." And bums, according to the dictionary, are worthless, drunken, and debauched loafers. How could this be? Could the American public seriously want a baseball manager at the helm of state? Or was this some sort of protest demonstration against government restrictions? Or—incredible thought—was the populace just kidding? Whatever the cause, it provoked the suspicion that Americans are a "fonny pipple," and that there must be an awful lot about America and the ways of her citizenry not included in a college curriculum.

From the purely human point of view, there is, of course, little or no difference between the Russians and ourselves. They laugh and weep as we do; eat, sleep, drink, love, marry, work, and fight as we do, sing and dance with the same enthusiasm, uphold their country and its ways with the same pride that we feel for ours. What, then, makes so much of America so bewildering to the Russian student of Americana, and vice versa?

In the open forum discussions organized to familiarize the Russian students with our customs and way of life, the answer became increasingly clear. It's that the money incentive underlies almost everything in American enterprise, be it artistic, commercial, industrial, or whatever. Though the Russians work and earn wages as many of us do, it's the drive behind our free enterprise that makes us seem so different to them. Stated most simply, the Russians demand the right to work for security; we demand the right to take risks for profit. The quest of the dollar has given us the greatest industry in the world, the Jack Benny show, the Technicolor movie, and the 20th Century Limited. It has also plagued us with the spot announcement, the political grafter, and the monstrosity of roadside billboards. But it's here, and to understand America one has to understand the American dollar and its influence on our daily lives. Thereby hangs this tale.

One day the Soviet consulate asked the American-Russian Institute in New York whether it could get American authorities in diversified fields to talk to these Soviet citizens and tie up some of the loose ends of the bewildering American scene into an understandable pattern. The Institute, a nineteen-year-old nonpolitical organization sponsored by Americans to promote cultural relations with Russia, was delighted to co-operate. Its huge library and research service had always been at the disposal of Americans seeking information about the Soviets; now they were to help give the Soviets some inside knowledge about the Americans.

Setting to work, the Institute engaged one Boris Gamzue, a New York University instructor of considerable gumption and experience, to direct the course and work with consulate officials in mapping out a series of weekly lectures. A lofty oak-paneled classroom in the Institute headquarters was allotted for the weekly get-togethers, and the show was on.

The result is fascinating, to say the least. During the four months of weekly evening sessions, attendance grew from about thirty students to classrooms packed with 100 Soviet citizens at a time.

As word of the lectures spread, Soviet officials throughout the city began to drop in. Trade experts here on government business, consular attachés and employees, engineers and Amtorg personnel heard of the course and beat a path to the American-Russian Institute.

Having listened, they came back again for more. An alert, well-educated, and keen crowd, they became a lecturer's dream audience. They listened with rapt attention, absorbed every word, laughed at every sally. The atmosphere was one of casual camaraderie between audience and lecturer.

For an American sitting in on these talks it was like catching an unexpected glimpse of oneself in a three-way mirror. We look, do a double take, and murmur, "Do I really look like that?"

All the lecturers who accepted the challenge to paint a verbal portrait of American life for these Soviet sojourners were distinguished personalities, each a recognized authority in his field. Lecture subjects were as wide-ranging as the American scene itself, covering everything from American jazz to American democracy, the American press, movies, folk music, and politics. James L. Fly, former chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, for example, held forth on the American radio, Professor Goodwin Watson spoke on our educational system, Theresa Helburn of the Theater Guild on the American theater, and Professor Margaret Schlauch on the mysteries of "American English."

The student group, the main bloc of this novel lecture audience, numbered about twenty young men and six or eight girls, all in their twenties. Most of them, especially the young men, would have seemed perfectly at home on the campus of any small American college. They dressed and looked American. Many of them chewed gum, though they didn't yet park it under chair seats. Oddly enough, the boys looked more completely American than the girls. They all bought their clothes in this country, but the touch of Russia somehow lingered more visibly on the distaff side. Perhaps it was the difference in make-up and hair-do.

Most of the young men in the group were Red Army veterans discharged because of wounds or injury, or simply because their government felt they could serve better by continuing their studies. None was visibly disabled. Several were technically trained in engineering and other fields. One poetic-looking chap, an aviation engineer, had helped remove airplane factories to the Urals, out of the path of the Germans.

THERE were several young married couples in the group, one of whom met as students on their way to America and were married here. During the lectures they sat close together, holding hands, like honeymooners the world over. All the visitors kidded one another a great deal, having picked up the sport from their American hosts, and, being avid radio listeners, their badinage consisted mostly of our good old plug-uglies. A Russian who had had his Vheaties felt round, firm, and fully packed. One who argued stubbornly was tartly advised to go take a little liver pill. And so on.

While waiting for Ken Stewart to show up for his lecture on the American press—whose emphasis on crime news and comic strips baffles the Soviets slightly—one of the young students, a tall aesthetic-looking young man wearing a plaid sports jacket over gray flannels and sweater, located a piano in the music room near by. Red-hot boogie-woogie soon filled the austere chambers of the Institute. The rest of the student group gathered round, clapping hands in Harlem ecstasy. It seems that Moscow has a jazz orchestra which the Russians say is second to none. Surprising though it may seem, the blues and jitterbugging are nothing new to Russia's new generation. With their innate talent for harmony, the Russians can sing together as though fully rehearsed.

Though most of the students handle the English language admirably, they tended to drift off into their native tongue whenever the discussions after each lecture got too heated. Eager to battle verbally on controversial subjects, they became just as excited about new or different ideas as we do. During the lectures they sat, absorbed, until the speaker invited questions. Then came the free-for-all—a combination Town Hall Meeting and Information, Please, that kept lecturer and students alike on their toes. The Russians usually wound up battling it out among themselves until Mr. Gamzue, acting as M. C., good-humoredly called the assembly to order and got the discussion back on the rails.

A typical example of this clash of ideas was the rapid-fire combat over the coeducational system. Professor Goodwin Watson had concluded a very comprehensive and informative talk on our educational program, and his daughter Lucille, a student of sociology at Antioch College, had described campus life at her school. This she did in a manner that did her, and did all the college girls whom she briefly and unwittingly represented, proud.

Then came the question: "Why should girls be sent to the same schools as boys and learn the same things? After school, girls get married anyway."

Immediate furor followed, with the Russian girls, though outnumbered, leading the fray. The assembly quickly fell into two camps, one maintaining that "voomen should stay home and cook and sew," and the other stanchly, and somewhat irrelevantly, insisting that "girls are smarter than boys."

Professor Watson, who has a personal acquaintance with Russia, turned the tables with a few questions of his own. "Don't you have women doctors and women lawyers, just as we do?" he asked. "Don't they have to know just as much as men in the same professions?"

The anti-coed group conceded the point but insisted that it embraced only a small minority of Russian women students. After that the discussion lapsed into furious Russian, broken only by an occasional uncompromising "Voomen should stay home and cook and sew" from the original antagonist, who was enjoying the fracas immensely.

RUSSIANS themselves often argue the merits of a coeducational system. The trend now, still in the experimental stage in Russia, is away from coeducation in the elementary schools. Apparently believers in a type of education more functional than ours, they have separated boys and girls in the grade schools in order to educate them more specifically for their future careers. This, according to the Russians, doesn't imply discrimination against the fair sex, but simply that the girls' early training takes a form different from that of the boys.

Another important difference between our educational system and that of Soviet Russia, which Professor Watson stressed, is their encouragement of the competitive spirit. The Russian students admitted that A-1 students at home did get special favors and opportunities. Here in America, Professor Watson explained, educators felt that in the long run the competitive idea in the classroom did more harm than good and was often unfair. The Russians reserved their opinions on the subject, despite persuasion from the platform to express their views.

Though the students frankly admitted their bewilderment over much that they saw and heard, they were intensely alive to what was going on. They were inveterate readers of American newspapers and magazines, constant listeners to the radio, and enthusiastic patrons of the movies. Like us, they wanted to understand peoples and ideas foreign to them; also like us, they would not accept new concepts without full explanation. In a way, they were from Missouri. Their future jobs in the diplomatic and consular services of their coun-

(*Continued on page 77*)

PHOTOS BY DAVE ROSENFELD

Russian students went for all types of American music, including hill-billy.

Your Emotions Can Make You Sick

BY CONSTANCE J. FOSTER

The kind of person you are may determine the disease to which you're susceptible. Some types even seem to invite broken bones! Here's what psychosomatic medicine is all about

MEDICINE has pretty much licked smallpox, diphtheria, and scarlet fever, the acute infections that threatened man most a hundred years ago. Now man finds himself menaced by the very illnesses his own ailing emotions invite.

Leading today's list of killers and cripplers are heart disease, rheumatism, high blood pressure, accidents, alcoholism, gastrointestinal kick-ups, nervous and mental diseases exclusive of insanity, and the allergies that beset one person out of every ten in the United States.

Doctors today lay much of the blame for those ills to our discordant feelings —chronic anxiety, guilt, resentment, and fear. They are coming to realize that our secret worries and hostilities are as dangerous as microbes.

Good doctors have always known that Mrs. Smith's concern about her husband's tippling and Mr. Brown's worry over business troubles had a lot to do with their illnesses. But there wasn't much a doctor could do about his patient's emotions except slap him on the back and tell him to "take it easy" or "stop worrying." The medical man's training had grooved him to believe disease primarily a disorder of tissues and cells.

In startling contrast is the new psychosomatic approach in medicine. It recognizes emotional factors in *all* illnesses and requires that the doctor weigh them, as well as the physical symptoms. In short, psychosomatic medicine says that your personality and your illness are related to each other. It asks what sort of person has the disease; not just what disease he has.

There is really nothing new about psychosomatic medicine except its big name which comes from the Greek *psyche,* meaning mind or spirit, and *soma* or body. Nearly 500 years before Christ, Socrates came back from fighting the Thracians to report those barbarians far in advance of the Greeks because they knew that the body could not be cured without the mind. "This," he said, "is why the cure of many diseases is unknown to the physicians of Hellas."

It is also the reason why modern doctors still *fail to cure by drugs or surgery at least a third* of the patients who consult them today. These people are suffering primarily not from diseased bodies but from disturbed minds to whose distress the body responds with headaches, stomach upsets, or what have you?

Another third have symptoms out of all proportion to the severity of physical disease the doctor can find present, indicating that here, too, emotional factors are at work. A final third do have actual organic diseases. But even in these cases it is believed now that the psychological factor may have a lot to do with both causing and curing the illness. For who can measure the erosive effect of our hates and fears in wearing us down until we cannot resist the inroads of disease?

Everyone knows how our emotions commonly affect our bodies. Grief brings tears. A sudden fright makes the throat dry or causes the heart to pound. We blush from embarrassment. Sudden anger makes us clench our fists. Emotions thus play hob with literally every bodily function. Witness your nagging little headache when you were worried about your man overseas, or your attack of indigestion before a dreaded examination.

Ordinarily these "pernicious" emotions of ours are short-lived and do us little real harm. The letter arrives or the examination is over and we are ourselves again. It is the repressed but sustained anxiety or hostility that does the damage. For along with these chronic emotional states go certain physiological reactions of the body such as elevated blood pressure when you are angry, or overactivity of the stomach when you are tense and anxious.

Research into the emotional factors of various diseases has been going on quietly for several years and is developing strong evidence that sickness is much less a hit-or-miss affair than we used to think. In other words, it is apparently anything but coincidence that Mrs. Black gets asthma attacks while Mr. Harris has a peptic ulcer.

Dr. Flanders Dunbar has been conducting a fascinating study of the 1,600 patients between the ages of fifteen and fifty-five admitted in the past twelve years to Presbyterian Hospital, New York, suffering from heart disease, diabetes, or fractures. She found the emotional factor important in the illness of at least 79 per cent of these patients, and reported a large proportion of them chronically but needlessly ill.

Emotional conflicts play havoc with the body and may be the cause of that attack of rheumatism or arthritis.

Because broken bones are supposedly accidental and thus unaffected by the emotions, Dr. Dunbar chose them for her control group. But she was forced to conclude that emotions can help to cause accidents. About 80 per cent of the fracture group proved likely to express anger or resentment by falling down and breaking an arm or leg! These people are all accident-prone individuals with personality characteristics that seem actually to invite broken bones.

On the basis of her investigation, Dr. Dunbar has worked out a series of personality profiles which fit these 1,600 patients into the characteristic pattern for their particular illness like key into lock! At least 80 per cent of the heart patients show strikingly similar personal characteristics. The diabetic cases likewise shared many common traits which differed sharply from those of the other two groups. The same thing goes for the fracture patients.

All this is pretty exciting because it would seem to indicate that not blind chance but the *kind of person you are* may determine the kind of disease you are liable to develop. More investigation may enable doctors to spot a potential case of high blood pressure, diabetes, or arthritis, and start preventive treatment well in advance.

This is one of the bright hopes of psychosomatic medicine. Too often in the past, doctors and hospitals have had to work on the end products of disease so late that they could only relieve the suffering. In this respect alone, the psychosomatic approach may revolutionize medicine as much as did Pasteur's discoveries.

Relax: It's the go-getting, hard-living business man who often pays the price of tension—in peptic ulcers.

LET'S take a look at some of the baffling aches and pains which no physician can "physic" or cut out because they stem primarily from disturbed emotions.

Every year in the United States, glaucoma blinds 20,000 persons and costs another 100,000 the sight of one eye. Glaucoma is a serious eye disease characterized by a hardening of the eyeball. Oculists have long known that ocular tension and emotional tension are related. Now doctors are beginning to suspect that in some people ocular pressure rises whenever hostile feelings are intensified, and falls during periods of relative freedom from anxiety.

In co-operation with the Illinois State Eye and Ear Clinic, the Chicago Institute for Psychoanalysis recently made a study of thirty-six glaucoma patients. In twenty-four of them it found the onset of the attack was closely connected with *some specific emotional event* such as witnessing an accident in which a loved one was injured. In most other cases it turned up a chronic emotional conflict involving the patient and one or more of his relatives. All these patients were unusually visual-minded, which may account for their choice of the eye as the organ to express their emotional distress.

Rheumatism, including the various forms of arthritis, heads the list of chronic diseases in the United States. After trying every known therapeutic method, including more than thirty drugs, doctors are inclined to suspect a focal *conflict* instead of just a focal infection in arthritis. They say that prolonged emotional tensions often express themselves through spasms of the muscles, thus affecting the function of the joints and in time contributing to the premature and permanent crippling of hundreds of thousands. Arthritis makes for social dependency, and thus is one of our high-cost diseases.

Even the most organically minded doctor admits the influence of the emotions in gastrointestinal disturbances such as colitis and stomach ulcers. A careful study of sixty mucous colitis cases, conducted at the Massachusetts General Hospital by Drs. Benjamin V. White, Stanley Cobb, and Chester M. Jones, reveals a startlingly consistent picture of the colitis sufferer with his intestinal cramps and alternate constipation and diarrhea. These patients all proved to be highly conscientious people with strong emotional tensions and extreme degrees of resentment. They were easily depressed, fairly rigid thinkers, tired easily, and required more sleep than the average. Few were shirkers. All were inclined to go over their work again and again to guard against mistake or oversight.

This doesn't mean that all perfectionists are bound to have mucous colitis. It does mean that the so-called "irritable" colon seems to exist in association with irritable or unstable emotions. Doctoring only the bowels of such a patient is likely to prove woefully inadequate. He needs to be treated as a whole. No amount of high colonic irrigations will wash out the emotional conflicts that are doing the damage. Under traditional organic medicine he may become a lifelong gastrointestinal invalid. Only psychosomatic medicine that digs out his nuclear conflict can heal him.

Dr. Franz Alexander, director of the Chicago Institute for Psychoanalysis, has spent the past twelve years investigating the influence of the emotions on bodily disturbances. He believes that certain *specific* emotional conflict situations such as anxiety, guilt, or hostility tend to wreak their deviltry on the body in the forms of certain *specific* diseases. Thus the worrier or chronically anxious person has a tendency toward one kind of illness, while the intensely aggressive individual suffers from equally typical but quite different diseases.

Do you comply outwardly with the boss's orders and yet rebel inwardly at the same time, perhaps even secretly wishing that the big stiff would go break a leg? Watch out! The doctor may soon be murmuring, "H'm, guess you'll have to give up smoking. Blood pressure's way up in the stratosphere."

The self-controlled person, externally calm as a summer's breeze but seething inwardly with repressed hostility, is a likely candidate for what doctors call hypertension—the familiar high blood pressure. Dr. Alexander says that the strong conflict between the outward calmness and the inner, repressed anger often causes chronic hypertension.

He finds that the go-getting, hard-living business man and career woman most commonly appear among peptic-ulcer patients. These people, he believes, have an intense but sternly repressed desire for affection. More than most, they yearn for love and appreciation. But their adult ideals won't allow them this dependency, so they go to great extremes of independence and initiative to conceal the yearning, even from themselves. They drive themselves ruthlessly and cannot relax. When the individual can be helped to recognize these denied desires in himself, he no longer needs to remain so tense, and his ulcer subsides.

HIPPOCRATES, the father of medicine, said some 400 years before Christ that the asthmatic must guard against anger. Medical opinion is strongly divided on the subject of bronchial asthma. Some physicians maintain that allergy is the one and only cause. Others charge these attacks up to emotional instability.

Perhaps little Billy Benton is the best answer to the controversy. His sensitivity to ragweed pollen has been demonstrated. But he suffers from asthma only when his mother is gone overnight!

At the Chicago Institute, Dr. Thomas L. French and Dr. Alexander believe that asthma is common in people who are uncommonly fond of home and loved ones and particularly dread any threatened separation. Interestingly, many men have developed asthma attacks as their first response to calls from the local draft board!

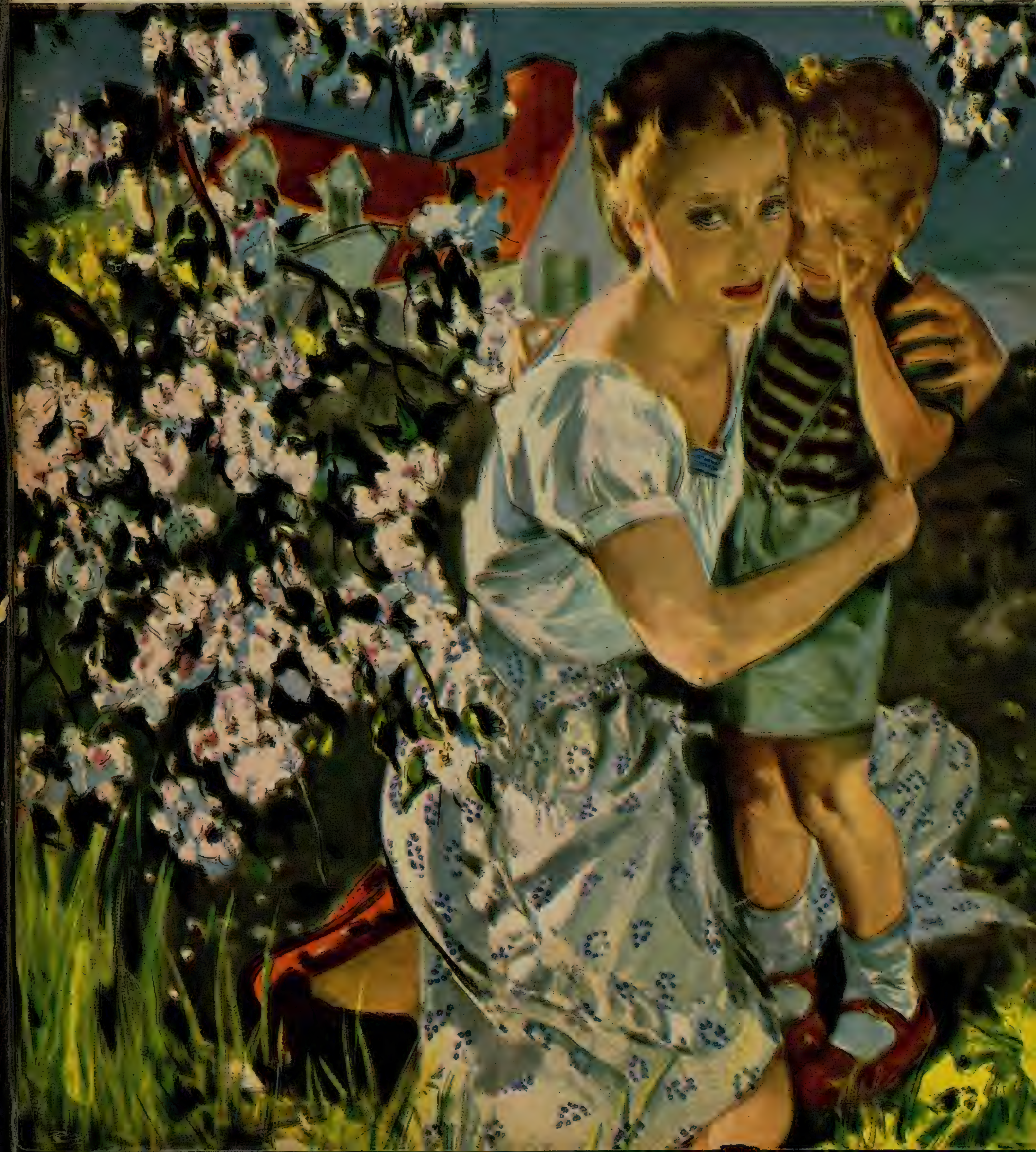
Psychoneurosis is on the increase in this country and younger age groups are being affected. Stresses and strains of the times are intensifying emotional instabilities among civilians. In San Francisco alone, an estimated 2,500 wives of servicemen have been treated in recent months for what Dr. Jacob Sergi Kasanin, chief psychiatrist at Mount Zion Hospital, describes as a "new" disease, characterized by colitis, palpitation of the heart, diarrhea, and headaches, all emotionally caused by "embarkation port jitters."

Selective Service has rejected a million and a half men on neuropsychiatric grounds alone. The armed forces are discharging about 30,000 every month for psychiatric reasons. Nine out of ten of those already pensioned for this cause have never seen battle. They are casualties of the undeclared war within themselves.

(*Continued on page 82*)

Bring Him

Jackie rubbed his eyes. "He said that my father might get dead in the Pacific." His voice shook. "That's a Dam Lie, isn't it, mother?"



Home Safe

To children, war is bewildering, and the hurt, if it comes, more lasting. Before he went away, Nick had told her, "Never lie to the boy, Clare"— and she came to know how sound was his advice

BY PHYLLIS DUGANNE

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH CRAWLEY

THE old apple orchard was in bloom again. It seemed both valiant and absurd for such gnarled trees to put forth pink blossoms, like a giddy hat on an old woman. Clare Hamilton, writing a letter before the open window of her living room, smelled the fragrance of the blossoms gathered into a pot-pourri by the west wind which dipped, like a mixer of perfume, over the sweet acridity of the peonies in the border bed to the honey of wallflowers growing close against the clapboards of the house.

A sudden explosion of sound, high-pitched, bell-clear, as only the voice of a small boy tuned in deliberate falsetto can achieve, made her jump.

"Kiki-wicki-kiti-kiti!"

Redheaded Paul Blaney leaped from behind a knotted tree trunk into the sunshine, and Clare knew that the sturdy figure in blue overalls was in reality a slant-eyed Japanese. The full-throated voice of her son proclaimed the American marines: "From the halls of Monty-zoo-oo-ma to the shores of Trip-o-lee . . ."

The Nip snarled, but the leatherneck was swift. *Ack-ack-ack-ack* sputtered his tommy gun and Paul dropped to the cool grass and lay still.

Clare sighed. Sometimes Paul won, sometimes Jackie, but hers was consistently a losing battle, her attempt to interest them in any other game.

"All we like to play, mother, is war," Jackie told her flatly. "Just war, war, war," he added, his voice sounding comically like her own.

This spring she and Martha Blaney had bought the boys Indian and cowboy suits and Clare had told them lurid tales of Western bad men, of Billy the Kid and Jesse James and the Earp brothers of Tombstone. She had caught herself dwelling upon the associates of the Natchez Trace—Big Harp and Little Harp and William Mason—with a tenderness which such characters scarcely deserved. They seemed somehow more appropriate to childhood than these games of dive bombers and blockbusters, of foxholes and jungle fighting. The little boys had listened with more than a polite interest and taken up where they had left off. Crayoned rising suns and swastikas appeared on toy boats and trucks and planes, emblems which made Clare's blood chill.

She finished her letter and crumpled the sheets of the first draft into small balls. Nick had asked her to number her letters, so she drew a circle on the flap of the envelope and wrote, neatly and bitterly, a seven and a nine within it. She wrote to Nick every day, but once a week—for seventy-nine weeks—she had edited and deleted the pages and typed them on Nick's own typewriter. She turned the envelope over and addressed it by hand: "Lt. Nicholas Hamilton, care Fleet Postmaster, San Francisco." Lt. Nicholas Hamilton, the Pacific Ocean. Lt. Nicholas Hamilton, if he's still alive. . . .

The telephone was ringing in the kitchen, and her slim figure sagged as she rose. Her gait was wrong for a woman in her twenties, as she crossed the two intervening rooms and picked up the receiver. She said "Hello" tonelessly.

It was her mother, on long-distance from Boston. "Hello, Clare dear, how are you?"

"Fine!" Clare heard her own voice rise like hair on a cat's back. "Jackie and I've been planting a big garden, and I've made new slip covers for the living room. Nick's letters are marvelous, mother! What an exciting time he's having! Yesterday a big box of presents arrived—" Chatter, chatter. You might let your mother get a word in. Perhaps she has something to say.

"I knew you'd want to write Emily," her mother said.

Clare said, "Gosh, I'm sorry," in her own voice. "Poor Em. Gosh!" Gosh was a pretty inadequate arrangement of letters to make into sound when you heard your sister's husband was missing in action.

"You're really all right?" her mother asked again.

"Of course I am, darling."

She continued to sit, holding the telephone, after they had said good-by. Emily probably told people that she was all right, too. What else was there to say? You couldn't tell the truth, not even to your mother. The telephone rang again, like a bomb going off in her lap.

Martha Blaney said, "Hello, Clare. Is Paul at your house?"

"They're playing in the orchard."

"I just wanted to check. What about some bridge tonight?"

"Swell," said Clare. She hung up the receiver again and sat limply, thinking of Hugh Benson, missing in action, thinking of Em's terror and misery, but feeling, behind the thoughts of other people, the sensation that was never wholly gone now, no matter where she was or what she was doing. The rawness, the ragged sharpness that had never blunted since she said good-by to Nick.

ALL afternoon Em hovered in the foreground of her thoughts. She would write Em, of course, though there was nothing to say. You couldn't tell the truth to anyone. Not even your sister.

She was finishing Em's letter when Jackie came in.

"Writing to my father?" he asked.

Her throat constricted. Jackie had been four and a half when Nick left them seventy-nine weeks ago. It was a long time in a little boy's life. It was a long time in anyone's life!

She leaned over and gathered Jackie into her lap. "Do you remember daddy?" she demanded intensely.

"Of course!" he said.

"Do you remember how he looks?"

Jackie smiled tolerantly. "There's enough pictures of him around if I didn't."

"Pictures," said Clare.

Pictures did not show how Nick looked. They did not even suggest his quick laughter or the sudden explosion of his eyes when something amused him. They had nothing to do with the feeling of his arms or the soft smoothness of skin over his shoulder muscles where she used to press her cheek when she went to sleep.

Jackie wriggled on her lap. "Anyway, I guess I look like my father," he added. "Everyone is saying so all the time." Her arms tightened around him, and he said, "Ouch, mom! You hurt," and escaped. "Anyway, I'm starving. Aren't we ever going to eat? Paul went home."

SHE stood up. She had almost a physical sensation of having to push through fog, of forcing her head and shoulders upward through the cloying murk that stifled her. It was difficult to care about cooking, setting a table, doing anything, when Nick was so far away.

"Pancakes?" she suggested in her bright false voice.

"With molasses," said Jackie.

They had their supper together in the kitchen, because it was easier and less lonely. Katy Nicola was coming to stay with Jackie while Clare went out. Clare bathed him and put him to bed, heard his prayers.

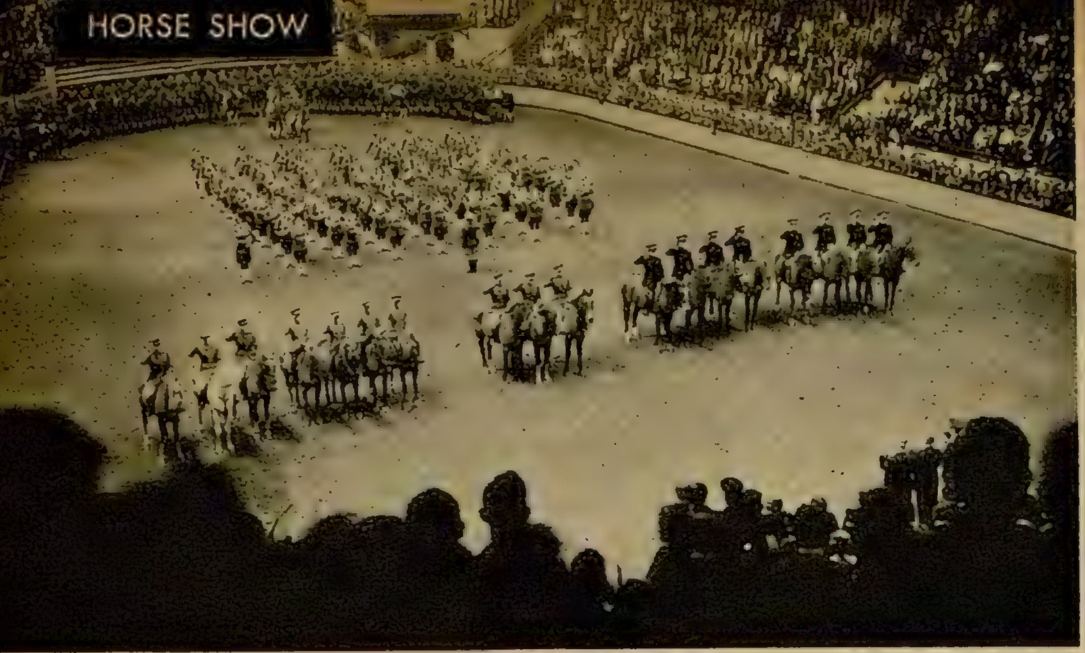
"God bless mummy and take care of my father and bring him home safe." His dark head jerked up. "Mom, when can I have a real bicycle?"

She was close to being angry with him. She felt blood mount to her temples and she compressed her lips. "I don't know," she said, with the echo of her own silent "Amen" still humming within her.

Often, now, she had these swift flashes of resentment toward her son. "What a comfort he must be to you, Clare! So like his father!" Jackie looked like Nick, of course, but he was a little boy. He was a responsibility and sometimes a trouble. People's idiotic intimations that he could take Nick's place in her heart enraged her. That was silly, she knew, and it was not fair to Jackie.

She bent and kissed him. "Go to sleep, darling."

(*Continued on page 71*)



BASKETBALL

MADISON SQUARE

RICHARD DONOPRIA

He harvests such ponderous crops as hockey rinks, ski jumps, and basketball courts—and raises them overnight in the nation's busiest arena. Here's how he does it

A NEW YORK business man, entertaining a customer from out of town one Friday evening, took him to a fight at Madison Square Garden. After the last bout they retired to a near-by bar. One hour and five drinks later, the customer suddenly realized that he had left a small package under his seat at the Garden.

They hastened back to the arena, showed their ticket stubs to an employee in the lobby, and were guided to the seats they'd had. The package, luckily, was still there. The customer retrieved it, then looked around casually. His mouth dropped and his eyebrows shot up. Down below, instead of the boxing ring he had been watching an hour earlier, was a basketball court!

He grabbed his friend and muttered, "Come on, let's get out of here before I start seeing pink elephants!"

In his understandable bewilderment he was merely voicing amazement at the most famous arena in the world, and the wonder-working of its superintendent, Richard Donopria. Without any magic wand, this thirty-eight-year-old miracle maker can transform Madison Square Garden so rapidly that on successive evenings it can schedule a political rally, a hockey match, a track meet, an all-star charity show, boxing bouts, and a basketball game.

Quick-change artist Donopria alters the appearance of his huge charge some 200-odd times a year. His wardrobe trunk is a basement storage vault 100 feet square. Into it are packed thousands of chairs, sections of spruce for track meets, and sections of white pine for basketball courts; hockey cages, fences, boxing-ring parts, stages, dance floors, and tons of other paraphernalia.

He and his crew perform most of their wizardry in the morning hours after the crowds have left. Due to the wartime man-power shortage, these sleight-of-hand change-overs are accomplished with only forty people, on the average. The time required and the number of men involved vary with the different events. The easiest job, the transition from boxing to basketball, takes only a little over an hour and costs eighty dollars; the hardest and easily the costliest transformation is the winter sports show, which takes about a day and a half and costs $10,000.

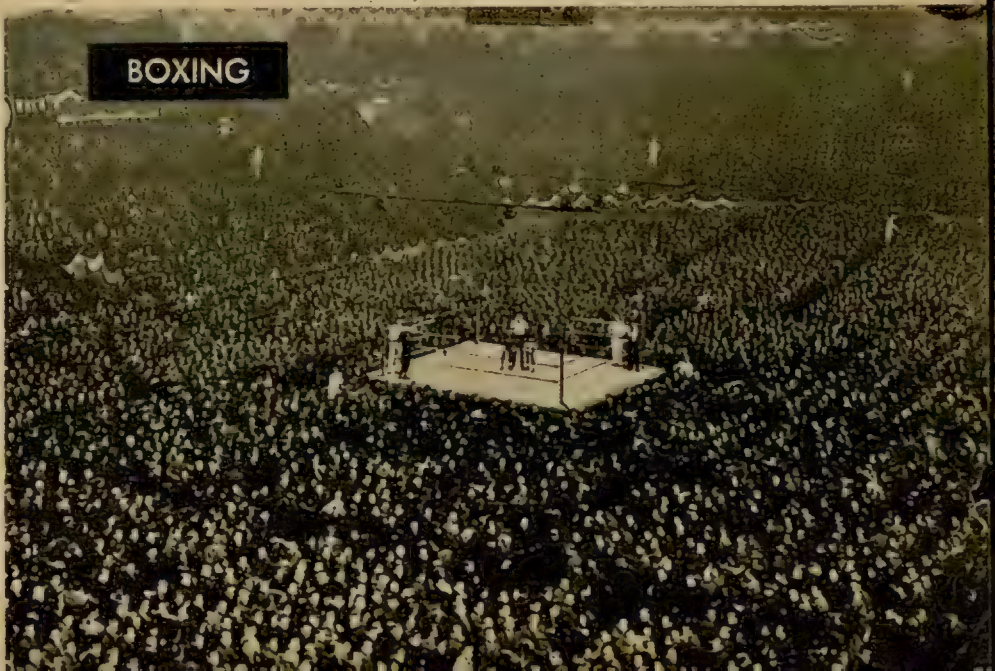
Donopria groans at the mere mention of the winter show, which includes, among other things, the delicate, exacting task of erecting a ski jump seventy-five feet high, the manufacture of snow, and the chore of flaking the surface evenly and precisely. But his peace of mind is improving, for several years have now gone by since the show was last scheduled at the Garden.

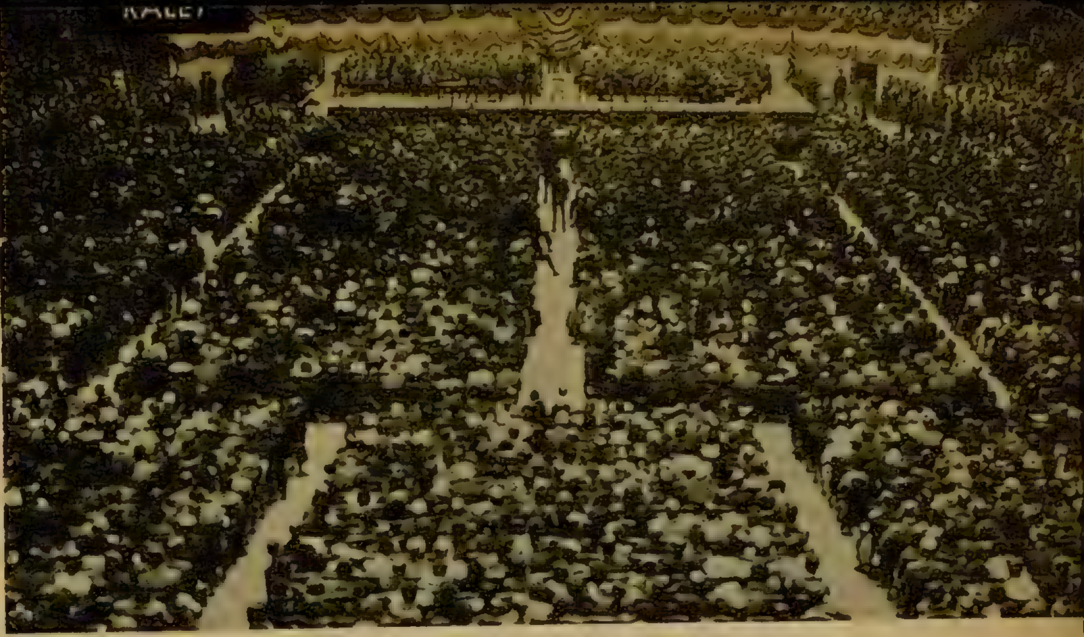
Most back-stage visitors, this modern Merlin finds, want to know how he does the quick-shift conversions to and from a hockey rink. First, the Garden's terrazzo floor, made of marble chips and cement, is thoroughly cleaned. Then, at a temperature of fifteen degrees, 17,000 gallons of brine are circulated through the twelve miles of iron pipes laid an inch below the surface.

Men in hip boots and slickers stand by with hoses to spray water on the floor. A thin layer of ice forms in about five minutes, and dries in ten. Successive layers are added—sixteen in all—forming a surface three quarters of an inch thick and consuming 3,500 gallons during a four-hour period. Hockey lines are laid on the third layer, so that they won't be scraped off.

De-icing, formerly an eight-hour grind, with fifty men breaking up the ice and carting it away, now takes only one hour. Hot brine flowing through the pipes melts the ice and, with the aid of a snow pusher attached to two electric trucks, Donopria and his assistants swiftly clear the ice to one side of the arena where a section of the floor has been removed. The ice drops through into a basement chamber where hot water and steam pipes melt it down, and it's then pumped into the sewers.

Meanwhile, with the precision timing born of long experience, other men are taking down and carting away the hockey dashers which form the sides of the rink. If a boxing match is next on the schedule, some 4,200 extra seats, brought up from the basement storage vault, are put in place on sloping sections of floor that join the permanent arena seats. Then, after some juggling with underpinnings, iron framework, platform, wood-pulp padding, a layer of sacking, canvas cover, and the





GARDENER

BY JACK SCHIFF

other components of a ring, the stage is set.

The whole process, including the de-icing, consumes about three hours and costs around $200.

Modern streamlined equipment and systematic methods such as these enable Donopria to effect the chameleonlike transformations that have rated the Garden as the Eighth Wonder of the World. In some respects no other arena is like it. In the past twenty years, millions from every walk of life have streamed through the wide spacious lobby on Eighth Avenue, between Forty-ninth and Fiftieth streets, to savor the Garden's amazingly varied fare. And through a back-stage doorway on Forty-ninth Street, marked "Employees' Entrance," have passed the most glamorous figures from the four corners of the globe—presidents and princes, stage and movie stars, labor leaders and business magnates, as well as champions in virtually every field of sports—the headline attractions whom thousands have cheered and booed.

Donopria's "baby" was built in 1925 by Tex Rickard and a group of millionaire backers at a cost of $5,500,000, to take the place of the old Garden at Madison Square. The huge amphitheater, 375 by 200 feet, is half again as big as a football field. Three tiers of permanent seats rise in a vast oval around the arena, whose maximum area is 241 by 110 feet. In addition there are fifteen rows in the arena sections, six in the mezzanine, twelve in the side balconies, and seventeen in the balcony tiers at each end.

The new Garden was originally designed for professional boxing matches, but prizefighting, though still one of the mainstays of the arena, has been superseded as chief sports attraction by hockey and basketball. Also identified with the Garden during the past twenty years have been such varied sports events as professional tennis, six-day bike races, horse shows, track meets, winter sports, Sonja Henie's ice show, the rodeo, dog shows, women's softball, and the Ice Follies.

Acknowledged as the sports center of the world, "the House that Tex Built" has also become the number one New York amphitheater for political rallies, war-relief shows, charity bazaars, firemen's and policemen's balls, concerts, war-bond rallies, birthday celebrations, sales-promotion exhibitions, business conventions, and, last but not least, the circus.

Last year alone, 5,000,000 persons paid $10,000,000 to get into the Garden. Of these, the circus drew the largest attendance, more than 1,000,000; basketball and hockey were next with 600,000 and 500,000 respectively. The two-day dog show drew the fewest, 25,000.

Supervising a plant with such kaleidoscopic activities requires painstaking and detailed planning. Like any magician, Donopria has to set the stage carefully for each event. Dirt must be ready for the jumping pits at a track meet, and a layer of planks prepared as foundation for the shot-put to avoid damaging the pipes underneath the floor. When a circus or horse show or rodeo is scheduled, Donopria rents, for $3,000, sixty truck loads of earth. For a six-day bike race he must order a ton of nails and 60,000 feet of spruce to build the $5,000 track.

It's his job to see that maximum seating is arranged for each event. The number of seats varies—from 14,500 for a horse show to 19,000 for boxing or a political rally—with the space required for the performance.

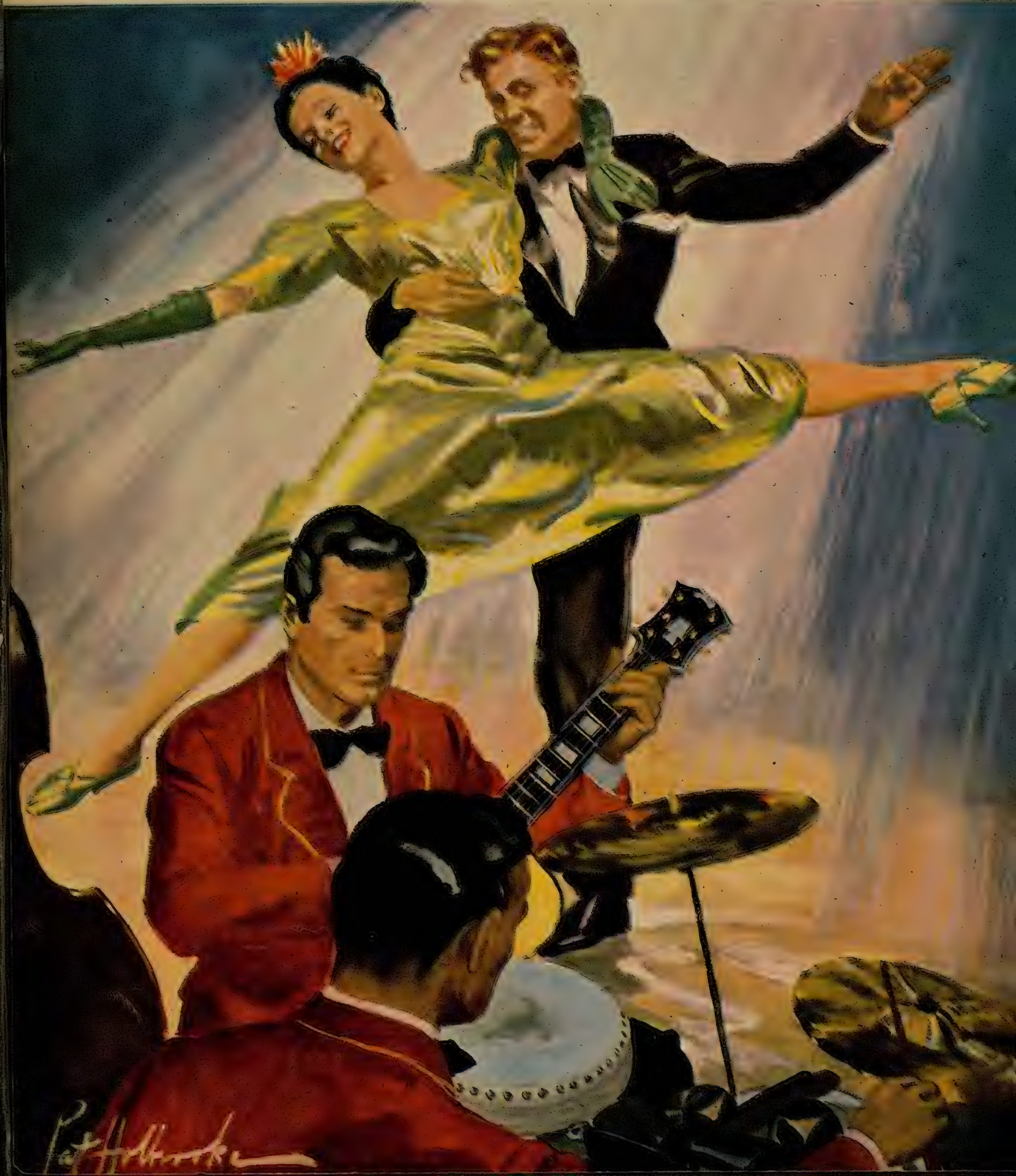
Donopria also co-ordinates the Garden's mechanical and electrical departments. This involves checking and conferring with Chief Engineer Howard Post on the $500,000 heating and ventilating system and on all mechanical problems that arise; and get-togethers with Chief Electrician Lex Hannon. The arena consumes more than 1,000,000 kilowatt-hours a year with its floodlights, spotlights, special ultra-violet lights (which bring out the bright colors on the chemically treated costumes in the ice shows), its amplifying system, and various motors.

To handle these duties competently the superintendent must naturally be a jack-of-all-trades. Self-taught for the most part, Donopria learned the ropes the hard way. A native of Brooklyn, he attended Brooklyn Technical High School for two years, then went to work in Wall Street as a runner, attending night school for a year. Then, eager to catch on in some way with a technical outfit, young Donopria —with no typing experience—answered an ad for a typist in a consulting engineer's firm. He got the job and soon was engaged in doing odd jobs, including tracing.

Alert and anxious to learn, he gained a wealth of knowledge and experience in the fundamentals of heat, water, structure of buildings, etc. Drawing had always been a cinch for him, and after several years with the firm he became an accomplished draftsman. Later he was placed in charge

(*Continued on page 79*)

Once they were the best dance team in the country — and in love. But he'd spoiled all that even before he went into the Army. So, now that he was back, whatever gave him the idea it could ever be



We danced Half Moon then. It was slow, all strings, and we were alone in that big room with just the haunting music to keep us company.

The Way It Was Before?

BY JOHN WELLS

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

IT wasn't a particularly slow train, but it seemed to me the slowest I'd ever been on. I'd made much longer trips than from Atlanta to New York, but now I was sweating out each mile. I was finally going to see her.

I'd been in Lawson General Hospital in Atlanta for nearly three months, and in the big hospital at Leghorn for two months before that. I'd been lucky in Kasserine Pass and I'd been lucky all through Sicily and the dice still rolled seven for me at Salerno. But in the mountains up north of Leghorn I finally got it. It was mortar fire and the shell burst thirty feet away. When I got around to looking things over, my left arm looked like about thirty red points' worth of soup meat.

The medics tied me up and helped me walk on out of there to where a doctor could get a look at me. They patched me up fine in Italy, and my arm almost healed by the time I got back to the States. At Lawson they taught me how to use it again. They did a good job, but the elbow was stiff and would always be a bit stiff, they said, and the day I was discharged from Lawson I also received a medical discharge from the Army.

During the last few days in the hospital I'd made up my mind. I hadn't seen her for three years, but for all that time my mind had been crowded with her. And if I wanted to see her, there was no sense, I figured, in knocking myself out. All anyone in the world had to do, if they wanted to see Fran, was walk up to the box office and buy a ticket, then go sit inside and see the show. No one would stop me from doing the same thing. After all, I'd been her husband.

New York was good in the early fall. I walked from Penn Station up to Fiftieth and Madison, getting my eyes filled with it, my ears filled with the sound of it. Crossing Forty-ninth, a cab missed me viciously and expertly, and I knew I was home. It had been a long time.

Then I went over to Broadway. I'd looked in the phone book, and Gibson had the same address, so I rolled up to the fifth floor. He had just come back from lunch, and he was sitting with his feet on his desk and his hat on the back of his head. I don't think I ever saw him when he wasn't wearing a hat.

Gibby looked at me now and smiled for about the third time since I had known him. He said, "Jimmy! It's good to see you, sarge." The way he said it I was glad to hear it. "Sit down, Jimmy."

We exchanged the usual pleasantries, but there was only one thing I wanted to know. "How's Fran? How's she been doing?" He had been our agent ever since we'd started. He'd know all about her.

"She's O. K.," he said slowly. "She's maybe changed a little, but she's fine."

I nodded. "That's good. I'm glad to hear it." And I *was* glad to hear it. But if he had said that she looked a little worried, a little lonely . . .

"You seen the show?" he asked.

I shook my head. "I just got into town. Me and the Army have called it quits."

His eyes changed. "You get hurt?"

"I won't be able to do much drinking with my left arm."

"I'm sorry," Gibby said. "It's a shame. But it's a good thing it wasn't—"

I said, "Yeah. It wouldn't have been so good if it had been one of the legs. A guy can't dance so good with a bum gam." It was something I had often thought of.

So now I had seen Gibby and I knew that Fran was well. I don't know what else I expected to hear. I was afraid to ask any more questions, I guess. "I'll let you know where I'm staying, Gibby. I want to take a couple of weeks off, and then we'll see what happens."

Gibby's eyes were screened. "You want a ticket for the show, kid? I mean, if you're not doing anything tonight—"

I shook my head. "I have a couple of pals with me and we're going out on the town. Maybe later in the week."

So I went downstairs, and in the ticket agency in the lobby I bought a tenth-row orchestra seat for High Time.

I did some shopping. I bought a suit, some shirts and ties and shoes, and a hat, and at the Westmore they remembered me and gave me a big room looking down on Forty-eighth. It was like old times. I called Gibby and told him where I was sleeping.

The street noises came up to me and they sounded like a wonderful orchestration of a song I had always liked but hadn't heard in a long while. I had a bottle of whisky and some soda sent up, and sat at the window. I had three hours to kill before the show and I was too nervous to eat. I spent my time reviewing a little scene I had thought of a thousand times in the past three years—the last evening I had spent with Fran.

WE had been married for seven years and things weren't going so well between us. We were the highest paid dance team in the country. Francesca and Drake. That sounded better than Franny Gurtelbacher and Jimmy Grogan. Imagine Gurtelbacher and Grogan in lights!

But we were the best. We didn't touch anything but the really plush night spots and the best shows, and we signed only short contracts. When we got a little bored with things, we moved along, and there were always a dozen places holding their arms out for us. We were making so much money we didn't know what to do with it. That might have been the trouble.

It was too much money for a couple of kids who, five years before, had to pay to get into Roseland. Almost every night we had paid to get in. Dancing was like breathing to us and we spent on it what little money we had. We got married on practically nothing and lived with Fran's mother. I had no folks. I worked and Fran went to dancing school and in the evenings we went out dancing or practiced dancing. We knew what we wanted to do, what we had to do. Dance.

We worked and worked and in a relatively few years we hit the top and stayed there. And things began to sour a little. Not the dancing. Each time we stepped on a floor we were just a touch better than the time before and I knew it would always be like that. Dancing was living for us.

BUT we met a lot of people after we reached the top. There were new exciting people. New and exciting to a couple of kids from Brooklyn. There were four or five guys chasing Fran and each of them had enough money to buy out the mint. I was busy myself. There was a woman writer who had the face of a sweet child and the vocabulary of a Marine platoon sergeant, and a gal who owned a big racing stable and rode her own hunters in the horse shows. Number two was a very beautiful woman and she drank a quart of whisky every evening without appearing to be drunk.

It was a wonderful crowd. All on the make. Half of them for Fran and half for me.

A guy named Bob Emerson was giving Fran a terrific play. He was big and nice-looking and had half the money in the world, and I didn't like him at all. I remember the first time Fran told me he had asked her to go to a big party he was having at his Long Island place on a Sunday. We had been quarreling about something stupid that afternoon and I was feeling very tough. I shrugged my shoulders and said, "Go ahead. Maybe you'll meet some people you can talk to without climbing down their throats. After all, I'm just a guy from Brooklyn."

She had started to say something then, but checked herself and walked out of the dressing room. So I called the lady jockey and went out and got terrifically barreled trying to keep up with her. I spent the night in a Turkish bath and turned up at the apartment the next afternoon. Fran wouldn't speak to me.

After that she didn't ask me about going out with Emerson. She just went.

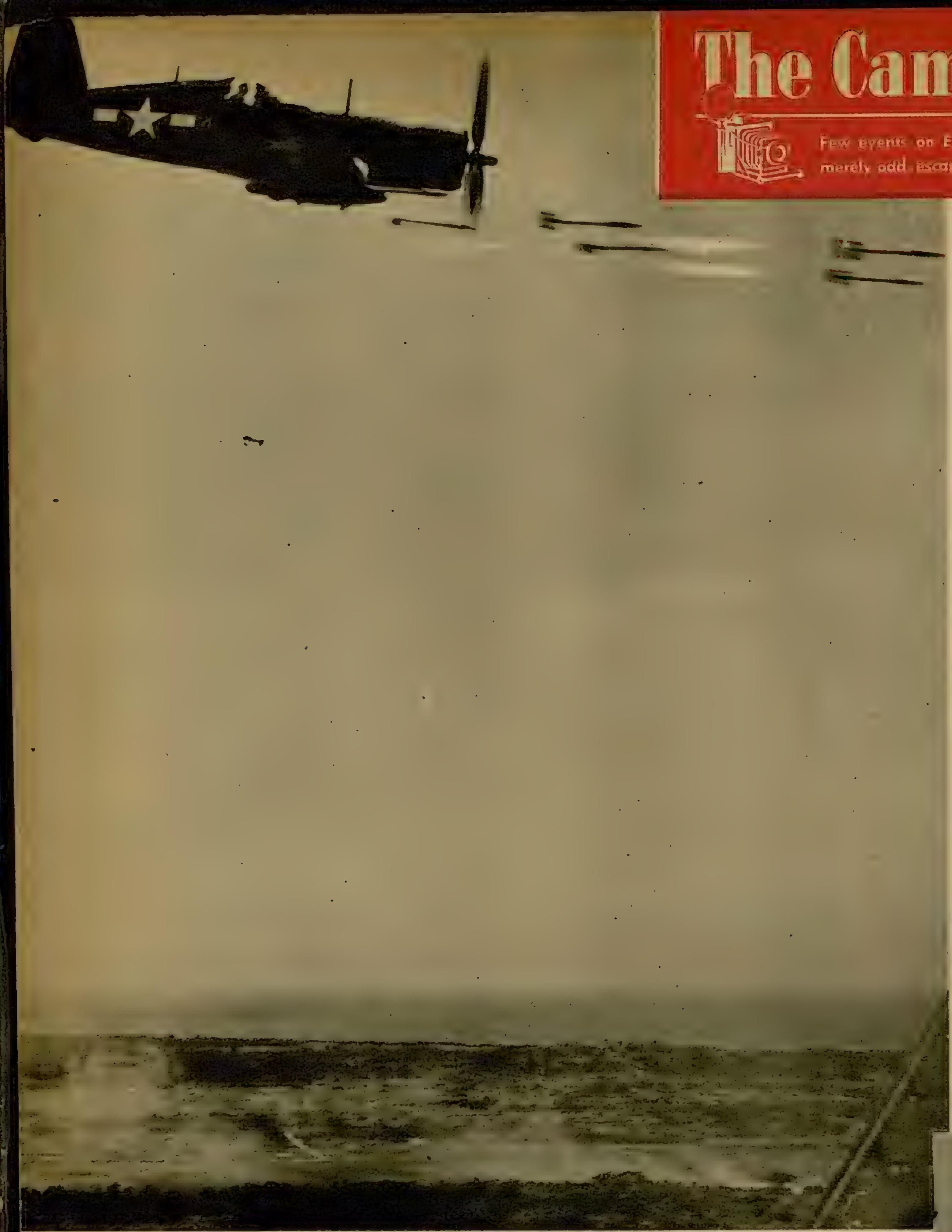
It went from bad to worse, and the more she saw of Emerson the more I saw of a couple of women I didn't like.

One Friday night we finished an engagement at the Walnut Room and had a few

(*Continued on page 60*)

The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing

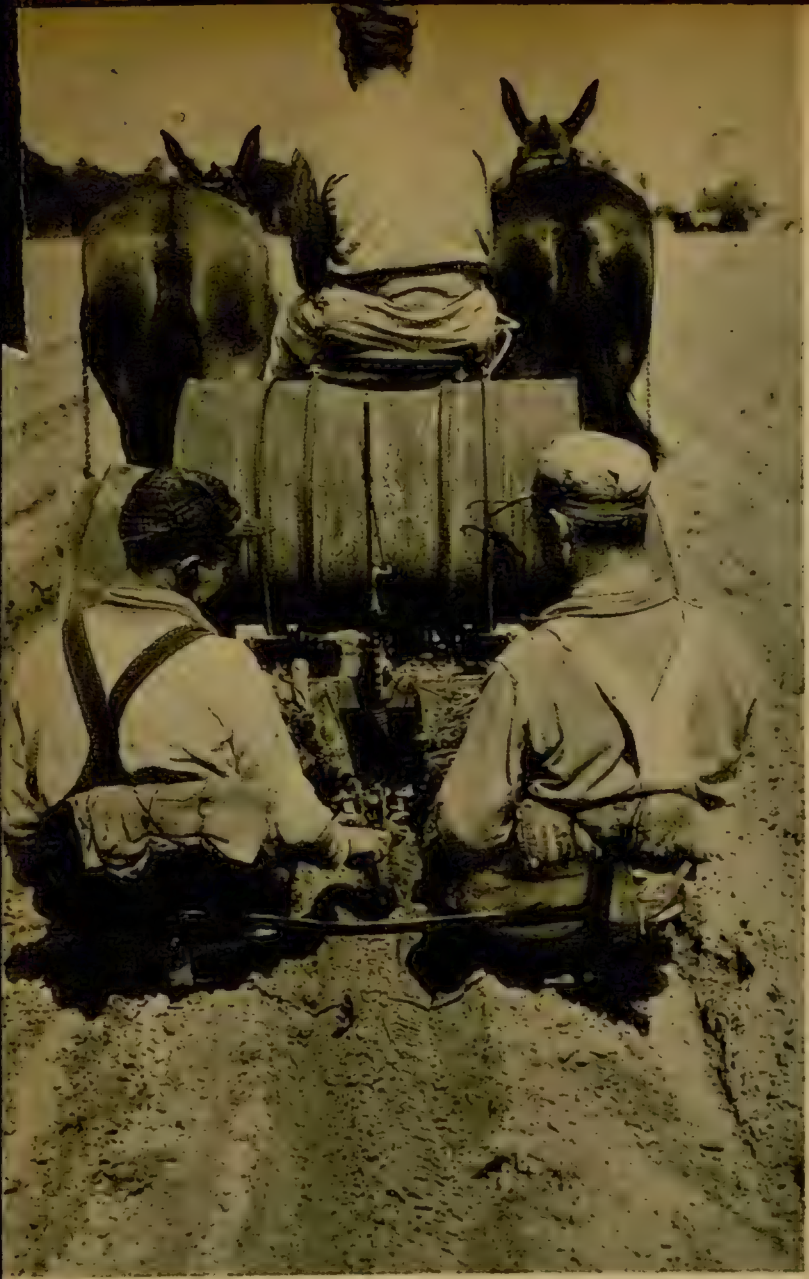


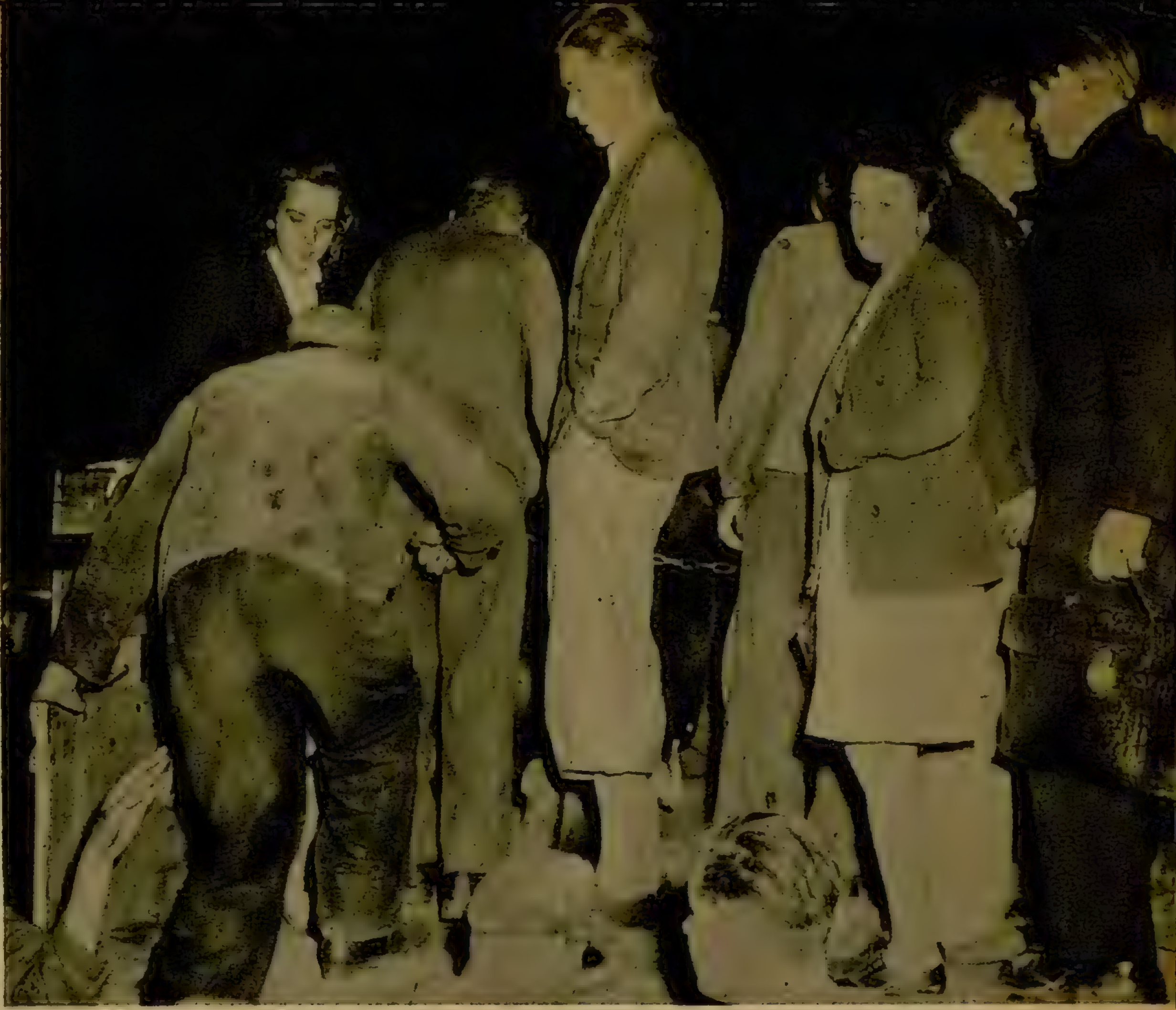
MAKING MORE JAPS VELLY SOLLY—Rockets from a Marine Corsair soften up an Okinawa spot for other marines, whose position is marked by smoke below.

SHE'S IN BOOT TRAINING—Which doesn't improve her looks. The girl—Louise Torbett of Washington. The LSTs—German winter boots.

IN THE ARMY NOW—Seaman James Pegues of Greenwood, Mississippi, trades in his bell-bottomed trousers and becomes a West Pointer.

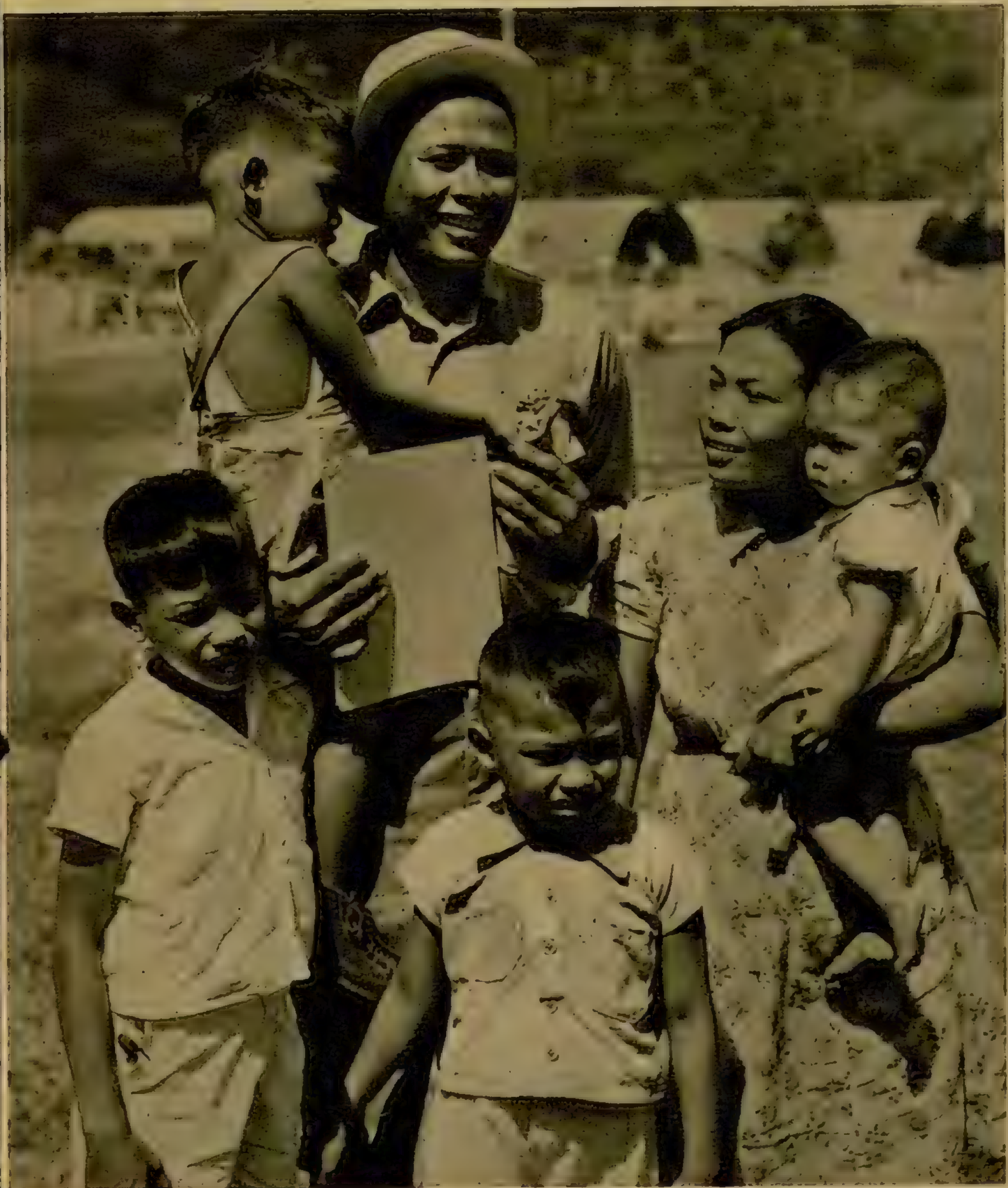
FRATERNIZING'S FUN—Might be any beach at home, but it's Wansee Lake in Berlin that drew these frauleins and G. I.s. What's this about the underfed Germans?



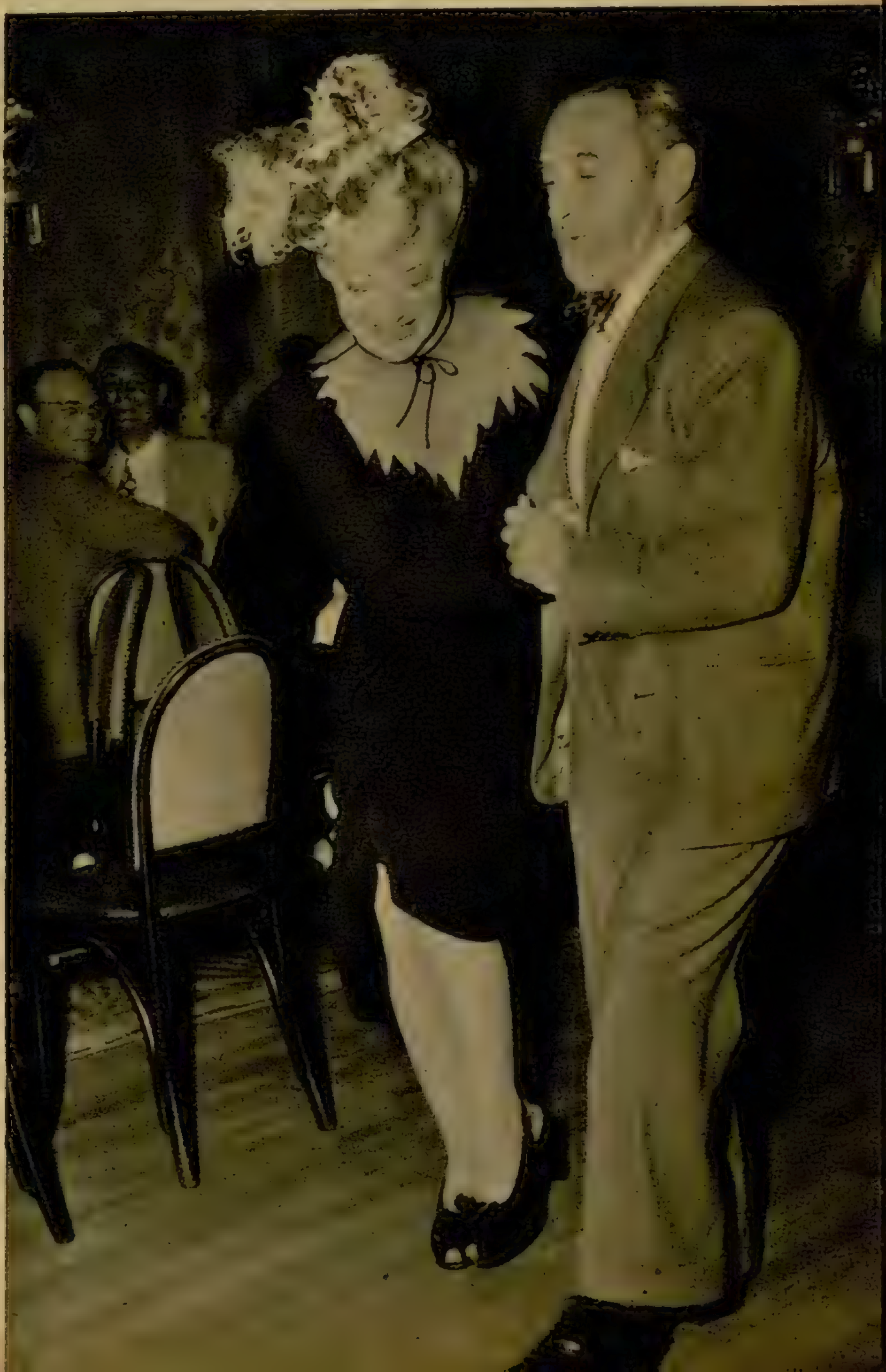


SO YOU CAN SMOKE IN 1948—North Carolina tobacco farmers take it easy as they poke seedlings into holes made by the machine, which then waters each plant. In three more years—cigarettes!

BLACK MARIA, KRAUT MODEL—M. P.s of the Third Army load a truck with specimens of the former master race that were caught on the streets of Bamberg after the curfew. Outlook—first the clink, then the unpleasant choice between ten days or 100 marks fine.



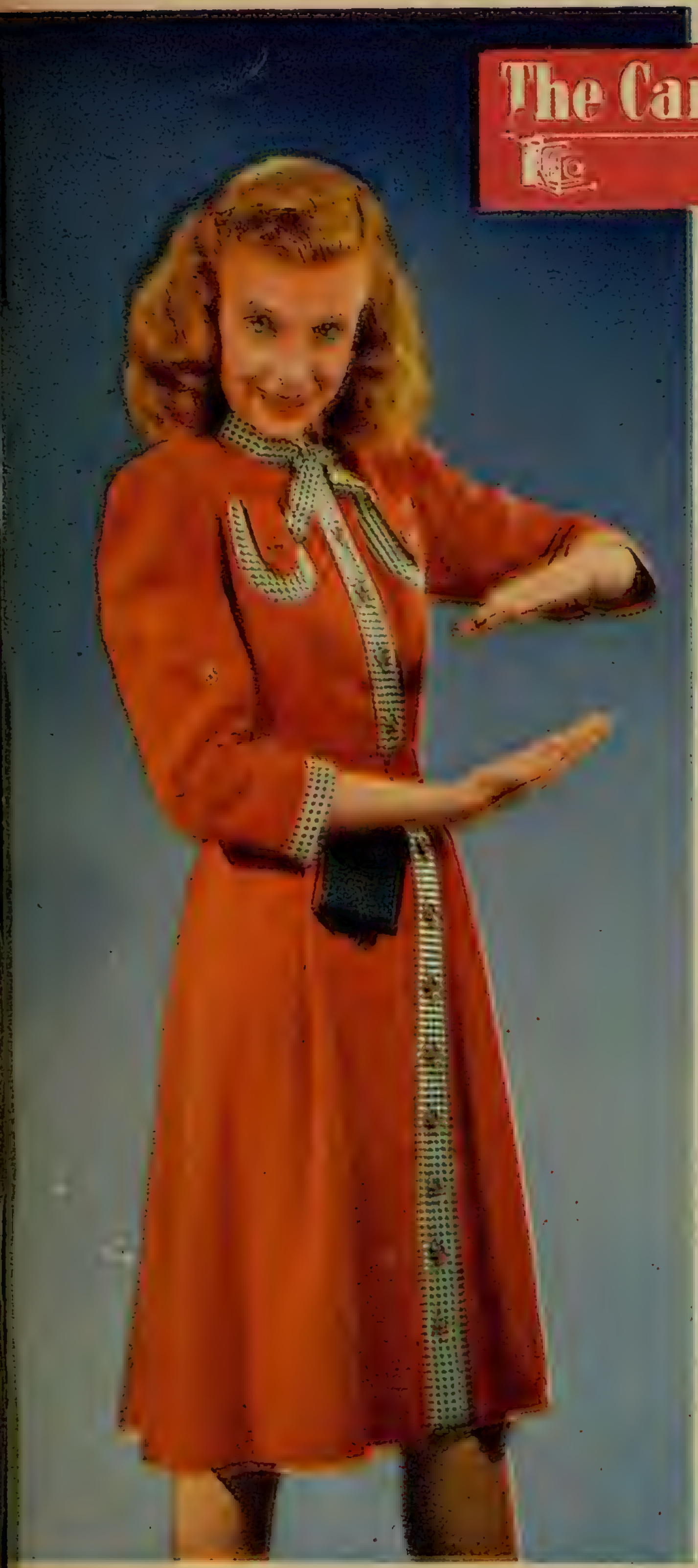
GALLANT AND INTREPID—That's what the Marine Corps citation said of Tony Duenas, Guam native awarded the Silver Star. Tony sports his medal and exchanges proud grins with his family.

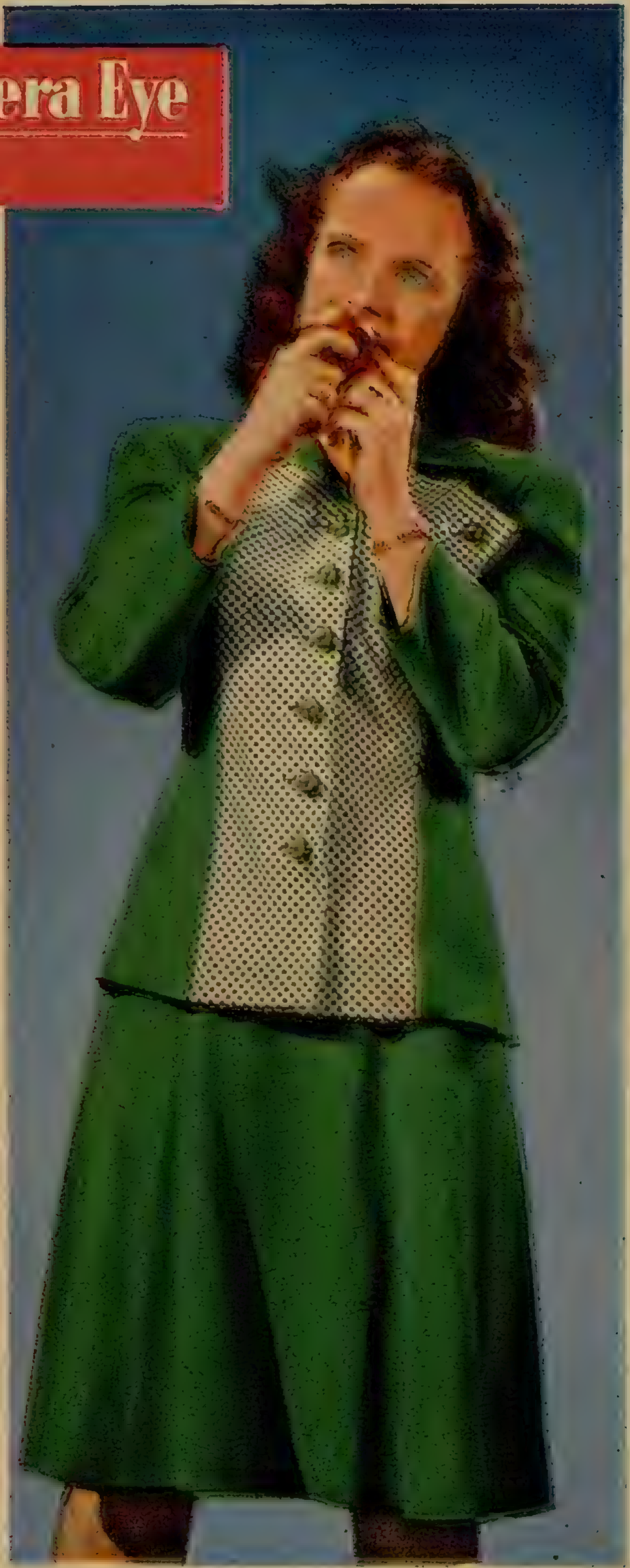


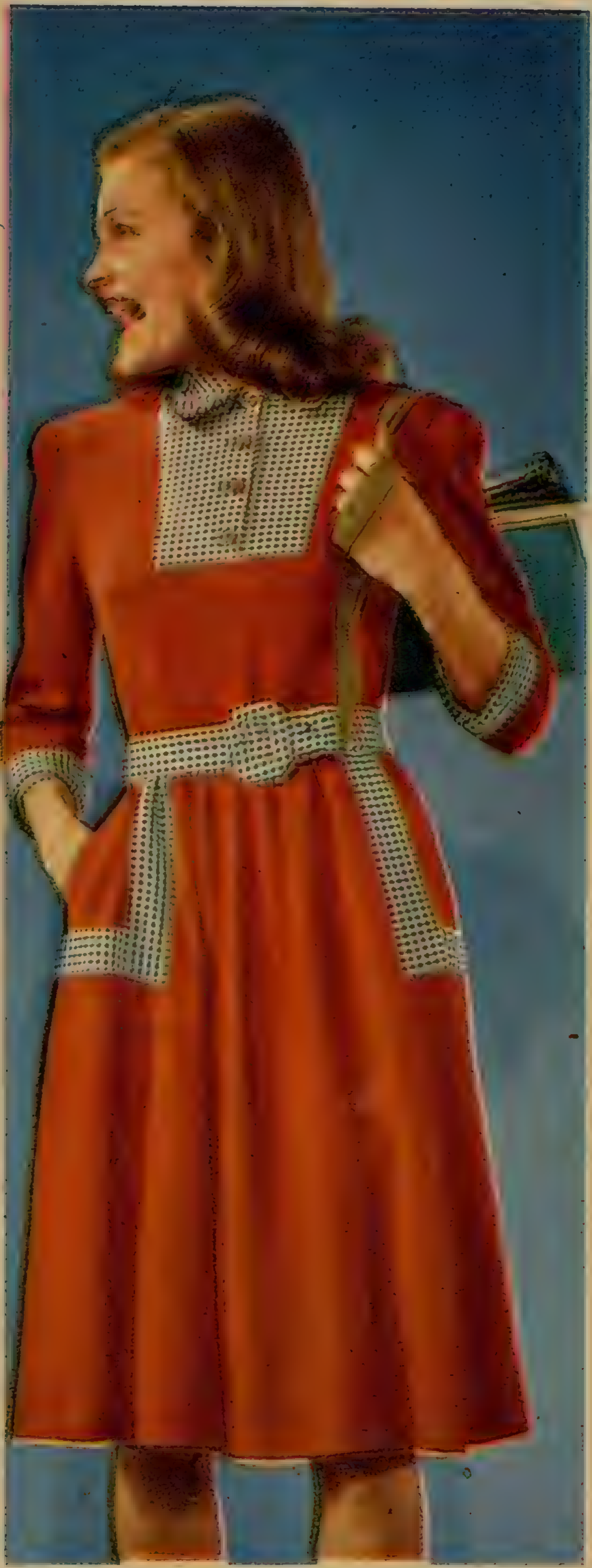
TWO TIMERS — But it's all right. Barry Fitzgerald and Betty Hutton, starred in the picture, Stork Club, cavort a bit at the night spot itself.

Checks Play Tricks in Teen-Age

The Camera Eye







I'M A HALF-PINT

Fated to be the cute type. I'm not complaining but I could use some height!

These checks are more than a style detail. They really make Half-Pint look taller . . . by forcing your eyes up 'n down the narrow fly front . . . by placing the check accents at the top of her petite figure. Well-known tricks of sight, wisely applied to fashion!

TUBBY, THAT'S ME

But mom insists that it's only baby fat and she won't let me diet (thank heavens!)

Tubby bulges where her waistline belongs, so she looks slimmer in a beltless jacket-dress. The wide checked panel with high points is another good trick. It cuts her width so you don't clearly see where her boundaries are; makes curves look straight.

TALLEST IN MY CLASS

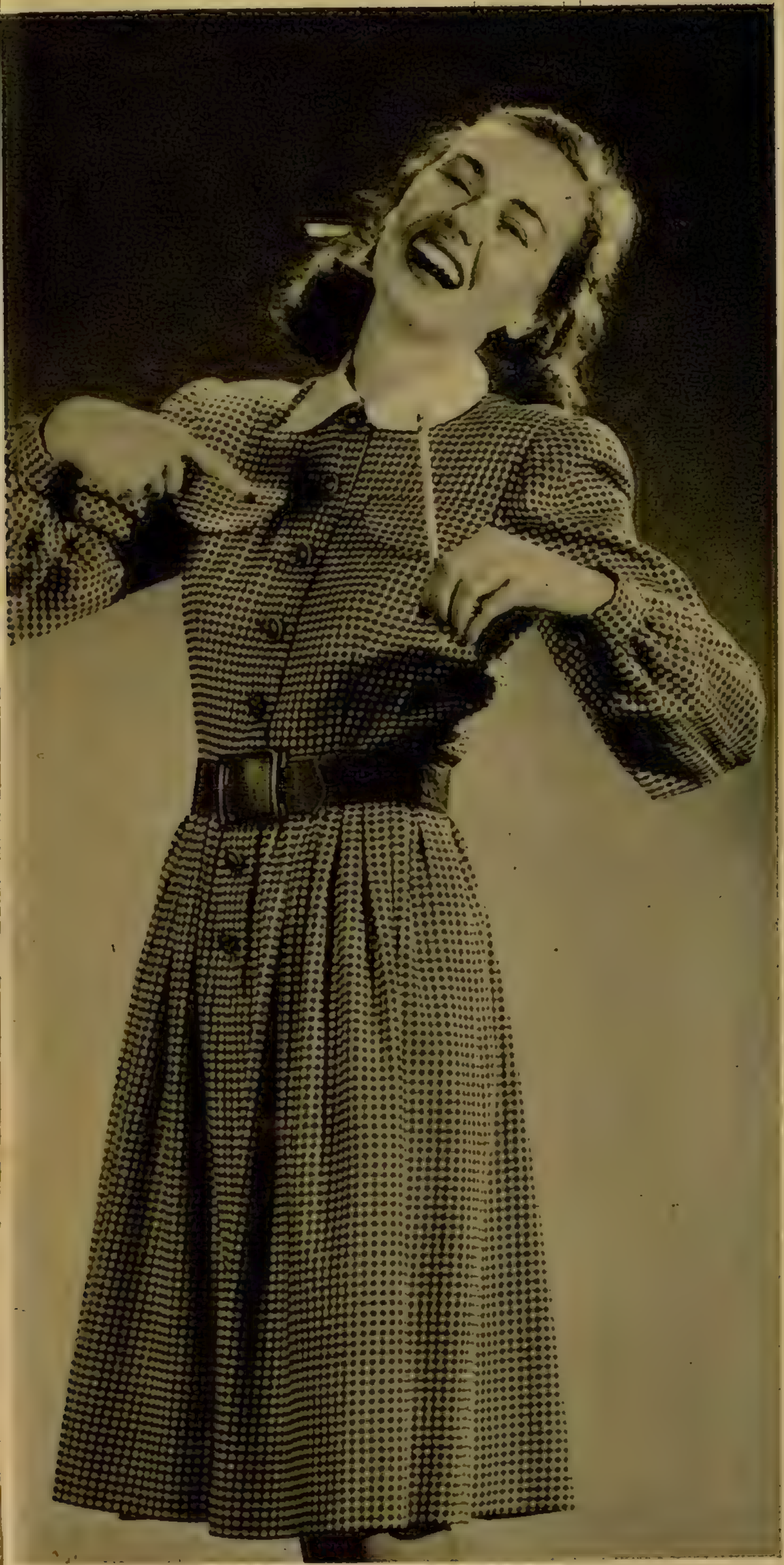
And that's no blessing with the available male population averaging five foot two!

Cut her height . . . that's the job for checks in this dress. They do it three ways. First the checked dicky shortens the blouse. Then the checked pockets cut the skirt-length. Finally the contrasting belt divides the entire figure. Clever, these special teen-age designers.

Fashions

By Helen Faith Keane

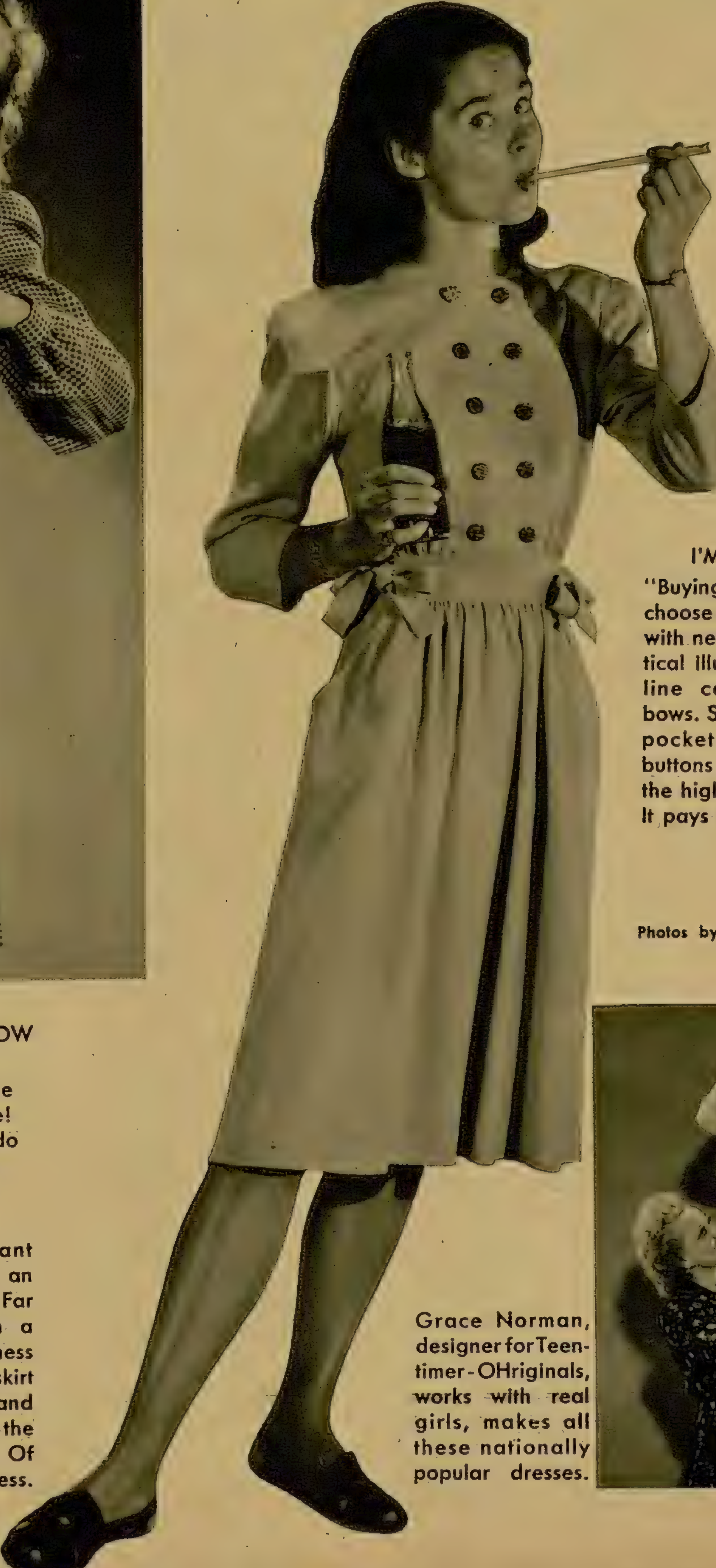
WHEN they start "bustin' out all over," teen-agers grow self-conscious, take to Sloppy sweaters which camouflage. Today, clever designers whip up dresses with special figure-flattering styles. The result? Stores report increasing sales of teen-age dresses for school as well as parties. Not mothers, but girls themselves do the choosing, meet the rigid traditions of their crowd. A teen-ager who doesn't conform is a drip (fugitive from a leaky faucet). Girls belong to clubs sponsored by stores, model in fashion shows that demonstrate self-improvement techniques. Take a bow, teen-agers, you're in the fashion spotlight!



I'M SINATRA'S SHADOW

The more-you-eat-the thinner-you-get type! Clothes can really do a lot for my figure.

Nothing insignificant about this figure in an all-over check dress! Far more flattering than a plain color. The fullness of both sleeves and skirt add graceful curves and appealing softness. Even the pocket flaps are rounded. Of course she's a social success.

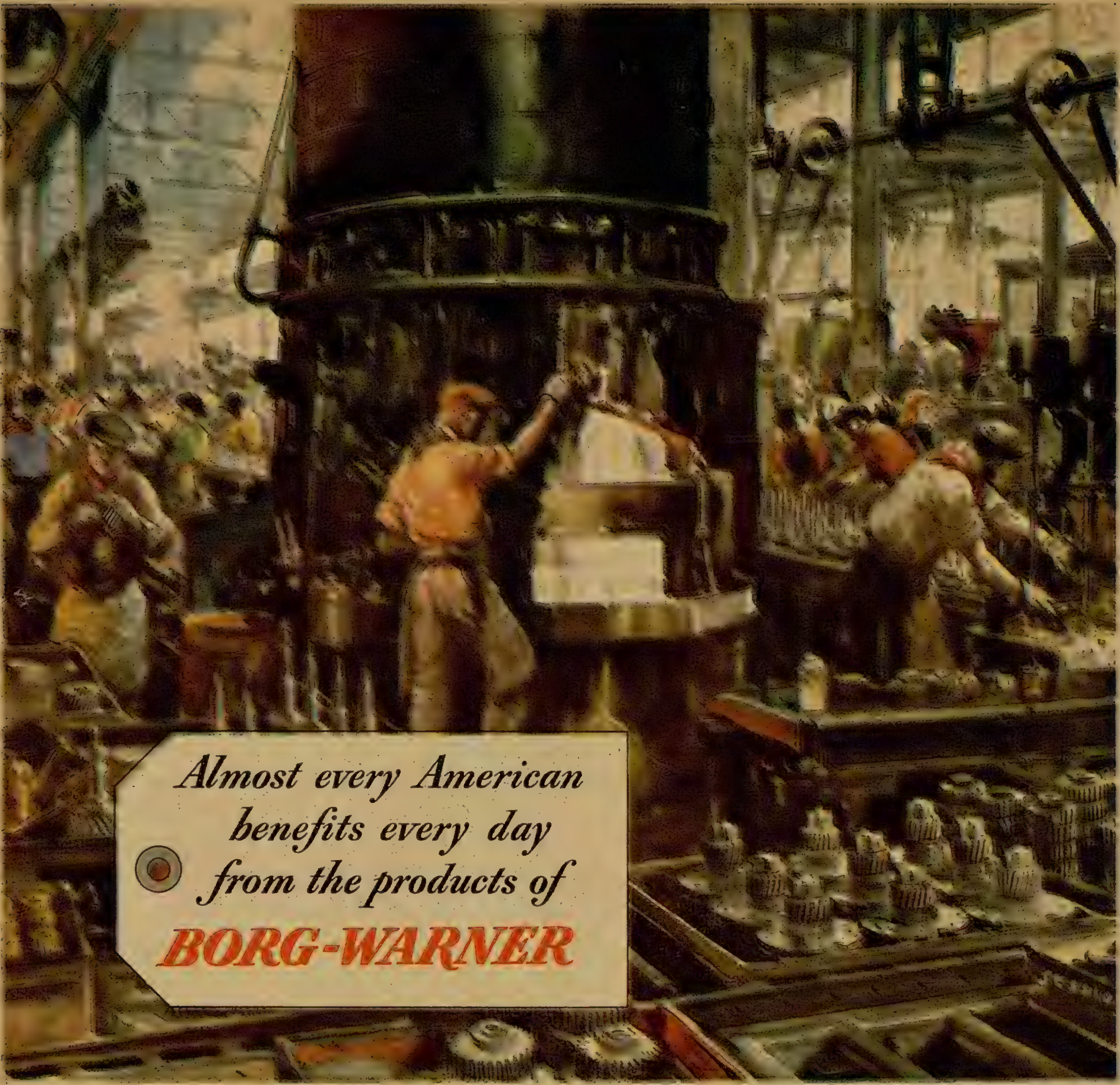


I'M JUST AVERAGE

"Buying clothes is fun! I can choose any of these dresses, with never a worry about optical illusions!" A trim waistline can stand adorable bows. Slim hips can take peg pockets. Double breasted buttons aren't too bulky, nor the high neckline too severe. It pays to watch your figure!

Photos by Edelmann — Muray Studios

Grace Norman, designer for Teen-timer-OHriginals, works with real girls, makes all these nationally popular dresses.


Almost every American benefits every day from the products of
BORG-WARNER

GEARING FOR WAR *as painted by James Sessions at Warner Gear in Muncie, Indiana. From the inception of the first "horseless carriage", this great Borg-Warner plant has consistently been the leader in the mass production of gear assemblies for the automotive industry. During the war, it has been one of the largest producers of transmissions for all types of motorized military vehicles.*

Peacetime makers of essential operating parts for the automotive, aviation, marine and farm implement industries, and of Norge home appliances.

The Warner Gear Division, although the world's largest independent producer of transmissions, is only one of three great Borg-Warner units making gear assemblies.

There are many fields in which Borg-Warner products benefit almost every American every day. In fact, Borg-Warner products are found on 9 out of 10 farms, in 9 out of 10 airplanes as well as in 9 out of 10 makes of automobiles. And Norge refrigerators, ranges and washing machines make the homes of millions more efficient and livable.

All of which illustrates how Borg-Warner's guiding principle, "Design it better, make it better" works in many ways to bring you ever better products at ever lower costs.

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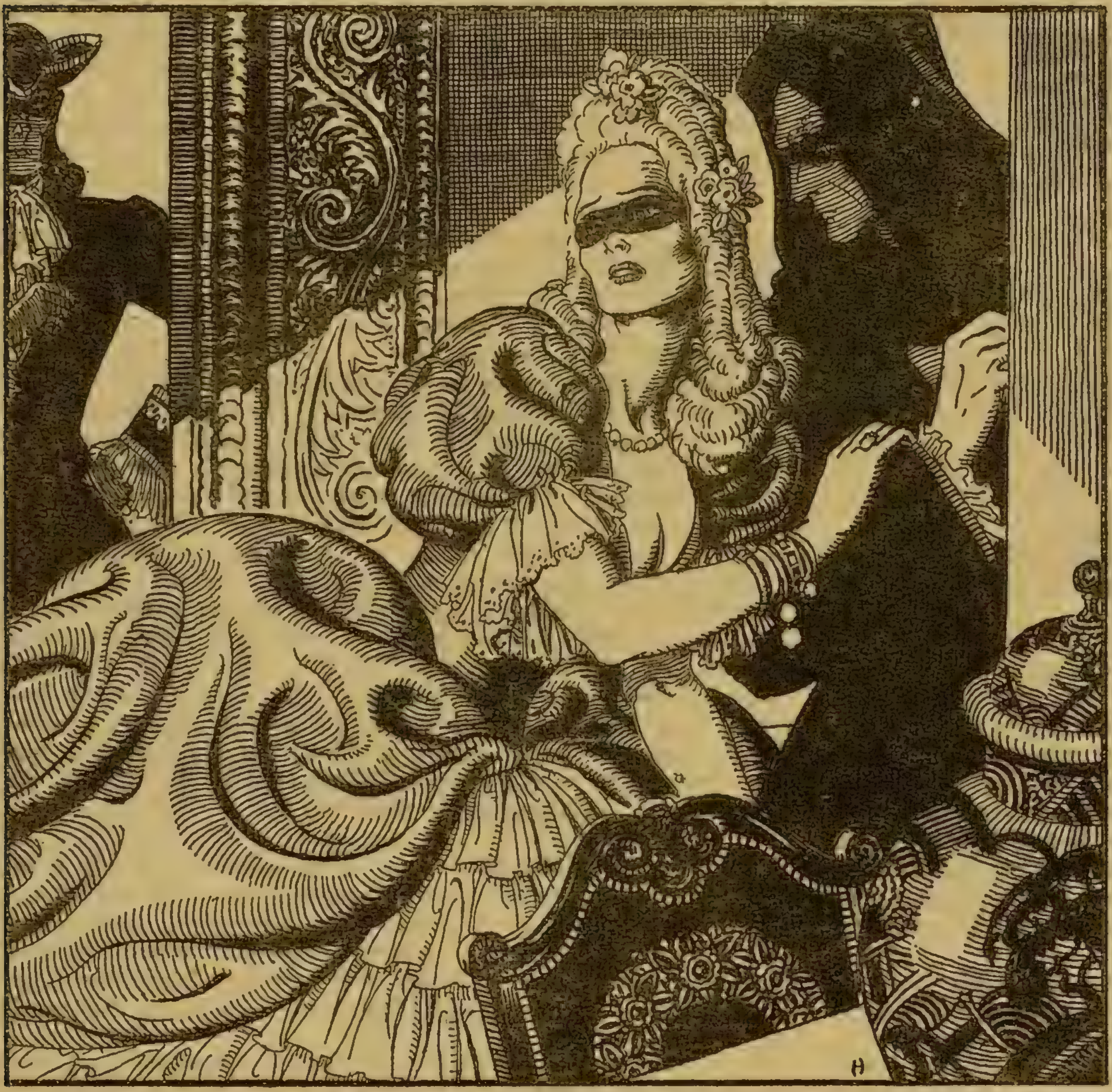
These units form Borg-Warner: BORG & BECK • BORG-WARNER INTERNATIONAL • BORG WARNER SERVICE PARTS • B-W SUPERCHARGERS, INC. • CALUMET STEEL • DETROIT GEAR • DETROIT VAPOR STOVE • INGERSOLL STEEL & DISC • LONG MANUFACTURING • MARBON • MARVEL-SCHEBLER CARBURETER • MECHANICS UNIVERSAL JOINT • MORSE CHAIN • NORGE • NORGE MACHINE PRODUCTS • PESCO PRODUCTS • ROCKFORD CLUTCH • SPRING DIVISION • WARNER AUTOMOTIVE PARTS • WARNER GEAR

A
Liberty
BOOK
CONDENSATION
READING TIME
ONE EVENING

The BIRTH of MISCHIEF

BY RAFAEL SABATINI



For the treachery that cost the life of his best friend, the young Marquess of Alverley had a score to settle with a blustering flute-playing specimen of Prussian royalty—"Frederick the Great." How he staked his own life on the issue is the theme of a romance in the colorful vein of Mr. Sabatini's Scaramouche.

ILLUSTRATED BY
W. EMERTON HEITLAND

THE SCENE that is to be regarded as the prelude to all this mischief was set in the Porcelain Gallery of the Palace of Monbijou, in Brandenburg, the capital city of Prussia.

Music was being made by the flute of the Crown Prince of Prussia, to an accompaniment by the young Rittmeister von Katte on the clavichord. The audience on this afternoon of spring included the Queen herself, a corpulent, comfortable body in a waistless sacque of yellow brocade that lent her the appearance of a monstrous ninepin. Of the half-score courtiers present, the most notable was Count Hugo von Katzenstein, a tall, fair man approaching forty, of a serene, distinguished air and an almost French urbanity of manner.

There was also a young Englishman—Charles Stuart-Dene, Marquess of Alverley—tall and spare and dark. Under a good brow his narrow countenance was melancholy in repose. In his suit of black—the simulated mourning so commonly adopted from motives of economy by gentlemen of restricted means—he contrasted sombrely with Katte's military blue and silver and the Prince's French splendour of whaleboned, silver-galooned pink satin coat over a lilac waistcoat.

Short of stature and slight of build, the Prince was now in his eighteenth year. He had an excessively long nose, making a single line with the flat brow, reminiscent of a weasel's. The eyes, however, were unusually arresting: large, pale and prominent.

The sonata faded to a soft conclusion. Applause was led by the perfunctory clapping of the plump hands of Majesty.

"That was entrancing, Fritz. Entrancing." And then, because it was not in her nature to neglect an opportunity for lamentation, she must add: "I could weep when I think how little your father appreciates your great gifts."

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The eagerness in which the Prince, ever avid of praise, had turned to receive her commendation, faded a little at this mention of his father. A sigh, a lift of the brow, and a shrug were his only answer, as he turned to Alverley.

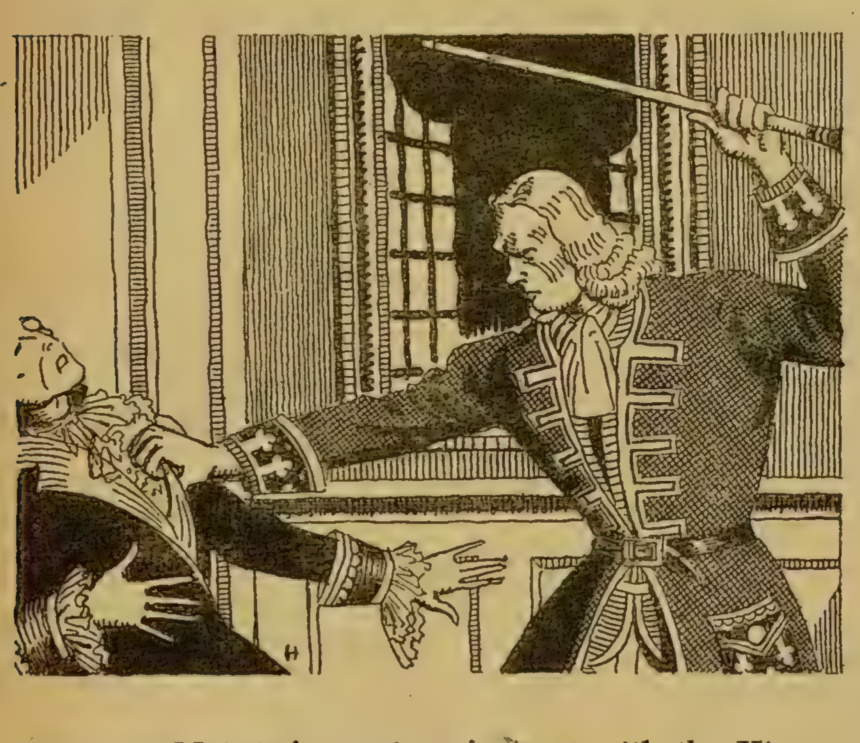
His lordship was contriving an adroit comment when one of the queen's ladies in waiting came with word that her Majesty commanded his company.

She received him amiably. "I am pleased with Fritz that he should have brought you to visit me, Milord Alverley." Her fan waved him to a gilded chair. "Be seated, sir. I am curious to learn to what Berlin owes the advantage of your presence."

Alverley sought safety in a half-truth: "I have come to Berlin, Madame, in the hope of studying the military art in its foremost European academy."

"Ah!" She sighed. "That is an answer that will no doubt please his Majesty."

Katte, who had abandoned the clavichord to follow Alverley, took this for his cue. "My cousin hopes to deserve your Majesty's gracious interest with the King, so that his ambition may be gratified."



She turned to Alverley. "I shall be happy, if you think it will really profit you, to speak for you to his Majesty when he returns. You'll have been told that at present he is hunting bears, or boars, or wolves, or something. That is his favorite pursuit when he is not hunting giant grenadiers, or drilling them." Plaintively she continued: "Believe me, it was not worth while to leave England for what you may find here." She peered at him over the top of her fan.

Alverley's smile deepened the gentle sadness of his eyes. They were naturally kindly, contrasting oddly with the rather bitter set of his lips. Before he could reply, the main door of the gallery was suddenly and violently flung open, and framed in it stood a man whose girth was equal to his height, and he was by no means short. His blue uniform coat with red facings and copper buttons was tightly strained about his swollen bulk, above which his little head, with its small flat wig, was dwarfed by contrast to a mere knob. His mouth was too small, his nose too short for the breadth of his countenance, now suffused by a purple flush. His little eyes malevolently took in the scene.

Frederick William came forward, grasping his cane as if it were a sword. His terrible glance raked the courtier group and settled upon the Prince. Suddenly, explosively, he addressed him. "Almighty! Why are you not in uniform? Why are you dressed like a French Harlequin?" He swung to the quaking Queen, the veins swelling on his brow. "And you, Madam? Do you abet this fribble in his defiance of me?"

The line between Alverley's brows had deepened. Standing stiffly now at Katte's side he looked in incredulous horror upon a spectacle of unreasoning rage.

The King took his son by the collar, wrenched at the coat as if to tear it off, grimacing viciously at the effort. Failing in his purpose, he loosed his hold and raised his cane. But whilst the Prince bounded, shaking, out of reach, his mother, in tears, hung upon one of the royal arms. His Majesty was striving in vain to shake himself free, trumpeting the while, when Katte plucked Alverley's sleeve.

Under cover of the royal bellowing he murmured: "The scene becomes a thought too domestic. I fear we intrude."

There was a side door near the clavichord, and by this they slipped quietly from the gallery.

ALVERLEY, at the impressionable age of twenty-two, had fallen in love with a girl two years his senior, who, although her affections were already pledged elsewhere, set the advantages of exalted rank above sentimental considerations. Her father's millions disencumbered for the bridal couple Charles's debt-ridden Manors of Dene and Revelstone, and he looked forward to a future of ease and dignity and happiness.

It happened, however, that Marion's winsome exterior cloaked a nature fundamentally base. The love Charles had brought to the union was turned to loathing for a termagant who embittered all his days. A son was born to them within a year of the wedding. Vain and short-lived was Charles's hope that motherhood would engender gentler moods, to make life together possible at least.

Sympathetic to the Stuart cause, he allowed himself to be swept into one of those plots that were ever simmering for the overthrow of the Hanoverian dynasty, and his wife's ever-hostile vigilance discovered his treasonable traffic. Without warning or compunction, she sought Sir Robert Walpole, and sold him, in return for guarantees that the Manors of Dene and Revelstone should remain immune from escheatment, the information that should enable him to crush the incipient conspiracy. But it happened that a wise government desired no Stuart martyrs, whose blood might prove a seed of further treasons. A warning was secretly conveyed to Charles, as to other leading members of the plot, that only by instant flight could he hope to save his head.

He had sought his mother's father, the old Marshal von Katte of Wartensleben, and by the Prussian House of Katte he had been warmly welcomed. He had brought letters for King Frederick William, in which the old Marshal recommended his grandson to his Majesty's favour, and in Berlin, whilst awaiting the return of the King from his bear-hunting, Katte had presented his English cousin to the Crown Prince and to the Queen, in the hope of enlisting their interest.

THE spacious chamber that Katte called his study was elegantly equipped in the French taste, with well-furnished bookcases, a clavichord in satinwood, and some good pictures by Katte himself. Into this room, on the third morning after that domestic scene at Monbijou, the Prince came unannounced, with the familiarity he used towards Katte.

His Highness had shed his foppish plumage and his high heels, and he looked better in his colonel's uniform, though his carriage remained ludicrously unmilitary. A blue-black contusion under the left eye, where a paternal blow had caught him, lent a sinister, lowering air to his pointed countenance.

He flung himself into a chair. "Katte, I can bear no more. Something must be done. As my best friend—and I permit myself to count you my best friend—I've come to talk to you about it."

Alverley, who was lounging on a couch, rose. "You will wish to be private with my cousin, Monseigneur." But the Prince waved him down again.

"Wait, Monsieur le Marquis. I was hoping to find you here. I should be obliged by your interest for me with your ambassador, Captain Dickens."

Alverley smiled. "I should have mentioned that I am a proscribed Jacobite."

The Prince's eyes goggled at him through a silent moment. "It should commend you to my father, out of his abhorrence of my uncle, King George. But it's unfortunate for me. Ah, well! I shall have to depend upon you alone, Katte, to break the ice for me with Guy Dickens; to take his pulse and find out how he would be disposed."

"At your service, my Prince, but to what end?"

"To the end that I may get out of this."

"Your Highness isn't thinking of running away?"

"What else is there to think of?" He came to his feet; his voice was shrill in plaintive anger. "Do you suppose that flesh and blood can bear this indefinitely? Or that I am without pride?"

Katte rose, too. "Calm yourself, I beg, Monseigneur. How do you conceive that the English ambassador can help you?"

"By informing my uncle of my situation, and asking him if he will afford me shelter in England. I tell you it's to save me from killing myself."

"But, of course, Monseigneur. I'll see Captain Dickens without delay."

"Very well. Report to me . . . Let me see. Report to me at Pastor Ritter's tomorrow afternoon at four o'clock. And we can make some music there in peace. Perhaps you will come, too, Monsieur le Marquis."

CAPTAIN GUY DICKENS was a gentleman whose easy manners masked a deal of shrewdness. He looked askance as he listened to the Rittmeister that same evening.

"I could hardly venture," he quietly protested, "to put forward a proposal of that character. And so I had better forget at once that it has been made."

"I understand," said Katte, "and it is not for me to attempt to persuade you."

But as they shook hands, and when Dickens had murmured polite regrets, he added: "You may tell his Highness that if at any time he should wish to write to King George, who I am sure will always be glad to hear from his nephew, I shall be happy to forward the letter by my own courier."

To make this report Katte took his way, on the following afternoon, to the house of Pastor Ritter in the Nikolaistrasse, and Alverley went with him. The scholarly old churchman had once been Katte's tutor, and their friendly relations had persisted long after Katte had exchanged his school books for the sword. For this the pastor's only child Dorothea was partly responsible. The link between the girl and the Rittmeister was the considerable musical talent of each, and in the exercise of it Katte would often spend an evening at the pastor's house.

There, in a room of simple daintiness, of green panelling and floral chintzes, they found his Highness.

From the clavichord rose a slim, straight girl in grey, gravely to smile a welcome to Katte, gravely to consider his tall companion. Her unpowdered hair, of which a heavy ringlet lay on her white neck, was of a rich chestnut in which there were gleams of gold.

The Rittmeister presented Alverley, and her softly rounded arm, emerging from a froth of lace at the elbow, was extended towards him across the instrument. He bowed formally over it, brushing the fingers with his lips. Then, coming erect again, he met the steady gaze of clear grey eyes, and for a moment each remained as if seeking to look beneath the surface of the other.

There was a faint stir of colour in her cheeks as she resumed her seat at the clavichord.

Abruptly the Prince addressed the Rittmeister. "Well, Katte? What news?"

Katte made his report, with regrets that he should have done no better.

"But it is well enough," said the Prince, with a laugh. "The foxy fellow points out the proper course. I'll write it today, and you shall take it to him, Katte."

From the armchair into which Katte thrust him, Alverley was content to listen and observe. The long room seemed tenanted by a definite personality. From the cluster of roses in a piece of Delft ware, set on a console of inlaid woods with copper mouldings, to the needlework tapestry on the walnut chairs, all seemed to reflect graciousness.

Against the panelling facing Alverley hung a smiling portrait of Dorothea, the work of his cousin. Above the overmantel hung a portrait of her father, painted by herself.

THE Prince's letter to King George having been delivered by Katte to Captain Guy Dickens, his Highness sat down to wait with such patience as he could command.

In the meantime the King's all-powerful minister, the Freiherr von Grumbkow, came back to Berlin, and his interest for Alverley was sought by Katte and also by the Crown Prince, who was showing the Englishman an ever-increasing favour. Von Grumbkow received the Marquess of Alverley with a cordiality that left nothing to be desired. It would be an honour to present his lordship to the King.

So Alverley was taken to the Schloss. He and his sponsor were received in the spacious audience chamber. His Majesty was at work there with a couple of secretaries, and from the antechamber, whilst awaiting admission, they could hear him roaring and bellowing at those unfortunates. These emerged at last with scared faces and perspiring brows, to inform the Baron that he was awaited.

Alverley presented his letter, and stood silent whilst the King perused it, his thick lips moving as he read.

Then, for a silent moment the keen, hard eyes pondered the applicant's tall, graceful figure in its unostentatious black, the strong, proud lines of his patrician face, and the air of quiet dignity that mantled him. "And so out of all Europe you choose Prussia as your school of soldiering. What active service have you seen?"

"Alas, Majesty, none. My political convictions were against my taking service at home. They are now responsible for my having left England."

"Oho! You are out of favour, then, with that brother-in-law of mine, the Red Cabbage?"

"I am exiled, sire. I am a Jacobite, like my father, who gave his life for King James."

The King questioned Alverley on his estates, their extent and character, his pursuits, his education, and the like. He made his lordship talk at some length upon hunting as pursued in England. His dismissal was friendly, and, reassured, Alverley resigned himself without impatience to await the King's pleasure.

He saw the Crown Prince frequently, sometimes at Katte's house, and sometimes at Pastor Ritter's. It was the Prince who sought these meetings, out of a manifest eagerness to learn in detail what he could of life in England. A certain intimacy crept into their relations, though Alverley's mistrust of the Prince's good fellowship dictated a wary restraint. Also, he was secretly deprecating the too-easy familiarity with which his Highness at times perceptibly embarrassed Dorothea Ritter. She was too fine and pure, he thought, to be exposed to the liberties of speech and manner which the Prince occasionally permitted himself; and these musical gatherings, it seemed to him, must result in scandal.

ALTHOUGH all the noble houses in Berlin opened to Alverley, the only one that he frequented at all freely was that of the Freiherr von Katzenstein, known for its splendour as the Katzensteinerhof. Friendship had grown rapidly between Alverley and this man of a kindly, endearing urbanity. He was a widower with an only child, Stephanie, a long-legged, lively, golden-haired girl of nine or ten, who tyrannically ruled her indulgent father. The Freiherr's friendship for Alverley may have ripened the more quickly because of the attraction which from the outset the Englishman had exercised upon the child, and the delight which she took in his company.

Such firm friends did they become that Stephanie, out of a consequent reluctance to use him with ceremony, yet hesitant to call him Charles, as did the Count, had compromised by giving him the name of Quixote. It resulted from hearing her father one day, when Alverley had been touching upon his Jacobite adventures, use the phrase: "It seems to me, my friend, that you chose to tilt at windmills."

In answer to the child's inevitable question, Alverley told her of Don Quixote leaving home to go up and down the world on a quest for the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, ready at all times to break a lance in her honour with any who denied that she was the loveliest lady in the world.

The child's eyes shone. "That was brave. Why didn't you do the same?"

"Alas! I have no Dulcinea."

She was standing beside his chair, and now she leaned affectionately against him.

"Then let me be your . . . What was her name?"

"Dulcinea. With all my heart." He laughed and kissed her cheek, an arm about her shoulders.

The make-believe built itself into an endearing game between them. It followed naturally that from this should result a closer bond between Alverley and Stephanie's father.

Most of Alverley's leisure, however, was still spent with Katte, and it was at Katte's that one Sunday afternoon of early July, when he had been dining with his cousin, the Prince descended upon them without warning. He was in a state of manifest excitement.

"I have a message from Captain Dickens asking me to see him in private audience. It will be that he has heard from King George. I have made bold to request him here at two o'clock. Hence this intrusion. You forgive the liberty, Katte?"

"I am proud to be used, Monseigneur."

"You're a good fellow. Dickens should not keep us waiting."

Alverley, who had remained standing, offered to withdraw; but the Prince would not hear of it.

Captain Dickens arrived, plump, benign, and fastidiously appointed. His low-lidded eyes keenly surveyed Alverley, when presented.

"Honoured," he murmured. "I have heard of Lord Alverley."

"With disapproval, no doubt."

"Officially. But unofficially, I am your lordship's humble servant."

The Prince was impatient. "Captain, you'll have news for me. I have no wish to delay you."

"Nor would it be prudent." The envoy disregarded a proffered chair. "His Majesty King George desires to assure you in the strongest terms of his profound sympathy. But he begs you to do nothing for the moment. The step your Highness has been considering could not be taken without the gravest political consequences. If King George were in any way a party to your flight, international complications might ensue. Your Highness will perceive that his Majesty cannot contemplate such a risk."

His Highness sat down as if suddenly boneless, while Captain Dickens continued.

"So anxious is his Majesty to ease your Highness's lot that what he can do he certainly will do, and he is quite prepared to pay the debts of which your Highness spoke in your letter. If your Highness will oblige me with a note of the amount, I am empowered and shall be happy to place the money at your disposal."

The Prince shrugged ill-humouredly. "God knows I am in no case to refuse anything. As for my debts now . . ." He broke off, and the lean, pointed face went blank, as if a mask fell over it. "Fifteen thousand thalers will cover them." He glanced at Dickens with anxiety.

CAPTAIN DICKENS bowed slightly, in cool acquiescence. "The money will be at your Highness's disposal tomorrow. How shall I convey it to you?"

"If you will be so good as to have it delivered here to Rittmeister von Katte, he will take charge of it for me."

"It shall be done." The envoy looked at Katte. "At noon tomorrow, then, shall we say? Excellent. Then I will take my leave, Monseigneur." But he paused, as if waiting, and added, after a moment: "If your Highness should wish to write to his Majesty in acknowledgment. . ."

"Better not, since his Majesty is so apprehensive of being compromised." There was more than a suspicion of a sneer in the tone. "It will no doubt suffice that you convey to his Majesty my thanks for this little loan."

The envoy's lips tightened. "Very well, sir," he said, and on a short and frosty leave-taking he departed.

The Prince sat gloomily thoughtful for some moments; then a sly smile came slowly to lighten his countenance. "If the damned skinflint won't receive me, at least I've squeezed out of him the means for my escape. Seven thousand thalers or so will cover my debts. So that there will be plenty left for our travelling expenses, Katte." He got up. "So far, so good, then. It remains only to determine where we shall go."

Alverley spoke, shocked at this abrupt inclusion of Katte in the Prince's plans. "Your Highness does not consider that King George's warning of political consequences should be heeded?"

"That? Bah! The man spoke out of concern for himself. I have to think of myself. It's a selfish world, Monsieur le Marquis, and who forgets it, suffers."

FOR the latter half of that month of July the King had planned a royal progress through the scattered Hohenzollern possessions.

The Crown Prince was commanded to accompany his Majesty. For once he acceded readily to his father's wishes. Somewhere on the way the chance should be afforded him of slipping across a frontier, and so making good his escape.

He paid a visit to the court jeweller, and laid out a thousand thalers on a diamond bracelet. After that, he took his way to Dorothea.

There he played the flute to her accompaniment. The evening was warm, and the windows stood wide. When he had set down his instrument, he stood, with his hands behind him, at her side. Before she knew it, the shimmering, flashing hoop of jewels was clasped about her wrist, and the Prince was kissing her hand. "With my love, Dorothea."

Slowly she withdrew her hand, and gazed frowning at the bracelet. "You know that I cannot accept this." She was making shift to detach it again, but he stayed her.

"Wait, wait. I am not making love to you, Dorothea—unfortunately for me, for you don't imagine that music was the only power that has continued to draw me here. But you have chosen to be just marble to me; and, anyway, it's too late to talk of it now. This trifle, Dorothea, is a parting gift. I am going away. When I leave with my father next week, Berlin will see me no more." His air was tragic. "I shall not be coming here again before I set out. Keep this in memory of me, Dorothea. In memory of a faithful, devoted heart."

"But a gift of such price, Highness!" she protested.

"In return for gifts that have been priceless," said he, and released her hands.

ON the very eve of setting out, the King held a last carousal, and his Highness was required to attend it. There a drunken clown, Gundling, the President of the Academy, possibly in sincerity but probably in malice, commended the Prince's musical talents.

In his lisping, unctuous voice, he declared, "To hear him once is always to recognize his playing. Why, but yesterday evening as I was walking down the Nikolaistrasse, I heard a flute, and I knew at once it must be his Highness, for never Pan piped more seductively."

"In the Nikolaistrasse?" quoth the King, glaring a question through the haze of tobacco smoke.

The Prince shook his head, and snarled at Gundling: "One flute is like another, you fool."

Gundling leered, and set a finger to his nose. "A fool, am I? He, he! I saw your Royal Highness through the open window. I saw more." His leer broadened. "I saw the nymph to whom your Royal Highness piped."

The Prince shrugged contemptuously. Someone claimed the King's attention just then, and so the matter was for the moment dropped.

It was not yet the end, however. The Prince stirred the sympathy of two of his young intimates. As a result, on the following evening, when Gundling left his house to take the air, he was followed by two young men in plain civilian clothes. Their round hats were pulled down over their brows, overshadowing faces already dim in the fading daylight, and they carried whips.

On the following morning Gundling limped from a carriage that brought him to the palace at Potsdam, seeking audience of the King.

He told a terrible tale of violence suffered at the hands of two unknown ruffians, from whose words it was clear by whom they had been hired to this infamy. The King, who, with his two aides-de-camp, was on his way to a review of his regiment, stood brooding for a while. Then, abruptly, "Come, sirs," he barked, and marched out to the main hall, where a group of officers waited. The Prince was amongst them.

"Fritz!" The King's voice cracked like a pistol-shot.

Startled, the Prince hastened to him. "Papa."

Whilst you might count ten the King just scowled at him, his great red face growing marbled with white streaks. Then, without warning, he swung his heavy malacca, and struck. In too hasty a movement to dodge the blow, the Prince tripped and fell, to be struck again and yet again where he lay. The officers stood ranged, uncomfortable witnesses of this detestable violence.

That night the Prince held a secret meeting with Katte among the bushes of the park at Potsdam. To summon Katte his Highness had employed young Keith, a lieutenant in the foot guards who was devoted to him, and who was a kinsman of an exiled Jacobite. Katte had ridden out from Berlin at once, and Keith brought word to the Prince that he was waiting.

"You've heard what happened this morning, Katte, and in public?"

"I am more shocked and grieved than I can say, my Prince."

"Say nothing." The Prince's manner was portentous. "The time for words is past. We must act."

"What does your Highness command?"

"You must come with me, Katte. I cannot go alone."

Slowly Katte answered: "I am an officer in the King's service, bound to it by oath. Your Highness is asking me to desert."

"I am asking a deal, I know. But my need is desperate, and there is no one else to whom I can turn. One day I shall be king, Katte; and for what you do for me now . . ."

Katte ventured to interrupt him with arguments that might deter the Prince from this mad course, of which until now he had refused to believe that the Prince's contemplation was really serious.

"I only point out the risks you must face." On an impulse of generosity Katte added: "But if you still decide to face them, I'll face them with you."

The Prince caught Katte's hand, and gripped it hard. "My friend! My best of friends! I'll never forget this. If I live, you shall come to bless this night."

THE Prince spoke of details. Since Katte was not to be of the King's following in his progress, he must get leave of absence from his colonel and join the Prince at Wesel, whence they could slip across the border into Holland. Of the moneys received from the King of England, a thousand pistoles or so remained in Katte's possession together with some of those jewels from the Prince's decorations, which his Highness had entrusted to him for sale. These resources Katte was to retain, since he would act as purse-bearer in the flight.

They gripped hands again in the dark, and Katte swung himself into the saddle to ride home, committed out of good-natured weakness to a course the folly of which he fully recognized. With every mile of the road to Berlin his misgivings grew blacker.

Two days later, on the fifteenth of July, the King, having kissed his Fifi—as he fondly called the Queen in rare moments of uxoriousness—set out with his train.

As day followed day without any word from Katte, the Prince became so fretted that in the end he wrote, reproaching him and reminding him that he was expected, come what might, at Wesel.

That letter crossed with one from Katte, prudently addressed to Alverley. In this Katte informed his cousin, to his cousin's profound relief, that he found it impossible to obtain leave of absence, as he was announcing to the Prince in the note which he enclosed and begged Alverley to deliver. Alverley received this communication just as he was on the point of setting out on a day's excursion with the King. His Majesty being already in the saddle, and Alverley not daring to keep him waiting whilst he sought the Prince, Alverley entrusted the delivery of the note to young Keith.

The Prince snatched the note, and tore it open with trembling fingers. Then, as he read, the life seemed to go out of him. He dropped into a chair and sat staring at nothing. After a while, he wrote a letter to the Rittmeister, instructing him how to get away without being immediately missed, and to go not to Wesel but straight to The Hague, where his Highness would meet him at the British Embassy. A royal courier would be leaving on the morrow for Berlin, and the letter was placed by the Prince himself in the courier's letterbag.

Mannheim, when they reached it, would offer the Prince the best opportunity to get away. Thence, once across the Rhine, the way to The Hague would be clear.

The royal party's last night before Mannheim was spent at Steinsfurt. The Prince had now prevailed upon Keith to go with him. In England, Keith would be an even more appropriate companion than Katte. He instructed Keith to meet him at half-past two o'clock on the Saturday morning at the Steinsfurt horse-market, bringing the horses which he was entrusted to procure.

Accordingly, soon after two o'clock, the Prince quietly rose, dressed himself, stole out of his room and groped his way on tiptoe to the stairs. Gummersbach, his valet, who slept on a mat on the landing, was instantly awake and sitting up. "Does your Royal Highness require anything?"

"Nothing. Do not disturb yourself. I am going down to speak to his Majesty." He was halfway down the stairs as he spoke.

Now, Gummersbach had received precise instructions from Colonel von Rochow, one of the Prince's governors, to be vigilant. So whilst his Highness crept down the stairs, the valet was scratching at the Colonel's door.

ALONGSIDE the horse-market stood a carriage without horses. There Keith was to meet the Prince. But when Keith arrived, riding a horse, and leading another, von Rochow was standing beside the Prince. "Good morning, Keith. What are these horses?" Von Rochow said.

Taken aback, Keith lied clumsily. "They . . . they are for his Majesty's pages, my Colonel."

"Take them back where you got them from and report to me later." Then von Rochow addressed the Prince. "Come, Highness. You have no time to lose if his Majesty is not to catch you out of uniform."

Not until evening, by when the King and his train were housed in the vast red sandstone Castle of Mannheim, was Keith able to approach the Prince with his explanation of the delay that had wrecked the morning's plans. The fault was with the stableman who supplied the horses. The fellow had been in bed and asleep when Keith arrived.

The Prince was not mollified. "I am not pleased with you, Keith. See that you do better tomorrow night."

"Tomorrow night, Highness?"

"That's what I said," snapped the Prince. "At the same hour. Saddle-horses this time; we shall do without the carriage."

Keith protested. "I am sure it is too dangerous at the moment, my Prince. Let us wait a few days."

"Fool! Don't you see that if we are really suspected, there is all the more reason to make haste away? For you are committed now, Keith."

Next morning, when Keith returned from church, he was suddenly confronted by the tall figure of von Rochow in the entrance hall of the castle.

"Ha, Lieutenant Keith. What was the purpose of those horses yesterday morning?"

Keith obeyed the Prince's instructions. "They were for his Highness, of course. What he wanted with them I don't quite know. He spoke of a frolic. . . ."

"What are you hiding, Keith? Come along, my lad. Come and tell the King all about it."

Before he could recover from the shock of this announcement, Keith was hurried off to the room where His Majesty waited. Lieutenant Keith's was not an inventive mind, and after the first few questions the lad's courage broke.

When all the details had been drawn from him, the King's terrible voice rose. "Go! Go to your quarters, sir, and count yourself under arrest."

Too scared to utter another word, Keith went out with alacrity, backwards. He sought his quarters as bidden, but since he was as good as broken, he pocketed what money he possessed, assembled what else he most required, and then made his way at top speed to the stables. Within less than half an hour of quitting the royal presence, he was riding across the bridge over the Rhine.

THE Prince enlisted Alverley's assistance to solve the mystery of Keith's disappearance, and Alverley made discreet inquiries; but since none but the King and von Rochow were aware of the truth, he was unable to discover anything.

In another three days Wesel was reached, and they stood once more on Prussian ground. Then, without any warning of what was intended, the Prince was conducted by von Rochow to a room in the castle where the King, at a writing-table, sat awaiting him.

Behind the King stood his Majesty's aides-de-camp, Katzenstein and Alverley, and von Rochow went to join them, leaving his Highness face to face with his father.

The King took a long look at him. Then he began quietly: "You are a soldier, Fritz. At least, that is what I have sought to make of you. It's true that you have profited little by my endeavours, but at least, I suppose, you will have learnt the meaning of desertion and its consequences."

"Desertion?" echoed the Prince blankly. "I had not considered it as that. It is true, I had arranged to escape."

"So! Will you tell me why?"

The Prince gaped a moment, undecided. Then his wrongs supplied the answer, and it poured from him in a torrent. "Because I am hated by you. You ill-treat me and shame and humiliate me in public and in private beyond all endurance. It was the despair to which you have reduced me that prompted flight."

"I see," said the King. "At Mannheim you had a letter from Berlin. What was in that letter? Who wrote it?"

The Prince's glance sought Alverley, standing straight and stern behind the King, and the force of will in Alverley's steady eyes may well have governed him.

"That . . . that was nothing. It was from a tradesman."

"So you say. But your word is evidence of nothing. And now, another detail. It has come to my knowledge that you have something over a thousand thalers in your possession. How did you come by this sum?"

The Prince flung out in reckless effrontery, "I had some money from my uncle, the King of England. I wrote to him. I told him how I was placed; how treated; how kept without even the means to support the dignity of my station."

The fist of Majesty crashed down upon the table. His voice soared in a scream of rage.

"You have dared to do that! You hold me up to shame in the eyes of foreign princes. Rascal!" He thrust himself violently back from the table, and heaved himself up. "God is my witness that I have tried everything with you: kindness, severity, warnings, punishments. All has been vain." He shambled round the table.

To the horror of the three witnesses he lugged out his sword to strike at his son. Then suddenly he thrust it upon Katzenstein. "Take it before I save the hangman his job. But let him get out of my sight. At once. No. Wait. Rochow! You will take Colonel Frederick's sword. You'll convey him a prisoner to the fortress of Cüstrin."

TOWARDS noon of the Prince's first day in prison, the door of his cell opened to admit a gaunt man who announced himself as the chaplain, sent to offer such spiritual help as by God's grace he might command.

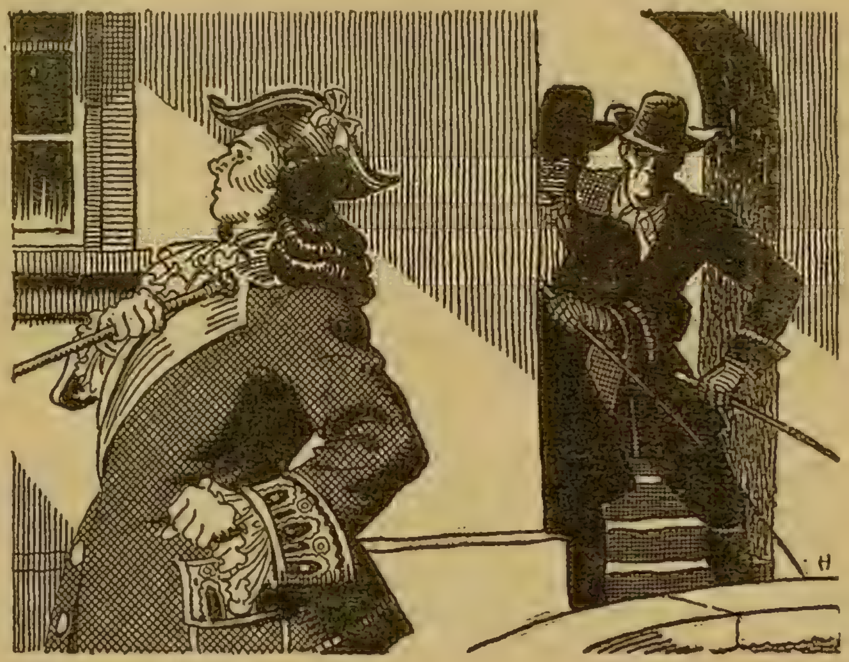
"My God!" cried the Prince. "Am I to be put to death without so much as a trial?"

"No, no." The chaplain tried to soothe him. "There is no question of death. At least, not yet."

The Prince sat hunched, his elbows on his knees, and groaned.

The chaplain came to set a large bony hand upon his shoulder. "Come, my son," he coaxed. "Unburden your soul. His Majesty regards the starting-point of all this mischief to be a letter that you received from Berlin, a letter you burned immediately. That was no letter from a tradesman, as you pretended. This has been ascertained. From whom was it?"

The Prince continued huddled in thought, and in those moments of desperate search for an outlet from this trap, the inherent slyness of his nature was at work. At last he looked up. He spoke with a sudden feverishness. "If I tell you the name of the friend who wrote it, the best of all my friends, the only one of those who helped me whose name has not yet been discovered, will you go first to him and warn him, so that he may make himself safe, before you disclose his name to my father?"



The chaplain stood with bent shoulders, his head bowed. The lean, crafty face, overcased now with thought, was hardly a face to trust. At last he spoke.

"This almost amounts to trickery."

"Have I a choice?"

The chaplain tightened his lips. "Tell me the name of your correspondent, and what he wrote."

"Very well. That letter was from Rittmeister Hans Herman von Katte. He was to have accompanied me in my flight; but he wrote that he could not join me because he could not obtain leave of absence from his colonel. That is all. When you have carried my message to Rittmeister von Katte, you may tell the King."

MY Lord Alverley, anxious to see Katte and to inform him of what had taken place at Wesel, had obtained twenty-four hours' leave of absence, and was in Berlin before the King, not indeed suspecting that his Majesty intended to visit his capital that day. He found Katte absent from his quarters. The housekeeper believed that he was at the palace. He was expected home for supper.

Alverley left word that he would return, and took his way to Pastor Ritter's house. He found Dorothea in the garden.

Moving slowly beside her, where the laurels made a shade, he told her of the happenings at Wesel, the arrest of the Prince, and his anxieties concerning Katte. The plight of the Prince distressed her deeply, until she assured herself that his rank must shield him from any dangerous consequences of his rashness. Alverley's anxieties on the score of Katte, however, she refused to share.

"Only his Highness knows of Katte's part in all this, and his Highness will never fail in loyalty. He loves and admires Katte too much for that," she said.

"I hope you may be right. But even if I regarded his loyalty as a rock, I must still be anxious. Daily with the King since this has occurred, I have watched the malign growth of his rancour. It embraces all who were ever the Prince's friends."

She turned towards him, a new gravity, almost a fear, in her clear eyes. "But that would include you!"

In sudden concern her hand closed impulsively upon his arm. The little gesture moved him oddly. A warmth of tenderness responded in him, and his smile, as he shook his head, was gentler than she had ever known it. It swept the last vestige of sternness from his face.

His hand closed over hers and made it prisoner. "Your thought for me is the sweetest thing I remember since . . . Faith, I don't know since when. It must have been very long ago, Dorothea. If ever."

It was the first time that he had used her name. That and his tone may have darkened the colour in her face and made her glance falter.

"Monsieur!" she gently protested, and withdrew her hand.

He sighed as he let it go, and shortly he departed.

When he went back to Katte's house he found confusion there.

The King's Marshal had come to arrest the Rittmeister, and had gone on to the palace for that purpose, carrying off Katte's writing-desk.

Alverley was aghast. Someone must have betrayed his cousin. Out of his love and deep concern sprang a natural eagerness to discover some way of assisting him. There was, after all, some testimony that he could supply in Katte's favour.

The moment to supply it presented itself when he returned to duty at Potsdam on the following morning. He went to report to the King and to inform him that his regiment of giant grenadiers was drawn up on the parade ground. The King scowled at him.

"What do you know of this cousin of yours, Margrave?"

"Something, I think, which should be known to those who are to examine him. It happens, sire, that I had the Rittmeister's confidence, and it is in my knowledge that, far from favouring the Prince's purpose, as may appear, he did his utmost to dissuade his Highness, and to prevent him from carrying out his plan."

"Prevent? How, pray?"

"By withholding the moneys his Highness had entrusted to him. Without these it would be impossible for the Prince to travel."

The King shrugged his ill-humoured contempt. Yet, when he received the report of his commissioners and Katte's written statement, a man less blinded by prejudice must have seen the absolute agreement of his admissions with what Alverley had stated.

MID-SEPTEMBER came.

Walking with Dorothea in her garden, one day, Alverley said unhappily, "There is a change in the King's manner towards me. He no longer uses me with the former geniality. But at least he spares me the boorishness with which he treats most others."

"You are a margrave," she reminded him.

"A likelier reason is that I am an Englishman. Nothing enrages the King more than the fear of the opinion that may be held of him by the Queen's family. He goes in angry dread of the tale of his brutality that Keith may have spread there. It may be that he will not put me to flight, too, lest I should make my way to England to confirm Keith's tale."

"And you will leave yourself in jeopardy here upon no better grounds than that surmise?"

"I could not think of going whilst there is any chance to be of service to Katte, and I have nowhere to go."

"The world is open to a man of your rank and attainment."

"My attainments are no more than those of any gentleman. There is no market for my rank—save one, and that one is no longer open to me. There is many a wealthy burgess who will handsomely fee a nobleman to marry his daughter."

"That is something that you would never do."

"I did it once."

"You may have married a woman of wealth. But you would not marry her because she was wealthy. Of that I am sure."

"I thank you for the conviction," he answered sadly. "Nevertheless my present troubles are the result of my marriage. My wife bought me, and, therefore, had the right to sell me again, I suppose."

"That woman was vile." She set an impulsive hand upon his arm. "Forgive me if I talk too freely. And forgive me if I have blunderingly stirred sad memories."

"They are sad only as concerning my child. For I have a son, Dorothea. He will be just seven. The loss of him is naturally a grief to me; like the thought of the influences surrounding and forming his young life. For the rest I have no regrets; only the bitterness of disillusion. Lady Alverley would have sent me to the headsman had I not escaped. So I stay, and hope for the best."

"As I do for you." She spoke quietly. "I should be sorry if you went. You have become something in the nature of a habit, and a habit lost leaves a want." She laughed. "There is more grace in the thought than in my expression of it."

"I have no fault to find."

They had come to a standstill, facing each other. She lowered her eyes, and there was a stir of colour in her cheeks.

GUNDLING, the flabby, drunken President of the Academy, was smarting in soul from his beating. The ruffians who had committed this outrage upon his bloated, soft-fleshed person were, he well knew, no more than agents. They had been hired by either the Prince or the lady who entertained him, or perhaps by both. And whether the lady were guilty or not, he would certainly be striking at the Prince—who undoubtedly was guilty—if he struck at her.

There was in the Nikolai Platz a bookseller with whom Gundling had occasional dealings, and one day it occurred to the President to go and inquire if this man knew what ladies in the neighboring Nikolaistrasse were performers on the clavichord.

The bookseller considered. "There is Frau Schatz, at the corner of the Square. And there's Frau Muller, who plays the organ at Saint Nicholas. And then there's the young Fraulein Ritter, Pastor Ritter's girl. But we mustn't talk about her, gnädiger Herr Praesident." He sniggered. "She's a friend of Prince Frederick's. He's often at her house, they say. Goes there to play the flute—he, he!"

Betimes next morning Gundling was at the Schloss. He found his Majesty, in savage mood, dealing with the day's correspondence. Two secretaries stood receiving his petulant instructions. Alverley lounged in a window embrasure. "Be brief," the King sourly admonished Gundling. "I have to go to Potsdam."

The President smirked, washed his hands in the air, and began. He finished just as Klinte, the State Councillor, came in.

"Klinte," snapped the King. "You'll send me a sergeant's guard to Pastor Ritter's house in the Nikolaistrasse at once with a warrant to arrest his trull of a daughter. Have her publicly whipped tomorrow morning. If Madam finds the weather chill for stripping, the whips will warm her. Afterwards I shall probably have her shut up for life at Spandau. Such women must be sent where they can do no harm. You can go."

Behind the King's back Alverley and Katzenstein exchanged a look of horror. Then his Majesty stirred again, and Katzenstein stepped forward to assist him to rise. Leaning on the Baron's arm, and further supporting himself on his cane, he limped and grunted his way to the door.

Alverley followed, walking like an automaton. He must rescue Dorothea if it cost him his life. A plan was shaping in his mind.

NOT an hour later, a carriage driven by a postboy trundling after him, Alverley reined in his horse before Pastor Ritter's house. But Klinte had been too prompt. Dorothea was already in prison.

Alverley rode straight to the State Councillor's office, and went briskly in. Klinte rose to receive him. "At your orders, Monsieur le Marquis."

Alverley was stiffly formal. "In the matter of the girl Ritter, His Majesty has considered further and has decided himself to examine her first. My orders are to conduct her to Potsdam. Therefore, my dear Councillor, you will oblige me with an order on the prison. I will then do my part."

"At once." Klinte sat down, and took up a pen.

Within ten minutes Alverley was drawing rein before the gloomy portal of the penitentiary, the empty carriage ever at his heels. The head gaoler scanned the order, and bowed. Dorothea was at once brought out, and Alverley handed her into the chaise. She was quietly weeping, in reaction from the abominable horror that had confronted her.

"Poor child," he murmured. "We will get your father, and take you to safety, beyond the reach of these savages."

But at home the housekeeper met them with bad news. The Pastor had gone to Potsdam to appeal to the King.

Alverley clenched teeth and fists in desperation. "Fool! Fool! What could he hope for at the hands of such a man as the King? And every moment wasted increases his daughter's danger."

"I don't understand," Dorothea said. "If my release was ordered . . ."

"It was not ordered," Alverley interrupted. "It was procured by a trick, a lie. There was no other way."

"There was," she answered quietly. "You could have left me to my fate."

"Could I?"

To his wonder, a wistful little smile broke through the fear and sorrow of her white face. Then the smile vanished. "And for this you have ruined yourself?"

"That's no matter. What matters is to make sure that you are not rearrested. You'll have to travel out of Prussian territory."

"Go abroad? Without my father?"

"Listen to me. You cannot wait here for your father; but he can follow you. Whilst you get your things together—no more than enough for immediate needs—I will write a line to await his return, telling him to rejoin you over the border, in Saxony. Let us say at . . . Wittenberg. Make haste. We must be well away before my trick is discovered."

"We?" echoed Dorothea.

"Of course. As far as Wittenberg you shall have my escort."

She looked at him from moist eyes.

IN the dusk of that October evening, they came to the gates of Potsdam. At the posting-house, Alverley demanded a room, and there bade Dorothea lie close until he returned.

Next he sought the postmaster. He and his sister, he explained, were in haste to reach Rathenow, where another sister lay ill. With night descending and twenty miles to go, the journey was to be made only on horseback.

Could the postmaster provide him with a horse and a lady's saddle? The postmaster possessed the very thing, and a bargain was struck.

Alverley went afoot to the palace. This course was attended by some slight risk, but all the money he possessed was in his quarters there.

When he returned to Dorothea he had changed from his guardsman's blue and red into a plain brown riding-coat, and covered this with a blue military cloak. He had news, too, of Pastor Ritter.

"Your father has returned to Berlin," he told Dorothea. "He was sent empty away, as I knew he would be. But at least we know him free to follow us, and that's all that matters. I have a horse for you, and as soon as we have eaten we'll set out."

THROUGH pleasant, fertile, autumn-tinted lands, gay in the October sunshine, they rode to Wittenberg. At the inn they announced themselves as Monsieur and Mademoiselle Corbeau, Huguenots on a pilgrimage to this city of Luther, where they might remain for a few days.

The day crawled by, each successive hour bringing Dorothea an increasing anxiety. She could not be induced to leave the inn lest her father should arrive in her absence. At evening, as they sat down to their meal in the dark-panelled room above-stairs, a growing clatter of hoofs brought her to her feet. Alverley stepped to the window.

"Prussian dragoons," he said grimly. "Six troopers and an officer. I saw his face in the light from the inn door, and recognized him. A drunken, swaggering bully named Stein. The last thing upon which I could have reckoned." His composure left him. "They shall not take you back to Berlin."

A servant entered with candles, and was turning to depart when Alverley sharply stayed him. "Wait, Franz!"

There were writing materials on a table. He stepped to it, wrote briskly. As a heavy tread sounded on the stairs, he said, "Take this, Franz. See it delivered at once. Two more thalers when you bring the answer."

The door was flung open, and Lieutenant von Stein stood surveying them. The servant passed swiftly out.

"Your sword." Stein held out his hand to Alverley. "In the King's name. I am here to arrest you. You and the pastor's pretty daughter."

"And since when, pray, has the King of Prussia's warrant run in the Electorate of Saxony?"

Stein laughed. "It runs wherever he is in strength to enforce it."

"But at least you'll allow us to finish supper before we ride. Perhaps you'll join us."

Stein looked at the well-spread table, and hesitated. Then he pulled up a chair, sat down, and began to pile himself a plate. Alverley poured wine for him. Then he sat down facing Stein across the board. Dorothea, at the table's end, sat very stiff and white. Suddenly she spoke. "You appear to have found us very easily, sir."

Stein answered from a full mouth. "I knew where to look. There was a fool letter in the Pastor Ritter's pocket when we arrested him yesterday." He wagged his head derisively at Alverley.

"You arrested my father yesterday?" she echoed.

"When we found you had flitted," he explained, "his Majesty ordered the pastor's arrest. But don't be alarmed, Mademoiselle. He'll come to no great harm. There's nothing against him save that he's your father; which—if you'll permit me to say so—is highly to his credit. Who can blame his Highness if he lost his heart to you? Not I, faith. I envy him his fortune." He winked and leered, and raised his glass.

Alverley reached for the bottle, and slowly filled his own glass. As he set the bottle down he shifted his hand upon the neck, so as to grasp it like a club, and then swiftly launched himself across the table and crashed the heavy bottle against the Lieutenant's right temple. The fellow sank sprawling athwart the table.

From the street a sound was rapidly swelling. It was the tramp of men marching at the double.

"Soldiers! More soldiers!" the girl cried.

Alverley nodded. "Coming to deliver us, I hope. I sent for them. That note I gave Franz was for the Burgermeister."

A command rang out below, and swift upon it sounds of tumult: stamping of heavily shod feet, shouts of anger, a sound of blows, a pistol shot, and drawing nearer above the hubbub, a clattering of boots upon the stairs. The door was flung open. A compact, red-faced man in a black coat strode in. Behind him pressed Franz, and others could be seen dimly on the landing.

Alverley bowed. "Herr Burgermeister, you can never have been more welcome."

The man's glance raked the room. "These impudent Prussians are crossing the border as they please, to carry off men for the armies of their King!" He called over his shoulder. "Here, my lads!" and four Saxon gendarmes entered. "There's your man. Away with him." A sergeant entered. "Ah, Hubner. Have you got them all?"

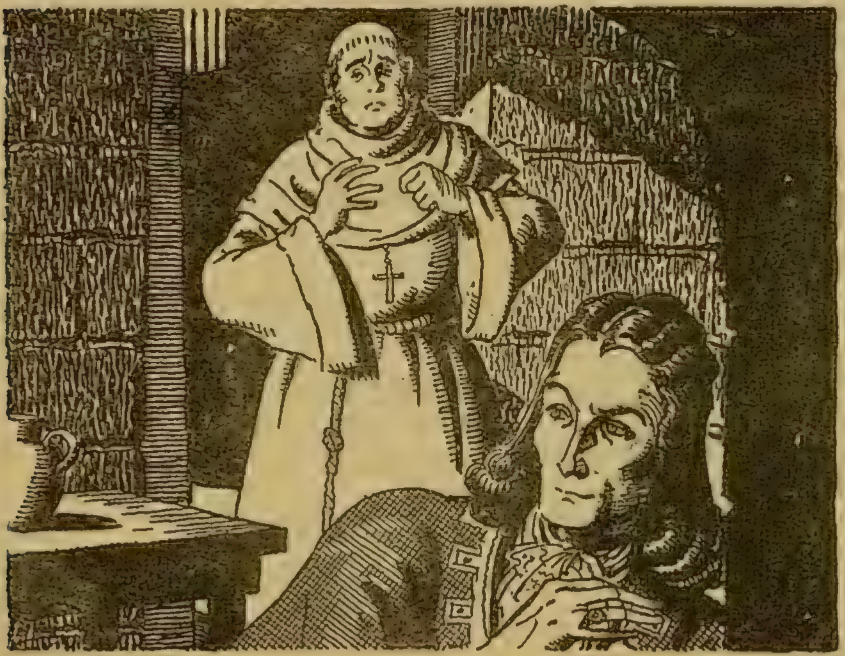
"All six of them, sir; snugly tied up, and no harm taken."

While Stein was being carried out, Dorothea sank into a chair. "My father is a prisoner." She spoke fearfully. "We can no longer hope that he will join us. What am I to do?"

Alverley set a hand upon her shoulder. "We ride to France."

"We?" echoed Dorothea, and stared at him. "Were you thinking that we should go together?"

"Do you dream that I will abandon you, Dorothea? Don't you see that you matter to me more than anyone else in the world, more than all the rest of the world? Haven't you suspected that I love you?"



"Ah, don't!" she cried. "You are not to . . .".

"Don't misunderstand me," he broke in. "I ask for nothing beyond the leave to serve you."

OF Katte's dreadful fate they were informed soon after they reached Paris. He had been beheaded, with the Prince looking on. Some months later, when Pastor Ritter was restored to liberty, they received from him a more detailed account of the event.

Alverley's grief was profound, for he had come to love Katte as a brother; but deeper still was his anger against the abominable tyrant who had perpetrated that murder, and deepest against the craven prince who, in order to shelter himself, had treacherously delivered up Katte.

It was because of this that when, in 1740, the death of Frederick William opened for Alverley once more the gates of Prussia, the very notion of returning to Berlin and renewing relations with Frederick, with all the advantages which this might offer, was so repugnant that he preferred to struggle on in straitened circumstances in Paris.

Dorothea opposed no argument. It would have been different had her father still lived. But the old pastor had died the same month that saw the end of Frederick William. To the end Dorothea had been in affectionate correspondence with him. She inherited not only the house in the Nikolaistrasse, but some further house property in Berlin acquired by her father's savings. The rents sufficed, at least, to mitigate the penury of their existence.

Often Alverley upbraided himself during those years for his presumption in taking charge of Dorothea's life, for the penury to which he had committed her. He had reached the very nadir of despair one November morning, when an officer, a lieutenant of the Maison du Roi, surprised him with a summons to the presence of Cardinal Fleury, the great minister who governed France for the young king.

The Cardinal received him in a spacious, lofty, sumptuously furnished salon of the Palace of Versailles. His Eminence was tall and spare, and in the scarlet silk that clothed him from head to foot, from skull-cap to slippers, would have been imposing but that his back was arched under the burden of his years. He counted more than eighty. His face, grey and bloodless, was finely featured and still handsome, shrewd yet kindly. He advanced slowly to the waiting Alverley, leaning upon a crutch-handled ebony cane.

"It is good of you, Monsieur le Marquis, to give yourself the trouble of waiting upon an old man."

Alverley bowed in silence, and waited.

His Eminence reached a table on which there were writing materials. The chamberlain who attended him advanced an armchair. The Cardinal lowered himself into it, and dismissed both the chamberlain and the officer who had escorted Alverley. Whilst they were withdrawing, the old eyes, deep in their sockets, made an intent study of the Englishman. He considered the tall, well-knit figure, so straight and soldierly in its well-worn suit of black; the rather narrow patrician face, appearing the narrower from the breadth of the brow; the dark, kindly eyes, in contradiction to the bitterly humorous lines of the tight mouth.

AS the door closed, his Eminence broke the silence in his quiet, gentle, infinitely courteous voice.

"I am sorry to gather that you have fared none too well at the hands of fortune. But, Monsieur le Marquis, at least you appear to have known how to retain the regard and affection of some persons of rank. Your friend, Monsieur le Baron de Katzenstein, who left Paris a week ago to return to Berlin, has paid me one or two visits on your behalf. He has told me a good deal about you, and I have been able to learn more from other sources."

He paused, applied the snuff to his nostrils, and closed and pocketed the box. "There is a possibility that I might find employment for you, should you be willing to undertake it. But I keep you standing, Monsieur le Marquis. Be seated, I beg."

He indicated a chair, beyond the table. Alverley took it, with a word of thanks.

"I understand that you were, during your sojourn in Berlin, intimate with King Frederick of Prussia when he was Crown Prince."

"I was closely associated with him, Eminence. Yes."

The old eyes became of a searching keenness. "And what estimate, may I ask, did you form of his character?"

"Your Eminence desires me to be quite frank, of course."

"As if I were your confessor, my son."

"I found him vain, affected, and perfidious."

The white eyebrows went up. "Perfidious. You will have good grounds for that?"

"The best. An instance should suffice. Once, when he planned to escape from the brutalities of his father, and, being caught, supposed himself in danger of his life, he cast the blame upon his best friend, Hans Hermann von Katte, and flung him to the headsman."

The Cardinal nodded thoughtfully. "I know, of course, of that barbarous murder. Tell me now: did you find him ambitious?"

Alverley's lips were scornful. "Of an ambition rooted in vanity. His education had been neglected, misdirected. Yet a natural ability he certainly possesses, and he was avid of learning, but merely, I think, so that he might gratify those vanities. He is absorbed in phrase-making, flute-playing, the writing of bad verse; a prince utterly without military ambitions."

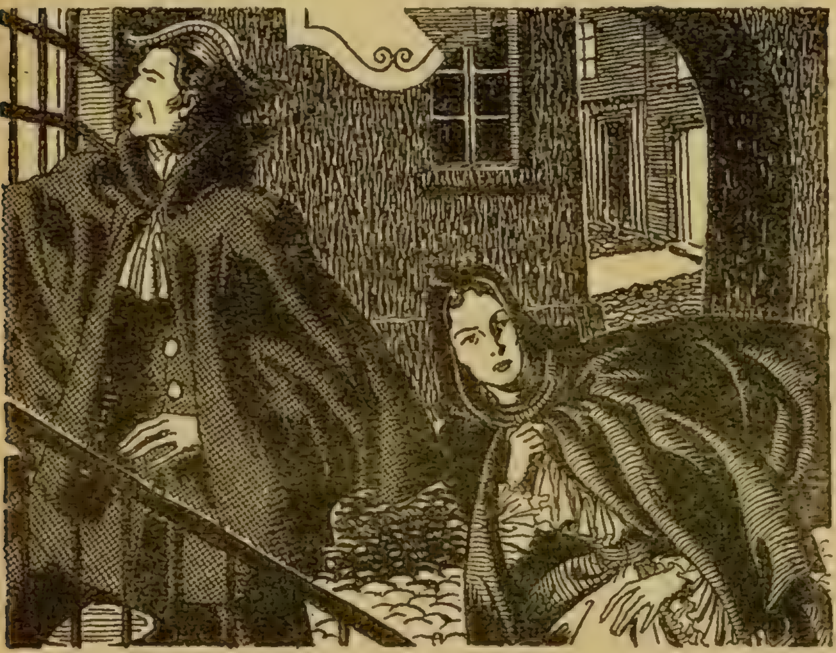
"Ah! Without military ambitions?" The Cardinal spoke sharply, raising his voice for the first time.

"He was a soldier only under compulsion from his father, Eminence. He was filled with an effeminate horror of all things military."

The Cardinal pondered, and shook his head. "Yet, consider this. He inherited from King Frederick William an army of between eighty and a hundred thousand men, exceptionally trained and equipped, a preposterous army for a ramshackle state. Yet Monsieur de Valori, my country's ambassador to Prussia, informs me that your Prince has added to this army since his accession. In addition, military stores in great quantity are being assembled in Brandenburg, and cannon is being cast."

"Your Eminence surprises me."

"Do you think you could read this riddle if you went to Prussia? An ambassador sees only what he is permitted to see. Monsieur de Valori can inform me only of physical facts. But he is powerless to fathom intentions.



That, sir, is where you could serve me. Baron von Katzenstein assured me that the King of Prussia, out of his old regard for you, would be glad to give you employment in his service." He paused there before adding: "At the King's side, it should not be difficult for you to discover his true aims."

Alverley audibly caught his breath. "And betray them to your Eminence?" Abruptly he rose.

The Cardinal's voice was sharp. He waved an authoritative hand. "Sit down, sir, and hear me out. I am an old man in urgent need. Not for myself, God knows. I am beyond the age of all that. But for France. Perhaps for the world. I think you misunderstood me."

"I understood your Eminence to ask me to become a spy."

"Why employ so ugly a word for an office which differs little from that discharged by every ambassador? At this moment the peace of Europe is delicately poised. A spark struck in Prussia may start a conflagration that will eventually set the whole of Europe in a blaze. War is a horror conceived in hell, and never so vile as when made by Germans, as all history teaches. I account it my duty to strive to maintain peace."

The Cardinal paused, fingering the gold cross that gleamed against his scarlet breast.

"Forewarned of an evil, we often may avert it," he resumed. "What I need to know is whether the King of Prussia is arming for war, and, if so, against whom he intends it. I must know the answers to many questions, in order that I may take my measures." He paused, then concluded: "I have completely opened my mind to you, and even something of my heart. Will you go to Prussia for me?"

Alverley stared straight before him. Did honour really demand sacrifices from him where Frederick of Prussia was concerned? Did not Katte's soul cry out for vengeance upon his murderers? It seemed to him that honour itself, whilst barring his way on the one hand, was urging him forward on the other. And forward he must go, both as the avenger of Katte and the protector of Dorothea.

He found himself at last almost wondering that he should have hesitated.

"I am at your orders, Monseigneur."

His Eminence sighed with manifest relief. "I am glad for your sake as well as for ours," he said, and passed briskly to instructions.

THROUGH the murk of that November day a chaise conveyed Alverley back to Paris, to Dorothea. He took the staircase in leaps, and came breathless to his own door. She opened to his knock. With an arm about her, he closed the door. They came to the settle, and sat down together, his arm still girdling her. There was no fire in the little stove, and the room was cold. But they did not heed it.

Presently he displayed a passport bearing the seal of France. For the first time in the ten years of their association he told her less than the truth. "Katzenstein has proved a true friend. He pleaded for me with Cardinal Fleury. And . . . and political considerations induced the Cardinal to listen. That is all, save that we go back to Berlin. Does that content you, child?"

"So that we are together, my Charles, Paris or Berlin, it is all one."

BERLIN lay under a shroud of snow when they reached it in the first days of December. It had been arranged that Theresa, the old housekeeper, should reopen the house in the Nikolaistrasse and resume her old functions there with her young mistress. By this arrangement Alverley was made free to pursue the business that brought him.

Three days later when he went to wait upon the Freiherr von Katzenstein in his fine mansion on the Spree, there swept into the room to greet him a tall young woman. Fresh-complexioned, with bold, dark eyes and full, well-cut lips, she was of an arresting beauty. She hailed him in a voice that was richly musical.

"I have been waiting for you, Quixote. Is that not Dulcinea's part? And did I not swear I would?"

"In order that you may mock me. Well, well, I take my revenge," he said, and kissed her proffered cheek.

"Revenge is sweet, they say. Do you find it so?"

Her father laughed behind her. "Lord, Charles! Does the rogue practise upon you?"

"Amusing herself at an old man's expense," said Alverley.

"Old!" she cried in horror.

"He's old enough, anyway," said her father, "to mistrust your guile. A wretch, Charles, that grows more shameless with increase of inches." But the arm he set about her held her close, and the eyes he bent upon her glowed.

Alverley stayed to dine with them, and they were merry with reminiscences. On the following morning he went with Katzenstein to Charlottenburg, where, at the moment, the King was residing.

Alverley had observed the complete absence of troops from Berlin, which in the old days had swarmed with them, and he had learnt—for it was common knowledge—that they had recently been removed and sent to Crossen, on the Silesian border, where, it was reported, an army of some twenty thousand men was now assembled. What could that portend but a menace to Silesia?

THE parting that morning from Dorothea had been fraught with a certain sadness. "I shall miss you, Charles," she told him wistfully. "I do not say it to trouble you, but as an expression of what you are to me. If the King gives you employment, you will be in his following; you will take up residence with him."

"I would avoid it if I could. But we must live, my dear, and for that I must earn."

He kissed her tenderly, and went.

IN the spacious, lofty library that was full of light from the tall windows and made luminous by the many mirrors in silver frames set between the bookcases with which the walls were lined, the young King received his visitors.

"Morbleu, Marquis!" He flung out both hands. "I have been expecting you these six months, ever since my accession. Let us sit by the fire, and talk like old friends."

To an officer who had risen from a writing-desk set near one of the windows he waved a hand in dismissal. "I shall not need you for a while, Feuerwach."

The secretary, a tall, handsome young man with a high-bridged nose and dark, liquid eyes, bowed in acknowledgment of the order, then paused to bow, smiling, to Katzenstein, who gave him greeting. To the King, when he was sitting down, Katzenstein said, "He gives satisfaction, I hope."

His Majesty shrugged. "He does his best, which could not be much worse. His shortcomings will matter less once I've replaced Mannteufel. That was an able military secretary. But he was too friendly with the Austrian ambassador, and I suspect that he was selling me. So I sent him back to his regiment. But now I want to hear of you, my dear Alverley."

"There is not much to hear," Alverley answered, by way of introduction to the brief and sketchy account he supplied of those ten years in France.

The King was thoughtful when the tale was told. "It seems to me that I have more to answer for than I knew." Then came a gleam of malicious humour. "The story ran, Alverley, that you abducted Pastor Ritter's pretty daughter."

" 'Abducted' is not quite the word, sire. 'Duty' would describe it better. The duty of a friend. The duty to a lady in dire straits, and in some sense a duty to your Majesty."

"To me!" The King was taken aback.

Alverley replied, in his cold, formal voice, "I acted as I imagined your Majesty would have me act, and in order to spare you the pain that must have been yours if this lady, innocently compromised by you, had suffered the dreadful consequences intended."

The King was sobered. "Poor Dorothea! What has become of her?"

"Your Majesty will be glad to learn that she is once more in Berlin, in her own house."

The King's manner became effusive. "I must pay her a visit one of these days. It will be pleasant to revive happy memories in that music-room of hers."

"Where first your Majesty made the acquaintance of Katte," said Alverley quietly.

The King sighed. "Do I not remember it?" He fell pensive, staring at the fire. Then he roused himself. "But we have to think of you, Alverley."

Katzenstein interposed a reminder. "Are you not perhaps forgetting, sire, that your most urgent need is to replace Mannteufel? Whom could you find better suited than Alverley?"

"Morbleu!" The lean face was alert. "I wonder, indeed, that I hadn't thought of it."

And so it was arranged.

THAT night, in the quiet of his room in Dorothea's house, Alverley drew up his first report for the Cardinal. So as to provide against accidents he wrote in heavy, vertical characters not to be identified with his normal writing, and left the letter unsigned. By way of a clue, however, he employed the opening sentence: "As your Eminence said, the Ethiopian cannot change his skin." The King, he reported, was educating himself as a soldier and preparing for war. And since his troops in the last few days had been massing at Crossen, the only possible inference was that, despite all his protestations of friendship for Maria Theresa, Queen of Hungary, war was to be made upon her. Alverley had noticed a large-scale map of Silesia spread out on the King's table bearing notations in red, the implications of which were clear.

With this report under sealed cover, he took his way early on the following morning to the house of the Marquis de Valori, beyond the Schloss. Promptly admitted to the ambassador's presence, he found himself keenly and coldly examined by a short, slight, frigidly elegant gentleman of consequential manner.

"I have been expecting you, Monsieur le Marquis. His Eminence Cardinal Fleury has informed me that you would seek me. But I do not apprehend in what capacity you are here."

"I come, Excellency, as an observer of the policy of the King of Prussia."

Monsieur de Valori's frown implied mystification. "That is more or less my own function. What can you observe that is hidden from me?"

"His Eminence assumes that I may command opportunities denied the ordinary ambassador."

"I still do not understand. Is there any reason why you should not be frank?"

"Only that my instructions from his Eminence limit me to handing your Excellency my reports, in order that you may forward them by your own couriers. I have the honour to bring you the first of them."

"You do not choose to tell me more? Such as how you come by the matter contained in this?"

"That is not important. But I can tell you the substance of the report. It is to the effect that the King of Prussia is about to make war upon the Queen of Hungary."

Monsieur de Valori's lip curled. "You will forgive me if I describe that as rashly preposterous. I am able to tell you, sir, that his Majesty is Maria Theresa's staunchest supporter, as he has everywhere repeatedly announced." The ambassador went on to add those various additional heavy reasons why no prince with the faintest spark of honour could harbour the intentions Alverley supposed. With a superior smile he added: "It is evident, sir, that you do not know King Frederick." He paused before asking contemptuously: "Do you still wish me to forward this report of yours?"

"If your Excellency pleases."

The Frenchman was annoyed. "I warn you that it will make you ridiculous."

"I have never been afraid of that," said Alverley, and took his leave.

A couple of hours later, he was at Charlottenburg, being very cordially received by the King and being instructed in detail in the duties of his office as the King's military secretary. Of so confidential a nature were these that it was manifest that very soon the royal mind must lie entirely open to him.

While he shared with Captain Feuerwach a work-room adjacent to the royal library, the King required his almost constant personal attendance in preference to that of his fellow secretary.

A FEW days later Alverley wrote his second letter to Cardinal Fleury. He had been present when three widely divergent stories were told by Frederick to three ambassadors: to the French, that he was bound to uphold the integrity of Maria Theresa's dominions; to the English, that he must anticipate the attack upon Germany dictated by the rapacity of Maria Theresa, acting in conjunction with France; and to the Austrian, that he was going to Silesia in order to protect Maria Theresa from the rapacity of Saxony and Bavaria.

Moreover, Alverley was in a position positively to inform his Eminence that Frederick was on the eve of invading Silesia for purposes of conquest.

On the morrow, in Berlin, he found occasion to wait upon the French ambassador with this dispatch. Almost on the doorstep of the Embassy he ran into Captain Feuerwach. The officer paused civilly to pass the time of day with him, yet Alverley thought he raised his brows as he glanced up at the lily-escutcheon over the ambassador's door. It served to suggest to Alverley that he be less open in any future visit he might pay Monsieur de Valori.

He sought Dorothea, to tell her in confidence of his impending departure for Silesia with the King.

"It is only for a little while," he assured her. "I promise you that I shall not long continue in this service, and then we shall be free to do as we choose."

"Do you mean that you will quit it because of me? I should not want you to do that," she said in dismay.

"I shall quit it for both your sake and my own. It is a service in which there is no honour."

"I don't understand."

"Just believe, and be patient as you have always been."

ON the following night Alverley had to attend a masked ball given at the Palace.

Masked, and cloaked in a domino of purple silk, he mingled with the onlookers about the faro table. His fellow secretary, the Junker von Feuerwach, was playing. He had unmasked, as had most of the players. He staked heavily as Alverley looked on, turned his card, and breathed a curse. Just then Alverley's attention was claimed by a high-pitched, dissembled voice at his elbow, speaking his name.

He turned to meet the gleam of a pair of eyes from a black satin mask. Above it there was a tight, powdered wig from which sprouted an osprey tipped with diamonds; below it a fair white bosom generously displayed, and below that a shimmer of green flounces.

Alverley laughed. "If you drew a bow at a venture, Madame, I betrayed myself by turning. What forfeit do I pay?"

"Your hand for the next quadrille," the voice squeaked. "Unless you can name me in your turn."

"Should I attempt it when by succeeding I must be the loser? The quadrille is about to start. Come."

In the doorway they were confronted by Katzenstein, in a colonel's uniform and unmasked.

"Behold me, Count, your daughter's captive," said Alverley.

Stephanie snatched her hand from his arm. "Monster!" she cried. "You dared to dupe me!"

"The duper duped," laughed Katzenstein, elbowing his way towards the faro table.

Returning in quest of him, when the quadrille was done, they were met by Feuerwach. He seemed in some disorder. But he bent his stately height before the lady.

"I claim the honour of the dance you promised me."

She hung closely upon Alverley's arm. "I wonder for whom you are mistaking me." She looked at her escort. "Pray desire this gentleman to let us pass."

"In effect, sir, you cannot have remarked that you are in the way," said Alverley pleasantly, and by that simple speech turned resentful dislike into hostility.

Resentment of this foreigner's favour with the King had been growing daily since Alverley's coming to Charlottenburg. Feuerwach's nerves, moreover, were raw at the moment from losses of far more than he could afford. Of late his hopes of fortune had been based upon alliance with Katzenstein's richly endowed daughter. Seeing her so possessively intimate with this Englishman, whose cool deportment was in itself an irritation, Feuerwach recalled that it was Katzenstein who had brought Alverley to Charlottenburg. He was taken with a furious fear lest this newcomer should supplant him in his suit of Stephanie, just as he conceived that he was supplanting him in the favour of the King.

Stephanie spoke suddenly in her natural voice. "We are blocking the doorway. Please allow us to pass."

Other dancers pressed behind them. Without making a scene, it was impossible for the Junker to continue to offer hindrance, and so, at last, he stood aside.

"We are obliged," said Alverley. "Come, Dulcinea."

If he had intended further to embitter Feuerwach's defeat, he could not better have achieved it than by the employment of that name, of which the Junker did not know the origin. What he perceived in it was evidence of intimacy. His jealous rage welled up as the pair swept past him. He was moving to follow when suddenly the King, in pink and silver, stood beside him, and baffled his intentions by a sharp command that sent him off in the opposite direction.

IT was striking midnight. His Majesty went on into the room, the company opening out to give him passage. He came to Alverley's elbow, and Stephanie heard him say: "It's time to pull on our boots and tighten our girths. Pass the word. We march in an hour."

He moved on, to tap Katzenstein's shoulder. Alverley took a hurried leave of the lady, and departed on his errand.

Whilst the dance continued uninterrupted, the members of Frederick's staff and some score of officers besides slipped away for reassembly in an hour's time at Charlottenburg.

As Alverley, his task accomplished, was leaving, in his turn, he came upon a group at the head of the great staircase, in which the tall figure of Katzenstein was conspicuous. From this group Stephanie, now unmasked, detached herself, and crossed to intercept him.

He paused, smiling. "I am happy in this chance to kiss your hand, Dulcinea."

But her full lips did not reflect his smile; her eyes were solemn. "My father will not admit it, but it is war, is it not?"

"More or less, I believe."

"And you are going?"

"My place is with the King."

She held out her hand. Her lip was tremulous. "*Bonne chance*, Quixote. Come back safely and soon."

"I am by nature obedient," he answered lightly, and bent to bear her fingers to his lips.

Out of the corner of his eye as he straightened himself, he beheld the Junker von Feuerwach marching upon them, with a brow of thunder. But before he reached them, Katzenstein had come to set an affectionate hand on Alverley's shoulder and move with him to the stairs.

THE King's baptism of fire and first taste of glory came at the battle of Mollwitz in the early days of April. On a slight eminence to the rear of the battlefield, he had taken his stand with a group of attendant officers which included Alverley. Thence they watched the Austrian cavalry as it came thundering down upon them at the gallop. Under the impact the foremost ranks of the Prussian horse gave way.

Frederick, white-faced, stood in his stirrups, cursing. "Stand, you dogs! In God's name, stand!" he was yelling, as if he could be heard at that distance and above the roar of battle.

Through the sorely shaken and half-disordered squadrons, Austrian dragoons tore and ploughed, overwhelming them in helpless rout. Almost before the battle reached the rearmost ranks, immediately ahead of the King, these were giving way in panic, turning aside and fleeing across the front of the first line, heedless even of their own infantry fire of which they thus ran the gauntlet.

In the tail of this panic-stricken mob came the King himself, who must have been swept away had he remained at his observation post. He galloped on, his attendants following. He thrust his way through the infantry ranks of the left wing, and came to shelter behind it, gibbering and grimacing.

Upon the Prussian Marshal, von Schwerin, who came up to him at the gallop, he turned a scared, distorted face.

"Courage, sire," Schwerin implored. "Our infantry will prove more than a match for theirs. But your Majesty were better off the field. Your life is too precious to the State to be endangered." And as if giving the King a direction of his flight, he added: "We shall fall back upon Oppeln."

A moment the King stared at him out of an ashen, distorted face; then suddenly he wheeled his horse, and was off, riding hard in the direction indicated.

Of those who had been in immediate attendance upon him, Alverley, Feuerwach, and Katzenstein set out to follow. Alverley's last view of the battlefield was of some squadrons of Austrian horse which, having cloven right through the Prussian wing, had left the fight to go and pillage among the Prussian baggage carts in the rear.

Another baggage train was drawn up across the path of the royal fugitive, on the banks of the little river Neisse in the shelter of a coppice. Through this the King and his four followers splashed their headlong way, startling the carters and camp-followers and spattering them with snow and mud.

"Save yourselves!" Frederick yelled to them. "Be off, on your lives! All is lost!"

Thus he communicated his panic to them, and they began to scatter on the instant. Of some hussars who were with them, four, for lack of direction, fell in behind the royal party.

The warning was no more than in time, for round the coppice at that moment, also intent on plunder, swept a troop of Austrian dragoons to pounce upon the baggage carts. They sighted the fugitives, and it is probable that some camp-follower betrayed the presence of the King amongst them, for a moment later, with a view-hallo, a half-score of these dragoons gave chase.

The King was superbly mounted, on a powerful gray; but not all his father's objurgations had succeeded in improving his horsemanship, and he rode out of rhythm, with humped back and dangling legs. Naturally his party must let him set the pace, and it was not fast enough to outdistance the dragoons. For a couple of miles or more the chase endured with a steadily lessening gap between pursuers and pursued. The King, looking ever and anon over his shoulder, swore at last that the Austrians were gaining on them.

"Burn their souls! They'll have us yet, those sons of dogs!"

Alverley was already aware of it. If they continued thus, they must end by being overtaken and charged from behind. At some point, unless they were content to be butchered like sheep, they must turn and stand. Therefore, in his view, they had best turn at once. He took command.

"Katze, ride on with the King. And you, Fredensdorff, Feuerwach and I and these hussars will try to hold them."

"That's it!" gasped the King, still galloping. "That's it. Hold them! Hold them at all costs."

Katzenstein demurred at being sent off. He would stand with them.

"And leave me to ride alone?" cried Frederick in a frenzy. "By God, Katze, you'll keep with me!"

WHEN dusk fell the King and his attendants were obliged to take refuge in a mill-house not far from Oppeln. Frederick was standing in the middle of the room, his coat unbuttoned, his neck-cloth loose and soiled, splashed with mud from head to foot, when Katzenstein came in, supporting the staggering Alverley.

Dully Frederick looked round at the Englishman, who stood there faint, his face leaden-hued below a bloodstained bandage. His Majesty advanced a pace or two and stopped. "Alverley? Faith, I never expected to see you again." It was the most casual of comments, without a trace of feeling. Not so casual, however, was what followed, on an obviously sudden fear. "What the devil do you mean by coming here? Are you followed?"

Alverley contrived a ghastly smile. "Be easy, sire."

Katzenstein, summoning the miller to assist him, gave his attention to Alverley, who was in urgent need of it.

Slowly the King paced towards the Englishman, who was leaning back in his chair, seeking ease for a shoulder that was now growing stiff and painful. His Majesty came with dragging feet, his hands clasped behind him, his shoulders bowed. He halted before the wounded man, and stared at him. When presently he spoke, his voice was acid and mocking.

"It was your idea to hold off those Austrian dogs, and I suppose that I owe you my life this day. But don't expect me to thank you for it. It was no kindness to preserve me, now that I face the ruin of all my hopes." Overcome by the contemplation of his misfortunes, he turned abruptly away in tears. "Oh, my God! My God! It is too much!"

Alverley did not answer. With a faint, pitilessly scornful smile on his pale lips, he watched the King as he paced the stone floor; and he hoped that the spirit of poor, murdered Katte might be looking down now upon this torment of self-pity of the false friend who had betrayed him to his death.

Time passed, and Alverley, exhausted, fell into a doze where he sat. He was roused by a sudden stir in the room. The King stood grey-faced, wide-eyed, listening. An officer in the green of the Prussian hussars, his dolman hanging torn from his shoulders, appeared in the doorway.

"May it please your Majesty, I am to announce a great victory to your Majesty. Your Majesty's infantry redeemed the day and broke the Austrians utterly."

His Majesty sank to a stool, and took his head in his hands. But in the next moment he was on his feet again.

"Where is von Schwerin?" he cried in his shrill voice.

"He is wounded. But the army remains encamped at Mollwitz, awaiting your Majesty's orders."

"Katze! The horses! Have them fetched. We ride at once."

It was in his mind to reach the camp before daybreak and to create perhaps the illusion amongst all but those who had actually witnessed his flight that he had never left it.

IN September, Frederick sat down to discuss with the British Ambassador, Lord Hyndford, and Austrian representatives the terms of a proposed agreement with Maria Theresa. Inviolable secrecy was to be observed on the subject of this pact until the general peace, and for this Hyndford and the Austrians pledged their honour.

HIS Majesty drove, one morning, into Berlin. He had promised to attend a banquet and ball that evening. In a second coach Alverley and Feuerwach followed him, relieved from duty until the morrow, except for attendance at the festivities.

For Alverley this was the opportunity to place his dispatch in the hands of Monsieur de Valori. On reaching Berlin, his first visit was to Dorothea. After that, he set out on foot for the embassy, hard by. At Dorothea's he had exchanged his cockaded military tricorne for a plain round hat that overshadowed his face, and had covered his uniform by an ample plain black cloak, justified by the chill November weather.

He looked sharply about him as he left the house. A drunken trooper across the way leaned against a doorpost, singing in maudlin tunelessness. Alverley walked briskly down the street, vaguely conscious that that droning voice kept pace with him, but he paid no heed.

His errand accomplished, Alverley went back to the Nikolaistrasse, there to exchange boots for silk stockings and buckled shoes, and otherwise to set order in his apparel. Thence in a sedan-chair he had himself conveyed, as dusk was closing down, to the banquet.

That night Alverley seemed more than ever an obstacle to the realization of Feuerwach's ambitions and desires. Stephanie von Katzenstein, in a dazzling brilliance of gold brocade, white throat, sparkling gems, and still more sparkling eyes, took possessive charge of her Quixote. Over the inlaid polished floor, in which as in water were reflected the thousand candles in the prismatic lustres overhead, they moved together in the minuet.

When the dance was done, they sought the buffet. At a little distance, standing tall in the crowd, they noticed Feuerwach, his eyes upon them. Having met his glance, Stephanie turned her back upon him.

"Dear God!" she cried. "I believe that tiresome Junker is struggling towards us." She tugged at Alverley's sleeve. "Come this way."

Glass in hand, he went with her to the end of the long buffet, and down two steps into an alcove.

In a few moments the tall figure of Katzenstein bore purposefully down upon them.

"A word with you, Charles. This afternoon Lord Hyndford was at Charlottenburg, seeking you on a matter, so he said, of extremest urgency. We did not know where to look for you. But I undertook that you should wait upon him at the embassy, at noon tomorrow. I trust that will suit your convenience."

"What business can the British ambassador possibly have with me?" wondered Alverley, taken by surprise.

"I gathered that it is concerned with inquiries from England."

"No use to waste thought in conjecture when I am invited to ascertain," Alverley said.

"That means that it will suit your convenience to wait upon Lord Hyndford at noon tomorrow."

"The immediate question is, will it suit the King's convenience to give me leave?"

"Little doubt. But here comes his Majesty."

The King heard the request with raised brows. "You become *persona gratissima* with the diplomatic body, my dear Alverley. First you are sought by the French, and now by the British. By all means make your time your own tomorrow. It is not likely to be an eventful day."

THE morrow was to prove his Majesty a false prophet. Indeed, in its earliest hours, a little after midnight, on his return to Charlottenburg from the ball, he found news awaiting him that was to banish sleep for that night.

Prague had fallen to the combined assault of French, Bavarian, and Saxon troops; and it was for the King of Prussia to review his position and assure himself of where his profit lay. The pact made with England and Austria had given him possession of Lower Silesia without a fight. By dishonouring this treaty, the rich lands of Upper Silesia should now be his for the taking. But how to avoid unnecessary proclamation of his knavery?

He sat alone in his library, preoccupied with this question, on the following morning when Feuerwach presented himself, pale with excitement. Informed by his spy, the drunken trooper, that the Englishman had paid that secret visit to the French embassy, Feuerwach had determined upon a desperate gamble. This had proved fruitful beyond all his hopes.

On the previous night the horse ridden by Monsieur de Valori's courier had stumbled and fallen heavily on the road between Berlin and Potsdam. The courier had pitched forward onto his head, and lay stunned by the fall.

When he recovered consciousness, he found himself at the side of the road. His horse was gone, and so was the embassy wallet.

Feuerwach went at once to Frederick. As Feuerwach told his story, the King took up the sheet that Feuerwach set before him, studied the seal, and contemplated the heavy vertical writing. "This is not Alverley's hand."

"A counterfeit, sire." Feuerwach trembled in his excitement. "The letter will leave your Majesty in no doubt."

The King's eyes goggled as he read:

"Your Eminence's judgment that the Ethiopian cannot change his skin, or the leopard its spots, is more justified than ever before."

The letter went on to give in detail the story of the secret agreement negotiated by Lord Hyndford.

When he had read to the end, the King sat white and still for some moments, tight-mouthed, absorbed in thought.

At last he stirred. He spoke brusquely. "Copy me that letter. And not a word to a soul about this."

When Feuerwach came back with the copy, he found the King pacing the library. "Those seals, Feuerwach—can they be replaced so as not to show that they have been tampered with?"

"Easily, sire."

"Have it done at once. Restore the papers to the wallet, and have the wallet taken immediately to Monsieur de Valori. Send a note with it to explain that it was found in the possession of a highway robber arrested this morning. Say that he had broken the lock evidently expecting money. Express the hope that nothing is missing, and my profound regrets that such an outrage should have been committed in my realm."

Feuerwach was aghast. "Your Majesty will allow Alverley's letter to go?"

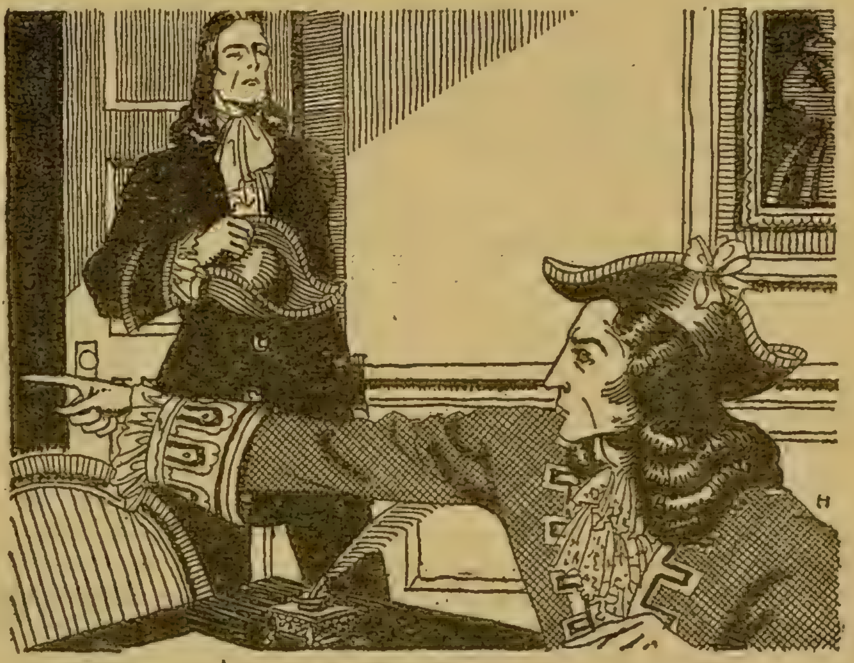
The King's stare was like a blow. "Have you the impertinence to question me? Do as I tell you."

Feuerwach went out sulkily. Frederick sat down, and chuckled maliciously. He had solved his problem.

PUNCTUALLY as noon was striking from the Cathedral, Lord Alverley ascended the marble staircase of the British embassy to the room where Lord Hyndford awaited him.

There were two persons with his lordship, a tall, fair stripling of seventeen or eighteen years, elegantly dressed in mourning, and a paunchy little man of middle age, also in black, whose bands and small, tight wig announced the churchman.

Alverley's attention was entirely for the youth. There was something arrestingly familiar about his looks and air. He was very pale, as if from emotion, and his clear blue eyes returned his Lordship's gaze with strained intentness.



The ambassador stepped forward with a word of gracious welcome for his guest. "We sought your lordship yesterday, unfortunately without success. However, that is mended now. I have a presentation to make of a gentleman who has been anxiously seeking you up and down Europe for the last three months." His gesture designated the stripling, who, as if it beckoned him, advanced an eager pace or two. "My Lord Alverley, this is the Earl of Revelstone."

For an instant Alverley was bewildered, for Revelstone was one of his own titles. Then understanding broke upon him like a flood. His voice came in a choking cry: "My God! You are Jack! My Jack!"

It made an end of the lad's hesitating anxiety. He sprang forward and seized Alverley's hand. He was bending to kiss it, when abruptly he found himself enfolded in his father's arms.

Hyndford looked on and smiled; the little parson in the background turned aside and blew his nose.

Alverley had taken his son by the shoulders and was holding him at arms' length, to scrutinize him. "This is so utterly incredible. I had scarcely hoped ever to see you again."

"I thank God you don't say that you had hoped never to see me again." The voice was unsteady.

"How could I have said that? How could you think it? Why?"

The lad's glance avoided his father's. He displayed embarrassment. "You have been used very ill, and I. . . After all, I remained with my mother. She and I might well have seemed as one in your eyes, and. . ."

Lord Hyndford interposed. "Give me leave. You will have much to say to each other; and my task is done—a novel one, of presenting a son to his father."

The clerical gentleman begged leave to efface himself also. He was presented to Alverley as the Reverend Nathaniel Culver, tutor to my Lord Revelstone.

Alverley drew his son to a settle, and sat down with him. "And now, Jack, what have you to tell me?"

"First, sir, my mother. . . She died four months ago."

Alverley lowered his glance. "It is what I was supposing." He was thoughtfully silent for a long moment. "I loved her very dearly once. God give her peace."

"She sought it in the steps she took to make amends to you. She realized at the end how much she had wronged you, and her last endeavors were to have the ban lifted from you. She charged me to find you and to bring you word that she had succeeded, and that his Majesty has been graciously pleased to accord you full reinstatement."

Alverley threw up his head, his eyes suddenly alight, "Reinstated! I may return home? I may go back to England?"

"To all that was yours. There is only one condition. That you take the oath of allegiance."

The momentary apprehension was banished. Alverley laughed gaily. "Dene is certainly worth an oath."

"That means that you will be coming home with me." The lad was eager, his hand tightening on his father's arm.

"As soon as ever I can order matters. There is a good deal to arrange, but nothing that will take long."

He was thinking of several things at once, and of Dorothea most of all.

"It is opportune," he said, "that you travel with a parson. I shall have need of his services. There's a chapter of my biography with which I should acquaint you at once, Jack."

The boy listened soberly, almost sadly, and said, when Alverley brought the story of Dorothea to a close, "I can only rejoice, sir, that you should have found this solace in your long and bitter exile."

Alverley patted his shoulder. "God bless you for that."

On a promise to return to dine at the embassy, where Revelstone was meanwhile lodged, he went off on foot, with buoyant step, to the Nikolaistrasse.

Dorothea came swiftly and gaily into the music-room, where he awaited her; and then at sight of his transfigured countenance she checked. "What has happened to you, Charles?"

He laughed as he took her in his arms. He needed not more than a score of words in which to tell her, and at the end he said, "We'll be married tomorrow, my dear, at the British embassy."

A moment, with quivering lip, she stared up into his smiling eyes. Then she buried her face against his breast, and fell to weeping.

NEXT morning the King sent for Alverley. When they were alone, Frederick, his face forbiddingly set, crossed to his writing-table, took thence a document, and proffered it.

It was the copy of the letter to Fleury. Outwardly calm, disdainful even, Alverley glanced at it whilst the King malevolently watched him. Then he returned it.

"I let you see it," said the King, "to show you how fully we are informed. You perceive that it supplies the culminating link in the chain of evidence that will hang you." He dropped the sheet onto his table.

"That you will be hanged you must realize. It is necessary, *pour decourager les autres.*" A sinister flippancy crept into his manner. "Yet that letter is most opportune. It goes forward to Cardinal Fleury with seals apparently intact. Perhaps I surprise you. Let me explain. The fall of Prague makes it necessary to tear up the treaty. That offered me a problem. Your letter to his Eminence resolves it.

"You'll recall that it was a condition of the treaty that the secrecy of it should be sacredly kept by Austria until after the ratification next month. Your letter does what is necessary. For when France thunders indignation at my breach of my alliance with her, I, knowing nothing of your letter, must assume that it is Austria that has betrayed me. That frees my hands and relieves me of the obligation of being content with Lower Silesia; and it justifies me in going forward to fresh conquests."

Alverley did not trouble to efface the contempt from his steady eyes.

The King, smiling in complacent mockery, moved aside, and dropped into a chair by the hearth.

"You see?"

"I see," was the cold answer. "But not why your Majesty should tell me all this."

"In order that you may savour the irony of your treachery's frustration to my advantage. Pah! You are so base a creature, so false to your birth, that you can fill the office of a spy! But perhaps your conduct is not so viewed by the English code of honour."

Alverley gave him back sarcasm for sarcasm. "Your Majesty should remember that in the matter of honour I have for some time been to school in Prussia."

Frederick glared at him, but did not dismiss him. He had become aware of a force of hate in Alverley that was hardly to be explained by the situation. "That old shaveling, Fleury, must have paid you handsomely to become his spy," he probed.

"No money would have bought me," Alverley said with a sudden vehemence.

"Then, in God's name what did? What was the inducement?" Frederick's tone became one of injured reproach. "You baffle me. What have I ever done to you, Alverley, that you should requite me in this fashion?"

Very quietly, Alverley gave him the explanation. "You murdered Katte, my cousin, whom I loved as a brother. You pleaded that Katte had persuaded you, seduced you into your intended flight, when the truth was that only out of his great affection for you had that staunch soul consented against his better judgment, against the advice I gave him, to lend you his assistance."

"It is all false. False as hell!"

Quietly the accusing voice asked: "If it is false, sire, how came Katte to be implicated at all? Who else possessed the knowledge necessary to betray him?"

Frederick stared at the questioner out of a livid face. Then he rallied. "There was Keith!" he cried. "Keith knew. He betrayed me, and so he may have betrayed Katte."

"Keith had fled. And how many weeks lay between his flight and Katte's arrest?"

The King's eyes fell away from Alverley's steady glance. His face darkened. "Katte!" he echoed. "Katte! That name was always on your lips, and I never suspected that you were using it to stab me. But then neither did I suspect that you believed that I . . . Oh, God!" He turned his back upon Alverley.

An old wound had been reopened in his soul, the wound dealt him by conscience when Katte's head had fallen under the sweep of the headsman's sword. It was not only Alverley whom he had sought to deceive by his protests that the denunciation was a lie. He had sought, and primarily, to deceive himself, to salve that old wound. Yet the sense of fearful guilt had always been there, hidden away in the secret recesses of his soul. It was now as if Alverley had torn it thence to cast it in his face, to compel his recognition of it.

AT last he mastered himself and moved from the window. He had a part to play, and he must play it, he told himself, in kingly fashion.

He straightened himself, and spoke slowly, as if weighing each word.

"Your vindictiveness I can understand, since you believed what you did. Understanding it, I can even condone it. But not the method you chose to gratify it. That must always deserve my scorn, and the scorn of every man of honour, even your own scorn if you have a spark of honour left.

"But as it happens, and as I have shown you, your treachery has served me well. In fact, it leaves me in your debt. In payment, then, and also as a sacrifice to the shade of my poor, dear Katte, out of love for whom you profess to have acted, I bid you take your wretched life, and go."

It was a moment before Alverley understood. Then he threw up his head, as if to speak. But the King raised a forbidding hand.

"I do not desire you to thank me." With increasing harshness he added: "It is possible that I may regret this weakness. So see to it that you are beyond the frontiers of Prussia within forty-eight hours, and never venture within my reach again. Go!"

Alverley brought his heels together, bowed stiffly, then turned and walked firmly out.

Thus they parted in mutual contempt.

THE END

Puzzle 335 9/22/45

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By JOSEPH ANTHONY

THE enlisted men of the Navy have been waiting a long time for a spokesman who could do for them what Harry Brown, Ernie Pyle, and Bill Mauldin have done for the Army's infantrymen. They have found such a voice in **Carl Jonas.**

In his novel, **Beachhead in the Wind,** Seaman Jonas tells the story of a small group of sailors—still landlubbers at heart—confronting the Japs and the knife-edged winds of the Aleutians in the early days of the war.

Carl Jonas

"Because of the newness of the war itself," says the novelist, "everything about the crew, and this applied to all of them and not just the beach party, was unmilitary, for they were all unmetamorphosed civilians still, and where they did go military, they became absurd. . . . If you think most men want to go to sea for pleasure, you are thinking wrong. And if you think most of them eagerly anticipate combat and glory, you are also wrong. And if you think they actually want to go back once they have been out, you are the most wrong of all."

A group of these "unmetamorphosed civilians" was put ashore to establish a base on a bleak island after their ship had been wrecked. Resentful at being asked to withstand more than flesh and blood were designed for, they seemed ambitious to break every rule in the Navy's book. Mr. Jonas shows their bewilderment, their bitterness, their feeling that they are the abandoned stepchildren of the nation—and the alchemy by which these are transmuted into the fine metal of achievement.

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Price $2.

FIFTY YEARS OF BEST SELLERS (1895-1945), by **Alice Payne Hackett,** is a book that will interest everyone with a healthy curiosity about the mysteries of popular taste. However, Miss Hackett refrains from theorizing; she is content to list the best-selling titles of each year, and to offer, by way of background, a crisp summary of the outstanding events of that year.

Alice Payne Hackett

The spirit in which this book is presented is summed up on the flyleaf, in this quotation from George Saintsbury's History of Criticism:

"We shall not busy ourselves with what men ought to have admired, what they ought to have written, what they ought to have thought, but with what they did think, write, admire."

Good books and sloppily written ones; books that are still read and treasured, and others that are as obsolete as the bustle, jostle each other for position on the scorekeeper's impartial list.

"Perhaps students of literary history will try to chart the evolution of public taste from these records, and writers of tomorrow's best sellers find, in these titles of the past, some clue to the perennial elements of popular appeal," says Frederic G. Melcher, editor of the Publishers' Weekly, in his foreword.

I suspect that Fred was smiling broadly when he wrote this. He probably remembers that Arnold Bennett's The Old Wives' Tale was a dismal flop until a bright young bookseller (Frederic G. Melcher was his name) began talking it up to his customers. If every good book had its Melcher, facts about sales might conform to theories. But, so far, the theorists have taken an awful beating.

Published by R. R. Bowker Co., New York. Price $3.

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

1 When a weak-minded girl gets into these, she squeals with delight (two words)
10 An unartful Dodger
13 The inedible Lamb
14 Italian city, sounds as if it's going places
15 She sounds like an honest woman
16 One of Churchill's promises
18 Pear-shaped tonsil toot
19 Pertaining to the ear
20 Jap message that gets no reply
21 It takes a big one to lift a B-29
23 Make a tie-up with
25 Ex-mauler (not a nudist)
26 Blue ones drive away blues
27 Moos mellifluously
30 What my walters and race horses lack
31 Stuffed Navals (abbr.)
32 What you kiss your wife from after twenty years of marriage
33 Folks who insist on telling you the truth about yourself
34 Munched the crunch
35 Shakespeare's Mississippi
36 Briny Britishers
37 Talk with the chest expanded
38 Ruff female
39 You'll find four on every diamond
40 French G. I., World War I
41 Common little article
42 B. C. jeeps
43 A great student of cell life
44 Hit the dirt and head for home
45 Man's nickname
46 Sarong place to try to sell winter underwear
48 Guys with well-stuffed noodles (abbr.)
49 Vitamineral springs
52 Furl in the personal banner
53 The Wolfe in Snoop's clothing
55 Have magnetic twinges in the romantic innards
57 Foul. isn't it!
58 Tooth polisher
60 What the jilted old nag got
61 Call the bet!
62 Piscatorial meat rations (see if you can dig some up for some poor fish)

VERTICAL

1 Losing propositions
2 Churned buttercup juice, or is it milkweed milk?
3 Prejudice
4 Chief support of members of Booze Who
5 Baby Blvd.
6 Kind of Mongolia
7 Bird that's all dark meat
8 Kith'n folks
9 Snoop bootees
10 Greek bees
11 Kind of acid
12 Device for spraying Japs to induce lead poisoning (two words)
15 Pulled the democratic lever
17 Kind of dressing on peaches that bloom on beaches
22 Caesarean thingum
24 These are concealed by bearded men
25 Burn in Brooklyn
26 What dry cleaners and gangsters have before their eyes
27 Screwballs and other jerks
28 More dark meat on the wing
29 Ill wood wind nobody blows good
30 They run around with a lot of heels
31 Kind of joke, ready for radio
33 Dunk the meat
34 Drysabone
36 Where Simple Cynthia says sardines come from
37 Guy who keeps talking when you want the floor
39 Food's so scarce, fishermen now eat this
40 Flower with a funny face
42 Limey cooler
43 Riveted to a dream dame
44 Puzzling jerk, makes up the silliest things
45 Grave robber
47 Hawaiian coot, or should I say gallinule?
48 Snooty puss
49 Kraut Koal Kountry
50 Shape of Things during Colonial days (fem.)
51 Industrialists who've always had underground factories
54 End Russia Nagging (abbr.)
56 I that's always been for an I
59 State of the lobster (abbr.)

A	N	D	E	R	S	O	N	■	S	C	U	M
B	A	R	R	A	T	R	Y	■	C	A	N	O
A	C	E	■	T	U	B	■	C	A	B	A	L
F	R	A	M	E	D	■	M	A	L	I	C	E
T	E	M	P	S	■	R	O	D	E	N	T	S
■	■	E	S	■	P	A	R	I	S	■	E	T
S	O	D	■	T	O	P	A	Z	■	A	D	S
A	P	■	C	R	E	E	L	■	B	B	■	■
M	A	H	O	U	T	S	■	P	A	I	N	S
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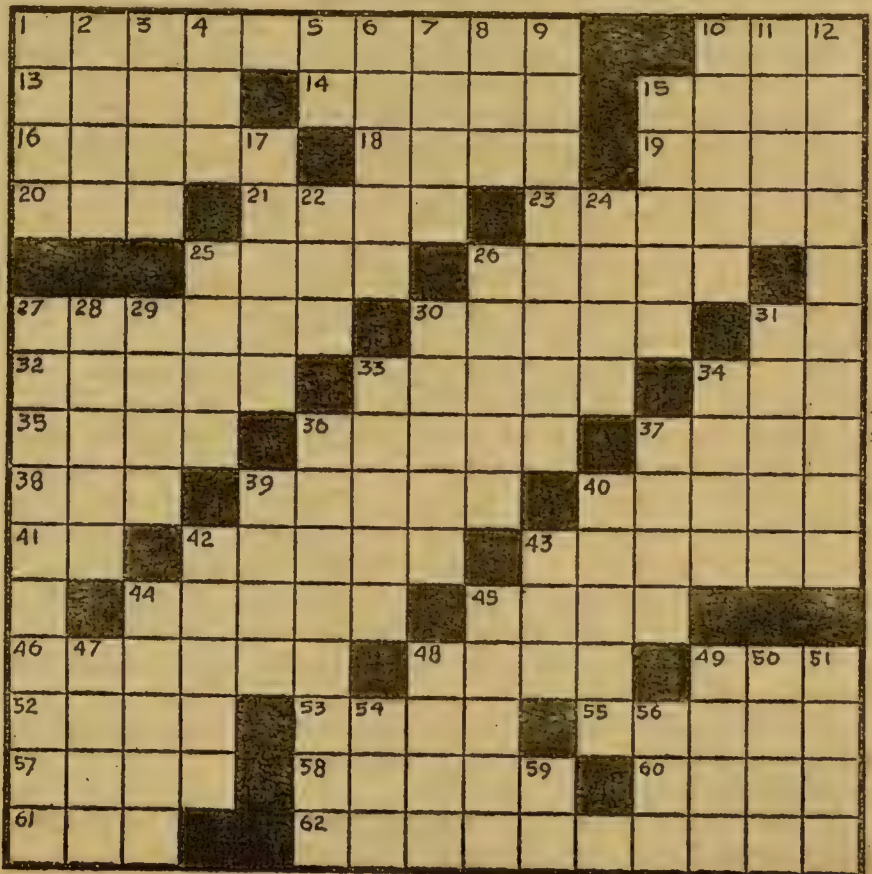
Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

"No wonder we cantered all the way home"

If you've ever enjoyed the grand refreshment of a Calvert highball, you'll know why the gentleman was in a hurry!

For Calvert is unmistakably *the real thing* in whiskey...with a magnificent pre-war quality that simply can't be imitated.

You see, we've blended more fine whiskey than any other distiller in America...and no one has *yet* matched our superb blend!

So why not trot, canter or gallop off for a Calvert highball right now? But be sure you get Calvert...if you want *the real thing!*

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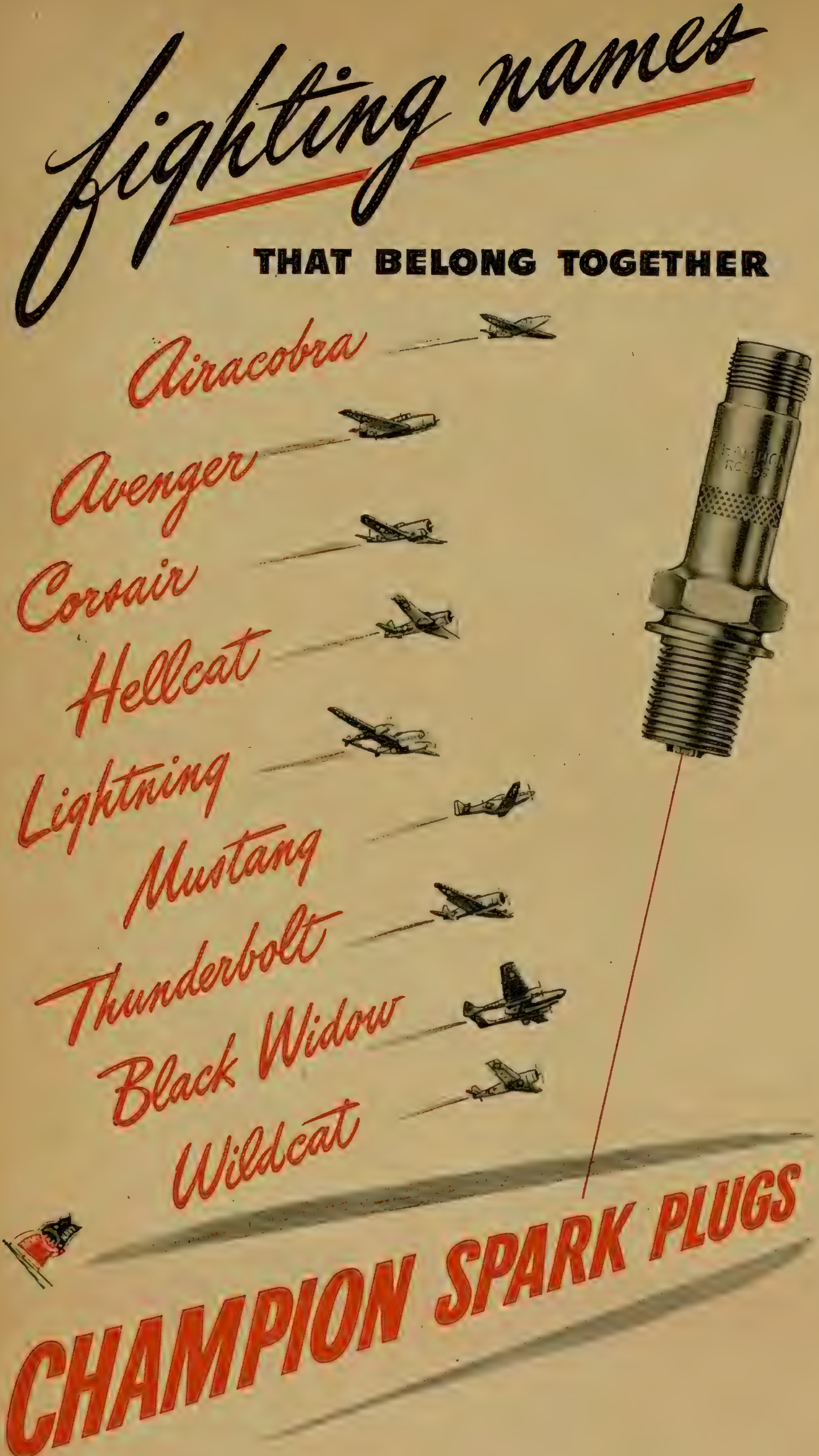
It's the Real Thing

Calvert Distillers Corp., N.Y.C. BLENDED WHISKEY 86.8 Proof. "Reserve"—65% Grain Neutral Spirits..."Special"—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits



"Airacobra, Avenger, Corsair, Hellcat, Lightning, Mustang, Thunderbolt, Black Widow, Wildcat"—these and other equally descriptive fighting names were the scourge of the vaunted Luftwaffe—have all but cleared Jap-infested skies. There's one more name common to all of them that belongs with such a world's champion team—CHAMPION Spark Plugs.

The Champion Spark Plugs you buy for your car are blood brothers to these aircraft Champions. Naturally they insure an extra measure of performance and dependability in every engine.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO 1, OHIO

THE WAY IT WAS BEFORE?

Continued from Page 37

days off. I'd been looking forward to it and I had things all planned. I would do all the apologizing and explaining that anyone would want and then we'd go up to the Cape for a week and we would be together again.

And before I had a chance to say anything, Fran hit me on the chin with, "Bob is having a lot of people out to his place for the week-end. I think I might go along."

I'd been just about to start my speech, but it fell away from me as if I had never thought of it. I said, "That's fine. That's great. Have a nice time."

Fran didn't look at me. Her voice was low. "I'll try. It might be a little more pleasant than staying around here and arguing with you."

I had to keep it up. "Why don't you stay there? Why bother coming back just once in a while?"

Fran looked at me a long time. I could feel her eyes while I made a business of lighting a cigarette. "Maybe it wouldn't bother you at all. Maybe it would be a smart idea."

"Why don't you try it?" I asked her. Always I had to have the last word.

So she went out, and that was the last time I saw her. I went out on a nasty lonely drunk, and in the morning when I woke up with my four-star headache, there was a short note that started, "Greetings." It brought me out of my hangover very quickly.

I got up and poured myself a drink and looked at the notice and thought things over. I had been expecting it. It had really arrived at the proper time. Fran and I were washed up, Francesca and Drake had finished any outstanding business. It was time for me to be moving along.

So I dressed and wrote a short note to Fran, telling her to get a divorce and it was all right with me. I went up to Grand Central Palace and in a few hours I was Private James J. Grogan of the Army of the United States.

THAT had been three years ago, and here I was back again, listening with a cocked ear to the music of the merry-go-round.

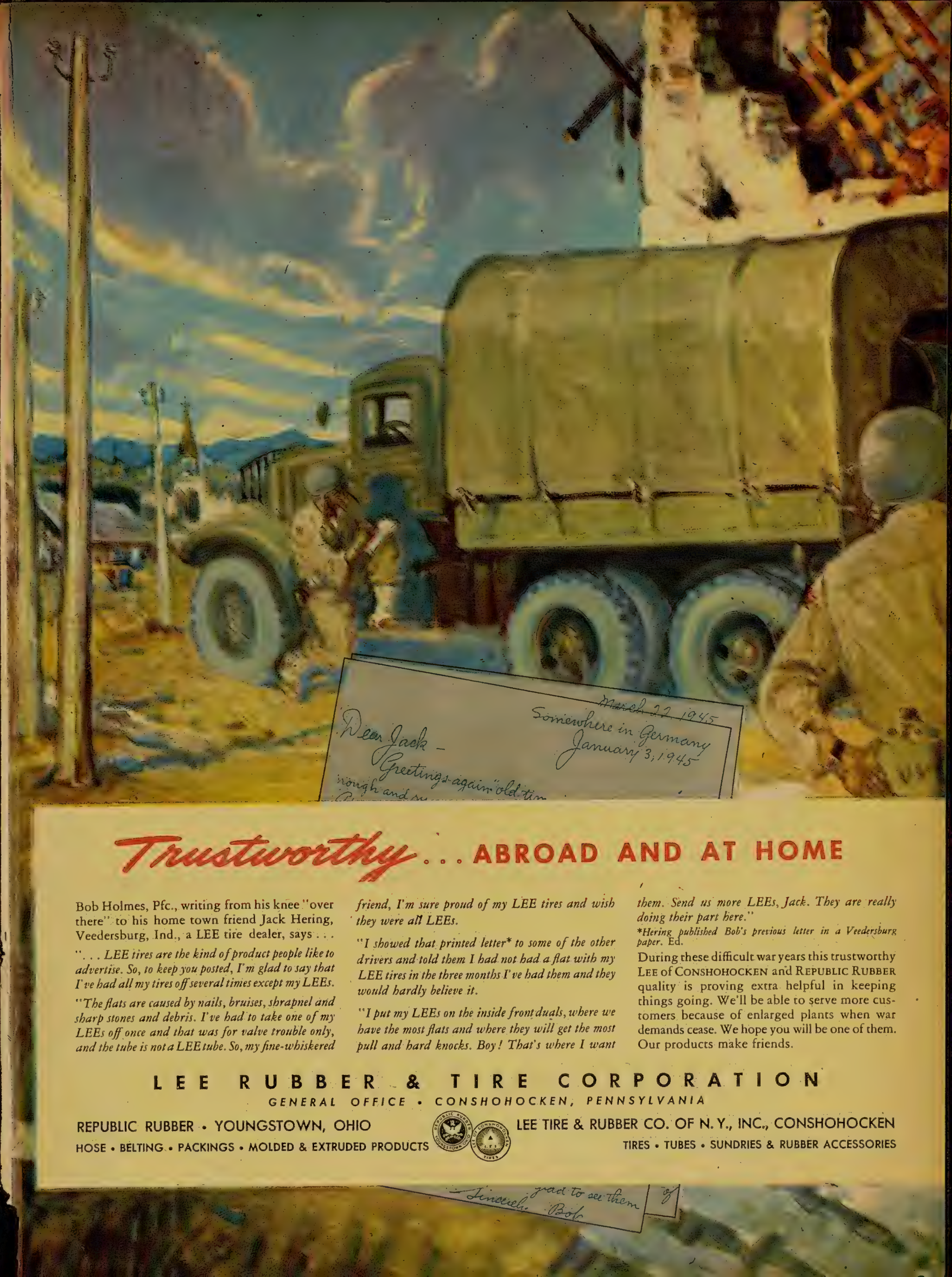
I tock a look at my watch and started moving. There was just time for a sandwich and a cup of coffee before the show.

I hit the curtain almost on the nose. High Time was only a month old, and the house was packed. The show was produced by Robert Hemming Emerson, and I had to concede that it was a nice thing to do for your girl if you had the money. The Army had passed Emerson by. He was only thirty, but he was considered essential in one of his factories which made plane parts.

I had to take the first act and half of the second before I saw her. The show was a musical, loud and bawdy. Halfway through the second act they jammed a night-club scene into things as an excuse to get Fran on the stage. It was Francesca and Martin now. The lights onstage dimmed, and the phony hilarity at the tables was subdued. The pit band broke into a Cuban number, and Fran glided out into the spotlight.

She took my breath away. I knew what she looked like, how she moved, but this was the first time in a long while that the magic had actually occurred before my eyes. The long legs moved on the notes of the music, carrying that beautiful body with them effortlessly. Her face, under the coiled black hair, was even lovelier than I had remembered. I didn't see anything but

(*Continued on page 62*)



March 22, 1945
Somewhere in Germany
January 3, 1945

Dear Jack -
Greetings again "old tim
nough and su

Sincerely,
Bob
glad to see them
of

Trustworthy... ABROAD AND AT HOME

Bob Holmes, Pfc., writing from his knee "over there" to his home town friend Jack Hering, Veedersburg, Ind., a LEE tire dealer, says . . .

"*. . . LEE tires are the kind of product people like to advertise. So, to keep you posted, I'm glad to say that I've had all my tires off several times except my LEEs.*

"*The flats are caused by nails, bruises, shrapnel and sharp stones and debris. I've had to take one of my LEEs off once and that was for valve trouble only, and the tube is not a LEE tube. So, my fine-whiskered friend, I'm sure proud of my LEE tires and wish they were all LEEs.*

"*I showed that printed letter* to some of the other drivers and told them I had not had a flat with my LEE tires in the three months I've had them and they would hardly believe it.*

"*I put my LEEs on the inside front duals, where we have the most flats and where they will get the most pull and hard knocks. Boy! That's where I want them. Send us more LEEs, Jack. They are really doing their part here.*"

**Hering published Bob's previous letter in a Veedersburg paper.* Ed.

During these difficult war years this trustworthy LEE of CONSHOHOCKEN and REPUBLIC RUBBER quality is proving extra helpful in keeping things going. We'll be able to serve more customers because of enlarged plants when war demands cease. We hope you will be one of them. Our products make friends.

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The best brushes have
DU PONT NYLON BRISTLES

...Wear Longer! Brush Better!

DU PONT
NYLON BRISTLES

Stockings of Du Pont nylon need no introduction. But did you know that nylon—in bristle form—is used in brushes of many kinds? Before nylon, brushes were made with hog bristles. Now these science-made bristles—one of Du Pont's "Better Things for Better Living . . . through Chemistry"—are better because:

In toothbrushes, for example, they last longer—clean better—dry faster—are more hygienic—won't split, fray or become brittle—and are available with hard, medium, or soft tufts (whichever your dentist suggests).

When you buy a toothbrush, be sure you say, "Does it have Du Pont nylon bristles?" The best brushes do!

Almost all nylon is used for war purposes today. A limited amount has been allocated to toothbrushes as essential to public health. So treat your present brush with care. Someday there'll be nylon bristles enough for brushes of all kinds—paint, household, hair and industrial.

E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.), Plastics Department, Arlington, N. J.

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
... THROUGH CHEMISTRY

PAPER PACKS A WAR PUNCH ... SAVE IT!

A Product of Du Pont Plastics

(Continued from page 60)

Fran for maybe two, three minutes. Then I took a look at the act.

Martin was a tall black-haired kid, nice-looking and clean-moving. He danced just about as well as you can dance when you're not born with that drumbeat in your head. They had a fine routine, well practiced and smooth. That let them out.

They finished the rumba, then were given a three-minute break for a costume change. They came back in evening clothes and waltzed, and that was all. They were very adequate and the house liked them and they took two bows and the lousy show went on. I went out.

I walked up to Fifty-ninth and then through the park. I couldn't get Fran out of my head. The way she looked, the way she moved.

The park was dark and lonely and there was plenty of room for me to eat my heart out. Seeing Fran hadn't done anything to help me. I couldn't think of anything that would.

I got back to the hotel late, and there was a note for me to call Gibby at his home. I wondered what he wanted.

Over the phone he told me. "I've got a job for you. The Martin part of Fran's act fell over a set backstage and busted an ankle."

I let it sink in for a minute. "You're kidding me."

Gibby's voice was patient. "It happens every once in a while. Why be so surprised? The guy can't trip? So I figured . . ."

I did a little bit of that myself, and very fast. I knew I shouldn't go near Fran, but I wanted to more than anything else in the world. I asked Gibby, "Does Fran know I'm around?"

"Not unless you told her." Then he asked, "Will you be able to keep on your feet? You been away a long time."

I was in good shape. At Lawson I had done a lot of walking, had even played a lot of tennis in the last month or so. I'd danced in some shows they put on at the hospital. I was all right. "Don't worry about me," I told Gibby.

Then I had to ask it. "Is Fran married to Emerson, Gibby?"

That checked him, but only for a minute. "The last I heard," he told me, "she was married to you." And he hung up.

I shouted and started to call him, then set the phone back on the cradle. I had told her to get a divorce, and everything had seemed ripe for it, and four months after I had entered the Army, the twenty-two dollars for the allotment had stopped coming out of my pay. When my pay was full again, I had considered the last tie broken.

But this was a new slant, and I didn't get much sleep trying to dope it out.

IN the morning Gibby called and said he'd rented a practice room for us in a building on Forty-sixth. He gave me the address and told me to be there at noon. I guess I spent about two hours dressing.

Twenty minutes ahead of schedule, I was in the room. It was plenty large, and there was a good record player in the corner, and a stack of platters. I was looking through them when Fran came in with Gibby in tow.

Her voice was cool and her smile was a wonderful thing. She put out her hand. "Hello, Jimmy. I'm glad you're back. It's good to see you. You could have knocked me down with a salami on rye when Gibby told me the news."

I took the hand like a drowning man would take it, and all I could manage was, "Hello, Fran. You look fine." It was a masterpiece of understatement. I stood

(Continued on page 64)

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Blatz naturally blends with gracious living, because it's always in Good Taste. Never sharp, never bitter, it's smooth and mellow for your enjoyment. Buy the finest.

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In our 95th year

Buy and hold War Bonds

IF BABY CRIES OUT IN THE NIGHT, DON'T BECOME UNDULY ALARMED

By Meredith Moulton Redhead, Ph. B.
Baby Food Counselor of Heinz Home Institute

BABIES from the cradle to kindergarten stage have a rather disconcerting tendency to cry out in their sleep—for no apparent reason. If the child is in good health—all his routine needs have been attended to—it is safe to assume, pediatricians tell us, that he is dreaming. Just pat him on the small of his back until he quiets down.

● ● One of the many factors contributing to the soundness of baby's slumber is his diet. See that he gets not only a sufficient *quantity* of food but meals which are *nourishing.*

You can be sure of the nutritional value of Heinz Strained and Junior Foods. They are cooked scientifically to retain a high degree of vitamins and minerals your baby needs.

57
HEINZ
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MADE BY H.J.HEINZ COMPANY
HEINZ
STRAINED FOODS
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Notice the difference in flavor, color and texture of—

HEINZ BABY FOODS

MADE BY H. J. HEINZ CO., MAKERS OF QUALITY FOODS FOR 76 YEARS

(*Continued from page 62*)

there staring at her, and finally Gibby said, "I took the room for a couple of weeks. Figured you'd need some work together. I'll see you at the show tonight." And he was gone.

So there was Gibby trying to play a fat Cupid. You just leave the girl and the guy together and everything gets straightened out. But it couldn't work like that. Emerson was backing High Time; I hadn't heard from Fran at all.

Fran said, "Gibby told me you saw the show last night." So I knew the guy was a mind reader.

I nodded. "I know how much room we have, how much time we have."

Her eyes held a shade of doubt. "Do you think we can do it with only a few hours' practice?"

All I said was, "Yeah. Easy."

THERE was music then. The long, violin-whispered phrases of Half Moon drifted through the bare room, and Fran walked into my arms, and a bunch of little bells started tinkling in my head. I actually stumbled once, and then we had it. We danced as if we had never been apart. We walked along on the thread of the music and the world was some place four million miles down below us.

Half Moon died away, and I came out of my trance. I walked away and put a rumba on the machine and we tried that. I told her, "The left arm isn't what it used to be. You'll have to take it easy coming out of the turns on that side." Her face started to cloud up, and I said, "It's from nothing. Don't worry about it."

We went through a Cuban business called Little Star and I called a halt.

"You think we'll be all right?" She was still a little anxious.

"For that high-priced burlesque? You kiddin' me?"

She started to frown, and I cut that angle. "We'll be all right. I just don't want us to get working too hard and get confused. We'll get by tonight."

We left the place and I said, "How about a drink? It's been a long time."

She said, "That'll be swell," and we went over to Rafferty's. We talked about this and that, and I was trying to keep from staring at her as if I had never seen a woman before. I finally asked, "How come you didn't get that divorce? I thought I was single when the allotment stopped."

She lifted her shoulders in that funny way she has. "There would have been some trouble serving you with the papers and I thought I might as well wait until you got back. I wrote to the right people and told them to stop taking the money out of your pay, that we were separated and I didn't need it."

It sounded pretty reasonable, but I asked, "How about Emerson?" I held my breath waiting for that one.

She looked at me, and I couldn't read what was in those dark eyes. "He's very patient," Fran said and left it at that.

Fran had a place up on East Sixty-fifth, and I took her home in a cab. Getting out, she patted me on the knee and said, "See you tonight." The taxi drove on clouds going back downtown.

We got by the show all right. There had been a piece in the evening papers, and when we first came onstage we got a terrific hand. We did a job that was extremely good under the circumstances. The crowd didn't want to let us go.

I dressed quickly, excitement running through me like a fever. I went up to Fran's room and heard someone talking. I knocked and Fran called to come in.

Emerson was there.

I gave him a nod and the small "Hello."

(*Continued on page 66*)

POWER . . . FOR THE WHEELS OF PROGRESS!

America's railroads . . . with nearly one-third fewer locomotives, almost one-fifth fewer passenger cars, one-fourth fewer freight cars, and 427,903 fewer men . . . hauled, in 1944 alone, nearly twice the freight, and more than twice the passengers carried in 1918, the peak year of the First World War. And 94 per cent of the locomotives that did this gigantic job were powered by Bituminous Coal.

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Possessing almost fifty per cent greater tractive power than the iron horses of 25 years ago, the coal-consuming locomotives of today will, in turn, be superseded by still more powerful, *smokeless* locomotives tomorrow . . . thanks to greatly improved combustion promised by Bituminous Coal research.

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Bituminous Coal's vast contribution to the progress of America's railroads is restricted only by the ingenuity of man. A ton of coal is essential to the manufacture of every ton of steel used in the fabrication of rails, rolling stock, and bridges. From coal is generated the electricity that lights and air-conditions the trains; that activates the automatic switches and signal equipment. From coal come paints and plastics, the dyes, nylons and other fabrics that help give luxury cars their color and comfort.

Coal heats 4 out of 7 of our homes . . . and 62 per cent of all of America's electrical energy is generated from Bituminous Coal. Touched by the magic wand of chemistry, it produces more than 200,000 useful products, including high-octane gasoline, sulfa drugs, anesthetics, antiseptics, vitamins, aspirin, and insecticides.

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American civilization depends on our 3,000-year treasure trove of Bituminous Coal . . . on the industry that last year powered our war effort with more coal than has ever been mined in any year, in any country. . . . Out of every dollar of Bituminous Coal sales, at the mines, on the average the miners receive over 60 cents in wages—the mine owners receive about 2 cents profit.

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BITUMINOUS COAL . . . LIGHTS THE WAY . . . FUELS THE FIRES . . . POWERS THE PROGRESS OF AMERICA

40 HOMMES
8 CHEVAUX
40 HOMMES
8 CHEVAUX
40 HOMMES
8 CHEVAUX

IT'S ALWAYS A STRAIN MOVING ARMIES

FOR nearly four years we were building up our forces in Europe—to do a job. The job was done—and how!

And now, in the short space of 10 months or less, the millions of men who did the job in Europe are coming home—and along with them, the other millions who did the Pacific job, too. The end of the war does not mean that train travel will be less.

The total train travel this year will be nearly five times what it was before the war.

All this must be done with virtually the same equipment available in 1940, for during the war years the railroad program of buying new cars was halted by the government because of other and more pressing war needs.

This means that now everything that rolls must be pressed into service. Sleeping cars have been taken off regular trains on all runs of less than 450 miles, so that approximately two-thirds of all sleeping cars are now available for troop train service. Coaches are being taken off regular trains. What's left in regular trains must serve not only civilians but a heavy military traffic as well. So travel is difficult for all—civilians as well as soldiers.

The railroads have two great needs—more cars and more men. Government agencies, military and civilian, are co-operating to recruit the men to help in moving the record load which is just ahead.

Since V-E Day, the government has authorized the building of passenger cars but not many can be completed in time to help meet the present peak travel load.

In the meanwhile, railroad equipment and railroad men are working harder than ever before—for the railroads must do the job with what they have.

AMERICAN RAILROADS
ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY

(*Continued from page 64*)

I said to Fran, "I thought you might like something to eat. I mean—"

"Fran has a date with me, Grogan," Emerson said. Just like that.

I looked at him for a minute, but I took it. After all, I'd been away for a long time. I said to Fran, "O. K. But I want to get started working early tomorrow, so get some sleep. Nine o'clock in the practice room."

I'd turned to leave when Emerson spoke. I suppose he thought he had to throw me a sop of some sort. "You were really good tonight. Are you going to use the same numbers from now on?"

There was no use waiting. I gave it to him:

"From now on, Emerson, you'll have to get along without us."

Emerson looked at me as if I were crazy. "What are you talking about?"

"We're out of the show." I didn't bother to tell him why. It was because it was a lousy show and we had a lousy little spot in it. Hell, we'd given recitals at Carnegie!

I waited for Fran to explode, but Emerson was the one to speak. "I've got a contract, Grogan."

I nodded. "With Francesca and Martin you've got a contract. This is Francesca and Drake. You've got no case." I hoped I was right. I said to Fran, without looking at her, "Nine o'clock." I closed the door gently behind me.

I was at the practice room at half past eight. I didn't know whether Fran would show or not. There was one thing that might bring her. Above all else, she was a dancer. She knew what it was like when we danced together.

At half past nine I knew I had lost. And then the door opened behind me.

It was Fran. Her manner was pleasant enough, but her eyes were questioning and cool. She said, "Well, do we work?"

My heart climbed back down out of my ear. I said, "We work."

That was the word for it. Ten and twelve hours a day. I had a lot to regain, and Fran had to forget that she could be lazy and get away with it. We put in some brutal hours.

EACH evening when we were through I took her up to Sixty-fifth, and she was quiet and tired. My mind was empty of music and dancing when I looked at her. The second night I had taken a chance. I asked her, "How's about me coming up for a drink and a sandwich?"

She looked at me in that funny way, and finally she said, "I'm sorry, Jimmy. I'm going out with Bob Emerson and I'll have just about time to dress."

I let it go at that.

After the tenth straight day of work, I called Gibby. I knew that in a week we'd have all we had ever had and a bit more. I had picked up a little stuff in Italy and Sicily, and Fran had worked out a thing called Summer Picnic which would be good if we did it right.

I told Gibby, "We'll be set in a few days. Get us the Walnut Room." There was nothing better than the Walnut Room, and for a while, in the old days, I'd felt that we owned it.

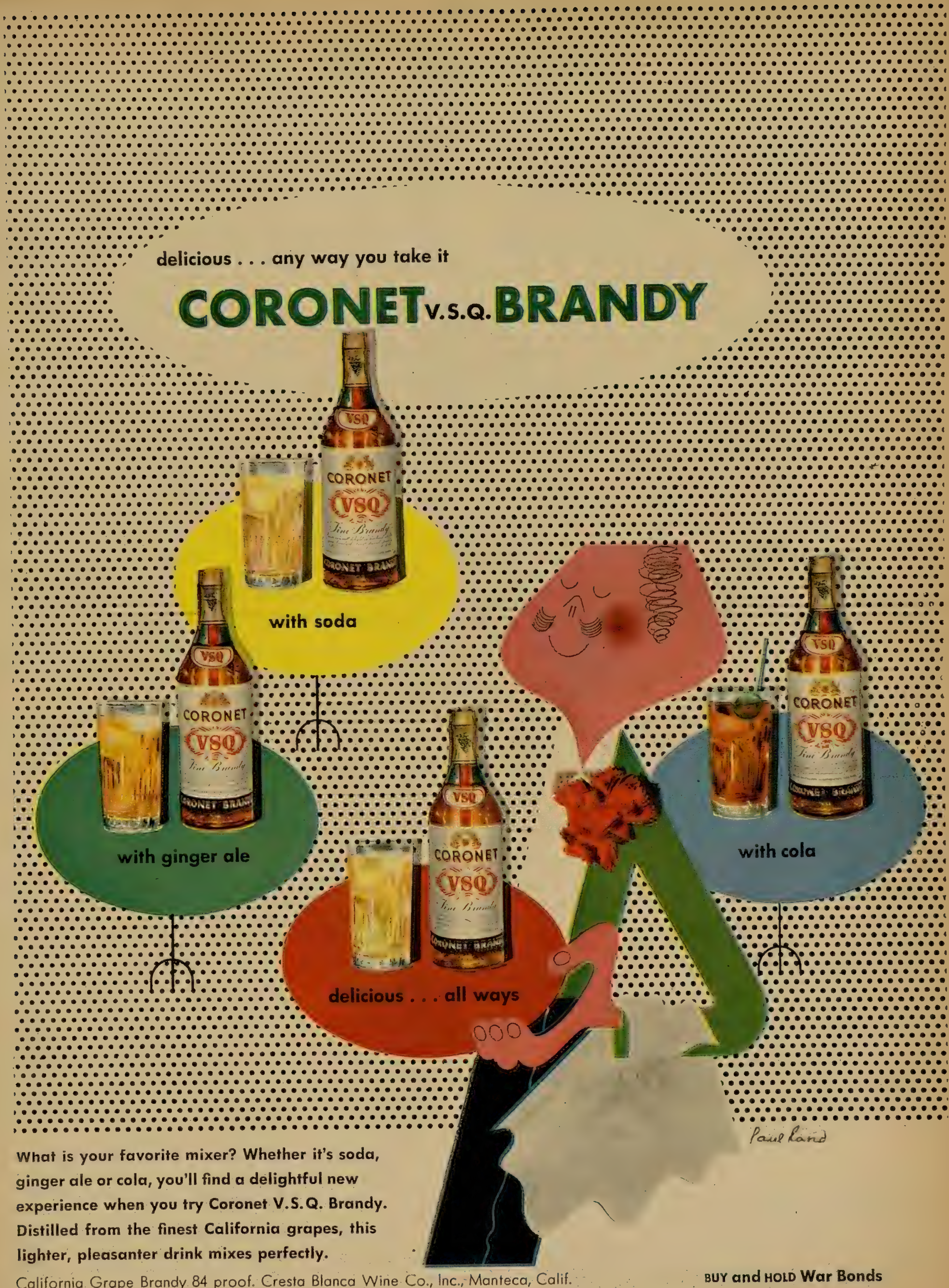
Gibby said, "I'll call you back."

He called me that night at the hotel. He said, "Marc Jordan wants to see you in the Supper Club. He says you been gone for a long while."

Jordan managed the Walnut Room. The Supper Club was a relatively high-class trap, but it was really just a tryout spot for acts Jordan considered putting into the Walnut Room.

"Tell Jordan he can see us in Carnegie Hall," I yelled. I was sore but I wasn't

(*Continued on page 68*)


delicious . . . any way you take it
CORONET V.S.Q. BRANDY
with soda
with ginger ale
delicious . . . all ways
with cola
Paul Rand

What is your favorite mixer? Whether it's soda, ginger ale or cola, you'll find a delightful new experience when you try Coronet V.S.Q. Brandy. Distilled from the finest California grapes, this lighter, pleasanter drink mixes perfectly.

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1. "It's F-N, the test for men!" Scratch your head—if you find dryness or loose dandruff you need Wildroot Cream-Oil. Buy the large economy size.

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2. A little Wildroot Cream-Oil can do a big job for your hair. Keeps it well groomed all day long without that greasy, plastered down look! Your hair looks and feels good!

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3. Refined LANOLIN has long been prescribed because of its soothing qualities, and because it resembles the oil of the human skin. A little Wildroot Cream-Oil goes a long way. Get it today from your barber or drug counter.

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Thousands of women use Wildroot Cream-Oil to remove loose dandruff, relieve dryness, and help beautify their hair. Try it before a shampoo ... also after a permanent wave to relieve dryness. Excellent for training children's hair.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS NOW!

(Continued from page 66)

kidding. "And then book the Hall for the first open date."

"I'll call you back," Gibby said, and in an hour he did. "Jordan says O. K. The Walnut Room a week from tonight."

That was what I wanted. That Gibby is an agent.

I told Fran in the morning. "In a week we open at the W. R. From now on we pay some attention to what we're doing."

It wasn't fun. It was backbreaking work and it would have taken the soul out of anyone who wasn't born for it. When we were finished, I told Fran, "Go home and sleep for two days. You could use it."

I DIDN'T see her until the night we went on. We were going to do a wonderful silly Brazilian number called The Talking Mule first. Fran wore a sweeping, low-waisted, tight-hipped silver skirt that was separated from a tiny silver cloth jacket by a lot of Fran. A huge pile of artificial fruit was stacked high on her head.

I said, "We've got two minutes." It was all I could manage. She grinned at me and said, "Let's go to work."

It was wonderful. From the first note it was like the best parts of the old days. We were good. I gave most of the number to Fran, but she would have taken it anyway. I pointed her, played to her, clowned for her, and she was beautiful and moved as if she were part of each drumbeat. When we went off the floor the crowd was delirious.

We changed and danced Half Moon for them then. It was slow, all strings, and had a weird quality that we liked. The violins were good, and we were alone in that big room with just the haunting music to keep us company.

I am not a guy who can say much with his mouth. All the things I had in my heart for Fran I had never attempted to tell her. But when we stepped on the floor together I think she might have known then some of what I wanted to say.

It was like that now. Night Wind helped me say a lot of things. Little things I had kept stored away for years. The number ended long before I wanted it to. Before the crowd wanted it to, from the applause.

I took Fran to her dressing room and my head was full of clouds. I was just about to ask her to come out and eat with me when I spotted that bogeyman, Emerson, at her door. I didn't feel in the mood to mess around with that. I just said, "You were terrific, Fran. I'll see you at the last show."

At four minutes of twelve I knocked on Fran's door.

She was ready all right, and so lovely that she took my breath away. We went out and hit into Summer Picnic, and at first the crowd didn't know what to make of it. I didn't blame them. Half of it was tap burlesque, half was ballet, which we'd both studied. It had to do with sandwiches and ants and the gathering of flowers, then called for a lighting trick that gave you a summer evening and two lovers wandering through a wood. For music we had mixed some Debussy and Grieg and a touch of Gilbert and Sullivan. It doesn't make sense when you say it like that, but the way it was put together and the way we danced it, it was just right. It was a smash hit. The crowd loved it.

We changed then and gave them the business. A kid named Samuels had written something he'd called Subway Song. It was meant for a big orchestra with a lot of brass, but he'd whittled it down for us. It was so modern it was timeless. It was New York as no music had ever described it. It was Central Park and the Waldorf Roof, the lower East Side and Wall Street mixed with Harlem.

And to it we did an adagio. Apache with a top hat. Violence suggested but never committed. Fran a trollop in a Mainbocher evening gown, and me a very smooth gent who had been double-timed. It left the Walnut Room standing on its head. I thought someone would have to call the cops to get us out.

We had put in an evening that was as good as any we'd ever had and I felt like seven hundred million dollars. There was a crowd outside Fran's dressing room, but we got through somehow and closed the door. I said, "Look. Take a shower and throw some clothes on, and I'll be back in ten minutes. I know a joint that'll be open all night, and they have the juiciest steaks, the most wonderful ale, and—"

Emerson must have been sitting in a corner. He interrupted me. "Sorry, Grogan, but Fran and I have the evening all planned. It's a shame."

I just came apart at the seams then. What I wanted to say came easily and softly. "Emerson, I don't like you. And I don't like finding you in my wife's dressing room each time I want to speak to her. Get outta here. And stay out."

He wasn't smiling now. "You're taking advantage of the fact that you're recently out of the hospital, Grogan. Wounded veteran, and all that."

"Think nothing of it, pal," I told him. I slapped him across the mouth, hard.

He didn't wait any longer. He threw a right hand with plenty of power behind it, and I rolled under it. Emerson was big and strong, but he knew from nothing. In about three minutes he soaked up a fine shellacking, and I took him by the collar and dragged him across the floor and dumped him outside in the hall.

FRAN hadn't said anything, and she had me scared. She closed the door and turned to me. "You haven't done anything like that since one night in the Diamond Palace in Brooklyn, just after we were married."

When I grabbed her, the breath went out of her. She was warm and terribly alive in my arms and her mouth was sweet. In a little while I took a breath and looked at her. "Hello, Mrs. Grogan."

She was crying. Crying and grinning. "Oh, you clown!" she said. "You've been gone a long time. An awfully long time."

"But I'm back, baby." This was really being home. "And back to stay." I brought her close to me and the bum arm didn't trouble me at all. "You had me worried," I told her. "That guy—"

She was giggling now. "That guy I haven't seen until two months ago since you went away."

I didn't get it. "You haven't seen—"

"It was a frame," she said. "Gibby and I did nothing until you were almost ready to get out of the hospital."

I felt as if someone had hit me on the head with a ball bat. "You mean to stand there and tell me—"

She was dead serious now. "I followed you all the way, and when you came back, I wanted to see if the Army had grown any brains into your skull. Oh, Jimmy, I wanted things to be like they were! I wanted what we used to have, but I couldn't just go running after you. We had to meet halfway."

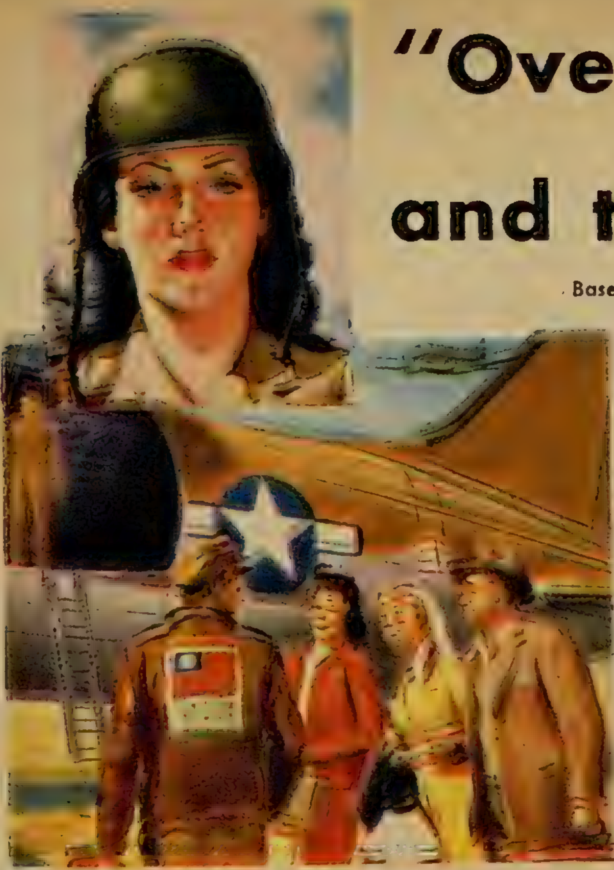
It was coming through to me. I was starting a slow burn. "Martin was phony, you mean?" And she nodded. I said, "You played me for a chump. You and Gibby. Why, I ought to—"

"You ought to shut your mouth," Fran said. She pulled my head down, and I couldn't do much talking for a while. Which was just as well. Which was just as well.

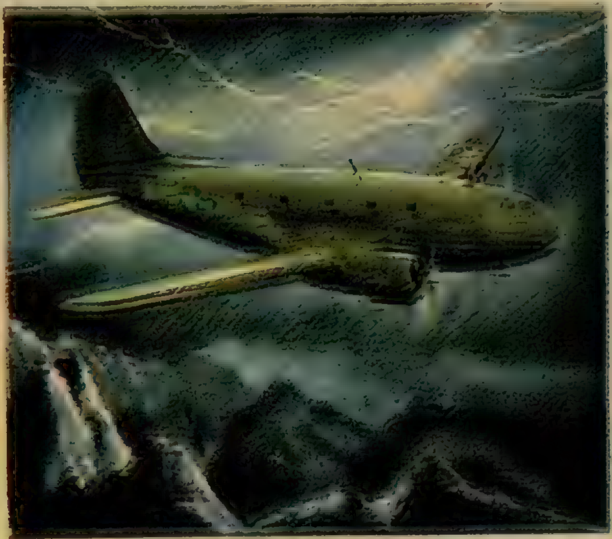
THE END

"Over the Hump With the Wind and the Rain . . . *in my hair*"

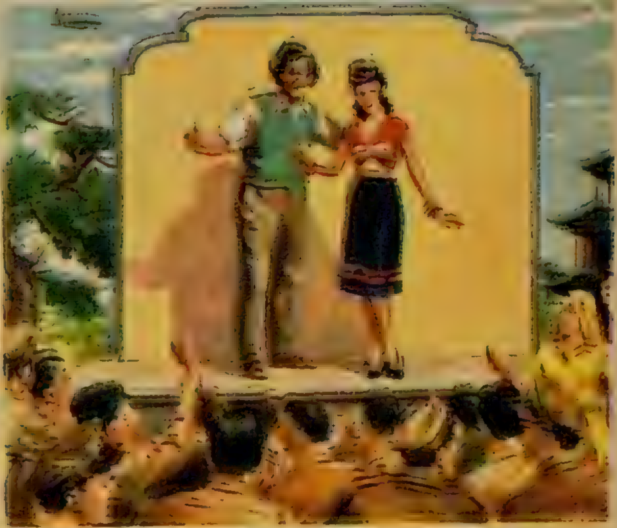
Based on a true story taken from the war record of the Curtiss Commando



"A Girl Can't Say 'No' when she's on her way to cheer up some lonesome G. I.'s who haven't seen an American girl in months. Not even when she's asked to make one of the most dangerous flights in the world . . . over the 19,000-foot Hump . . . with the treacherous monsoon rains staging their big show of the year."



"Smiling Through an inferno of black storm clouds that rush past at 100 miles an hour . . . through solid walls of drenching rain. It wasn't a trip for the timid. . . . It was a trip that could be made only by an airplane that was built to take it. Yes, that wind and rain really got *in our hair!* But there was no turning back."



"Command-o Performance. As usual, the Commando came through with flying colors. And our show went on for my favorite audience . . . veterans of hundreds of tough engagements. Was it worth it? Well, I hope it was worth as much to those boys as it was to me, to see them laugh and relax with a girl from home!"

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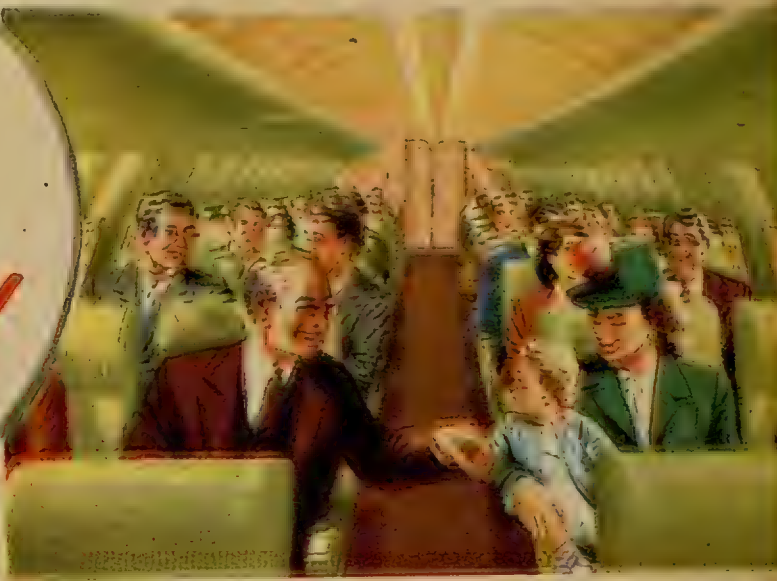
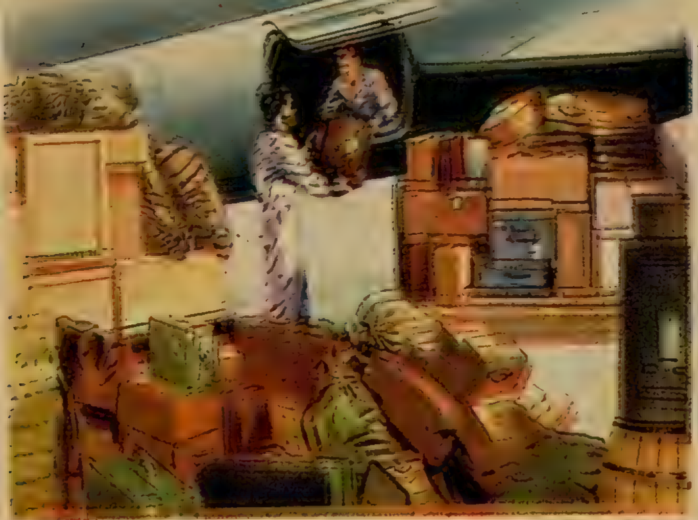
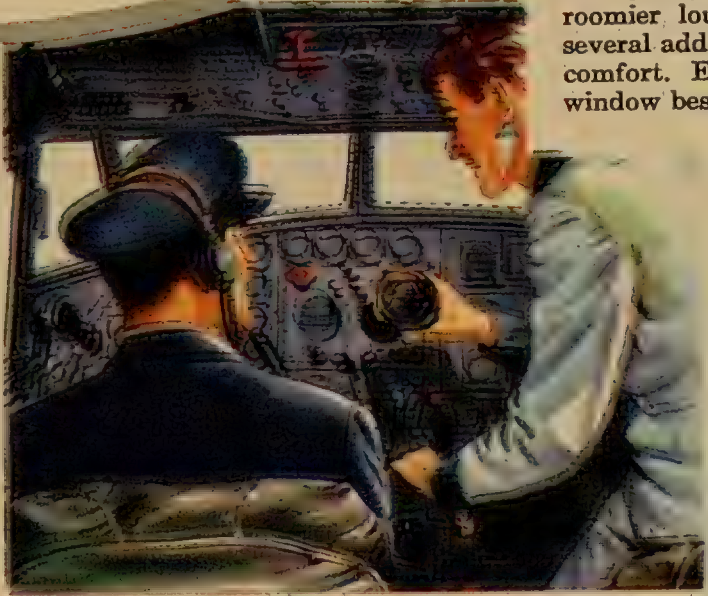
Fly Commando!



Put Yourself In This Picture . . . and in the midst of luxury new to air travel. Relax in one of the 36 deeper, roomier lounge chairs, spaced farther apart to give you several additional inches of leg room and designed for solid comfort. Enjoy the unobstructed view from the bigger window beside each double seat, when you Fly Commando.



The More The Merrier. The more clothes and sports equipment you can take along, the merrier your vacation will be! And a Commando has room for 3¼ tons of cargo. What's more, the unique Curtiss-Wright V-tab speeds loading, because the Commando is always in balance regardless of the location of the load.



The Commando Takes Short Cuts. It's so accessible for servicing that less time is necessary at flight stops. For instance, flight instrument panels are interchangeable right and left. And any instrument can be changed in less than a minute. So, since the Commando is faster than any of today's airliners, you'll get there sooner when you Fly Commando!

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FINNY FALL GUY

Continued from Page 27

covered by Mrs. John Bartlett, an elderly woman of Blue Hill, Maine, "while boiling some fish for her chickens." She promptly and prosperously put her family into the menhaden-oil business. Later, a fish meal, amazingly rich in protein properties, was developed from the fish scrap. And in this century quantities of new products and new uses for menhaden have cropped up.

Unloaded by conveyors and tallied in the 1,000-fish quarter box, the menhaden go through three reducing processes. They are cooked, pressed, and dried.

Huge boilers are basic to all menhaden processing. In cooking, the fish trundle down inside horizontal forty-foot steel tubes three feet in diameter. These maintain a temperature just under the boiling point.

Pressers, half as large, chop the cooked fish to mincemeat with sharp knives like mammoth meat grinders. The resulting liquid, part oil and part water, is sieved and run into separators which whirl at 3,500 revolutions a minute. The oil which comes out—especially if the fish have been fat, fresh, Northern menhaden—should be white, clear, and not too odoriferous.

Meanwhile the pressed menhaden scrap has been conveyed to the driers. These are locomotive-size boilers that withstand 1,000° F. After several dryings the scrap is carried to the grinding room, where it is prepared either for food or—occasionally—for fertilizer.

There are twenty-five menhaden factories on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts, and the largest can handle 3,500,000 fish a day.

Their products are almost unbelievable for a mere fish. In 1943, 5,734,000 gallons of oil, worth in the raw state nearly $4,000,000, and 68,000 tons of feed, valued at $5,000,000, were produced. Fertilizer, diminishing each year in output because menhaden are too important for this crude use, now plays a small role.

An incomplete list of additional uses of menhaden primary products would include paint, soap, plastics, oilcloth, insect sprays, cooking compounds, aluminum casting, leather dressing, linoleum, synthetic rubber, ink, medicinals, quick-drying varnishes, calking, textile sizing—and high explosives!

As animal feed, menhaden provides the startlingly rich yield of sixty-eight per cent protein. Today, its meals make up almost a quarter of all protein animal feed used in this country. Menhaden can be sold as an almost universal animal fodder. For hogs, it improves the quality of bacon. For sheep, it aids growth and bone development. It is excellent for brood mares. For cattle, one pound of menhaden meal has the value of two pounds of linseed cake. The Department of Agriculture recommends it for chicks.

For three quarters of a century now, the industry has tended to shrink in numbers of vessels and factories, while steadily increasing in value and efficiency. Away back in 1880, 325 vessels were pursing seines for menhaden. Today there are about one third that many. In 1912, thirty-eight menhaden factories were operating. In 1945, the number is two thirds of that. Yet the over-all value of menhaden products has increased today to probably ten times as much as it amounted to in 1880.

In considering the future of this enormous catch of fish, ponder on two small indicative items. Menhaden oil—the raw oil from the *whole* fish—contains three quarters as much growth and bone-building vitamin D as oil from the relatively tiny liver of the cod. And, for the first time on a comparatively large scale, menhaden are now being processed for human consumption.

Packing plants in Fernandina, Florida, Reedville, Virginia, and Morehead City, North Carolina, have put up quantities of menhaden, chiefly for lend-lease. Last year the Morehead City plant alone shipped 60,000 cases of this vitamin- and oil-rich canned fish.

For 300 years Americans have known that menhaden were edible. The coast dwellers in Maine and New Jersey have eaten fresh menhaden since colonial times. And an early attempt at canning, the "Port Monmouth Sardine," was awarded a gold medal of honor at the Vienna Exposition of 1873. But oily texture and many small bones have discouraged use of menhaden as a food fish.

The fact remains that it is the most numerous fish on our east coast. Made edible, it could double the Atlantic's yield of food for U. S. citizens.

Today the menhaden supports a complex, rich, and remarkable raw-material industry, full of future promise. Tomorrow the irrepressible menhaden may turn up, tasty and even more valuable, on our dinner tables.

THE END

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

DESKIMO: An Arctic stenographer.

PREDICKERMENT: Haggling about your plight.

FANGRY: A wrathful rattler.

DRESSPASSING: Infringing on another designer's gown.

CALMMERCE: Tranquil trade.

SCOWNDREL: Flatboat rascal.

Z-BRA: Chest protector for a striped lady.

SQWORM: To wiggle on a fishhook.

YOTT: Mel's pleasure boat.

CROWTATION: What Poe said about the raven.

BRING HIM HOME SAFE

Continued from Page 33

In her bedroom, she leaned against the wall for an instant, irresolute, reluctant. Jackie had said that same prayer so many times, now! *Bring him home safe.* Her mother's quiet controlled voice came back to her: "I knew you'd want to write Emily." Missing in action. "You're really all right?" Martha Blaney! "What about some bridge tonight?" Fine. Swell.

Words without truth. Actions without significance or reason. She did not want to go to Martha's. She did not want to play cards. What she really would like would be to sit, crouched against a wall, motionless, with a shawl over her head, frozen in reality as she was spiritually, until her husband came home safe.

She heard Katy Nicola open and close the screen door.

"I'll be down in a minute," she called. "I'm changing my dress."

Jackie called, "mummay!" as she started down the stairs a little while later.

"What?" she asked, pausing.

"I want to see you."

She opened his door, and he was sitting up in the pine bunk, his dark eyes eager. "What?" she repeated. His eyes had the same trick of flaring that Nick's eyes had.

"You look like a princess!" he told her. "Oh, I do like the way you look in a dress, mummy." His fingers went out and touched the folds of the pink crepe.

Clare's eyelids stung as she bent over him.

"You smell so good," he said, his arms tight about her neck, his nose nuzzling against her ear. "Like flowers."

"Oh, Jackie," she said. "Oh, darling." She kissed him again, feeling guilty and ashamed.

It was not true that little boys did not notice things. Jackie had always loved clothes. When he was a tiny boy, hardly more than a baby, his excitement when she put on an evening dress had almost embarrassed her.

"An embryo wolf," Nick had remarked on one of those occasions. "Clare, he's leering at you!" Nick's eyes had flashed and flickered. "Chip off the old block," he added, really leering, the wolf full grown.

"The old blockhead, you mean!" she had retorted.

It was strange how much of their conversations she could remember. . . .

AS SHE walked along the lane which led from her house to the Blaneys', more memories of Nick walked beside her. So many times they had taken this path together, when it was sweet with the wild honeysuckle which climbed the stone walls at either side, when snow crunched beneath their shoes and stars were frosty in the sky above. The Blaney house was bright with lights and the sound of the radio poured into the night. Clare opened the door without knocking and went through the hall to the living room where Ned Blaney sat before the radio and Martha and her sister Lil knitted and listened.

"Hi," said Martha. "We were just getting the news."

Clare sat down in an armchair.

"In the Pacific area, the news is equally good. At Okinawa, Japanese resistance is tightening in the central part of the island, but American forces . . ."

Good news, thought Clare. The only news that she would call good would be the news that Nick was coming home.

Ned turned off the radio. "We're moving right along," he said. "It may not be as long as we've feared."

Clare felt resentment stiffen within her. What did Ned Blaney know of fear, Ned who had not been able to go to war himself and had no one really close to him in the service?

Martha was looking at her, and Clare flushed. "I'm a little sunk tonight," she said. "Hugh is missing in action. Mother telephoned."

Instantly she was sorry that she had told them. It made an awkwardness, a constraint, when people not intimately concerned with the war were made to think about it in personal terms.

It delayed the cutting for partners, turned the whole idea of playing cards into something frivolous and insignificant. Clare wondered what Em was doing this minute. Em probably would not have the bad taste to embarrass people by reminding them that her husband was missing, perhaps dead. One did not do that. The stiff upper lip, the rigid smile . . . one did not tell the truth ever.

She smiled brightly across the table at Ned. "Remember the conventions, partner. One kick means that I have a good supporting hand, and if I cross my eyes that's the signal to take me out in anything you've got."

It wasn't funny. Nothing was funny without Nick.

Martha and Lil walked home with her. She could tell, by their chatter, their insistent cheerfulness, that she had let them see how wretched she was.

Katy Nicola went home, and the house became still and empty with the added emptiness of night. She put out the lights and went slowly up the stairs, looked in at Jackie, who was asleep, crowded against the wall by nine stuffed animals. Looking at him, asleep, with his dusky lashes motionless on his bright cheeks, she always wondered how she could ever possibly be cross or impatient with him. She bent to kiss him.

She must be a good mother to Jackie, she told herself, a better mother than she had been. She and Nick had talked so many long evenings about his bringing-up, about the things they wanted to build for him. Until Nick came home she had a double job to do and she must not fail.

Tomorrow if it was a good day, she'd pack a picnic lunch and they would go to the woods and eat it. Perhaps they could find early Mayflowers on the southern slopes of the hills. Nick would like that, like to think of them picking Mayflowers together. As she undressed, she began to compose, in her mind, the letter to Nick.

At eight, when she opened her eyes and saw the sunshine, she remembered at once. This was to be Jackie's day. Today she would wear a dress for Jackie, the figured blue-and-white dirndl and gay red play shoes.

He was playing in the orchard when she came downstairs. She opened the kitchen door and stood, framed in the doorway.

"Good morning, darling! What are you doing?"

He lifted his tanned face, his eyes remote and preoccupied with his project. "Digging foxholes. Don't you remember, mother? Freddy Ives is coming to play with me today."

"Oh," said Clare. "He is?"

"Don't you *remember?*"

"I'd forgotten," she answered.

"Forgotten!" he echoed scornfully. "What you all dressed up for?"

She turned swiftly and went back into the kitchen, started breakfast. It was idiotic to be cross with Jackie because she had forgotten his plans, or because he had not foreseen hers. It was silly, too, to dislike Freddy Ives as she did. Freddy was a big boy, eight years old, with missing

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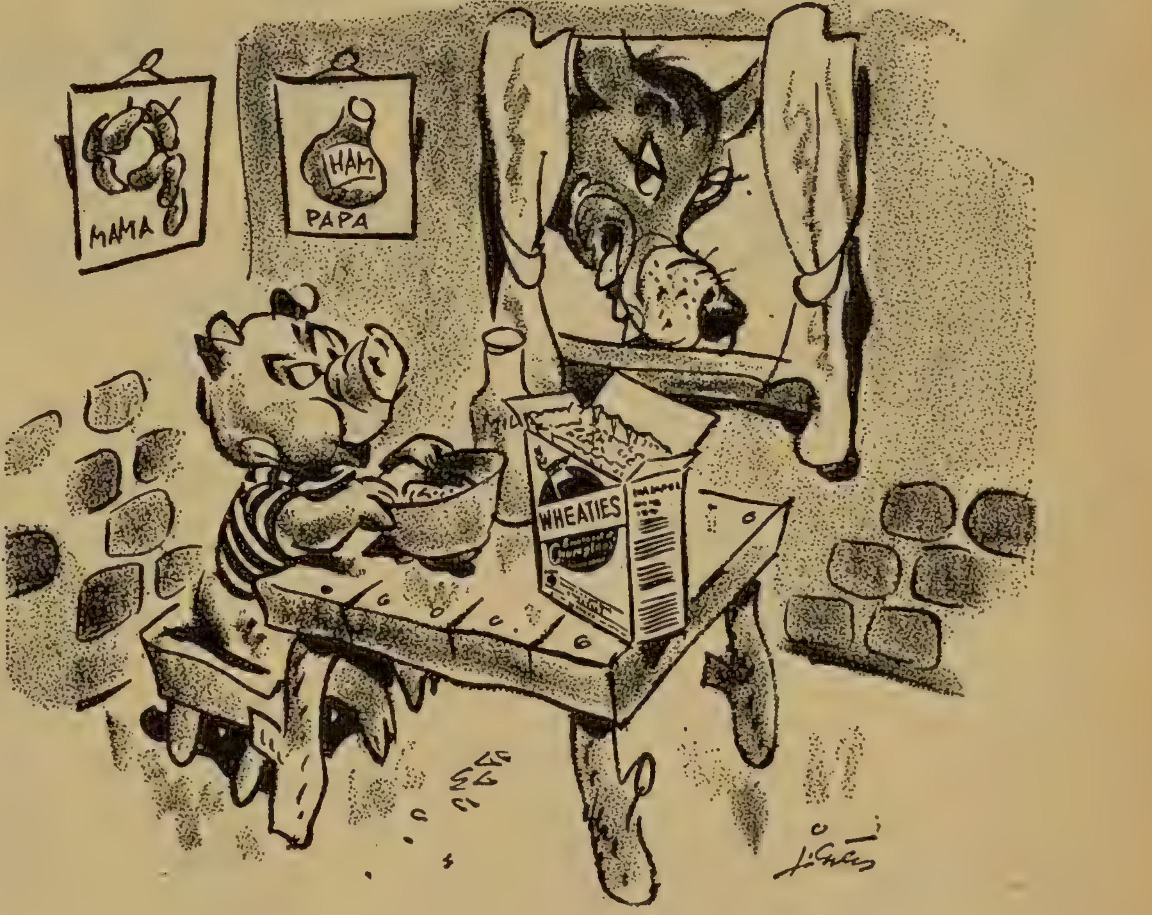

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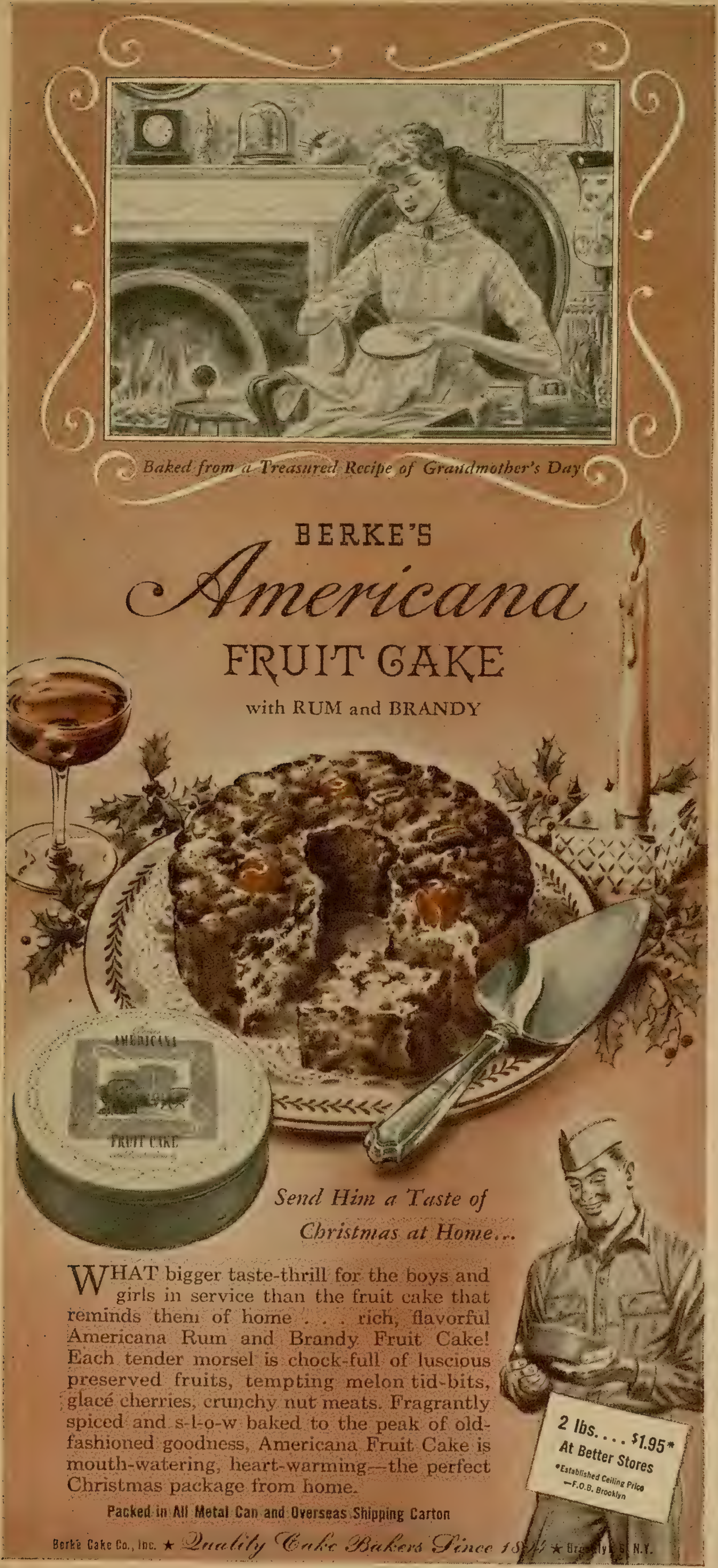
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front teeth and such wonderful possessions as a five-bladed jackknife and a BB gun. Her dislike of Freddy, she realized honestly, was her resentment of the alien world which would so soon engulf her son, which would make a chasm between them. At not-quite-six, he was still her baby. At six, taking the yellow school bus every morning, with his lunch box in his hand, he would be a boy.

When she called, "Breakfast!" he left his digging reluctantly.

"Freddy said for me to get everything ready," he told her. "You know what, mom? He's coming over on his bicycle."

Freddy's bicycle had a siren horn, and its scream preceded him up the lane. Jackie gulped his milk and slammed the screen door.

"Hi, Freddy!"

"Hello, kid." Freddy leaned the bicycle against the side of the house. "I can't stay long because I'm going fishing this afternoon. Maybe I'll catch a swordfish."

Jackie was speechless for a moment. "My father caught a whale oncet," he said.

"No kidding?"

"In the Pacific Ocean."

CLARE sighed and moved away from the open door. She did the dishes, cleaned the house, put Jackie's potato into the oven to bake. At eleven o'clock she sat down to write Nick, one of the first-draft, true letters, which would be edited later on.

"I miss you so, darling. Everything's flat and senseless without you. It's a lovely sunny day, and so what, when you're not here? I ought to weed the big flower bed, and oh, Nick, I don't care whether it's weeded or not! What do I care about flowers now?"

She crumpled the page fiercely.

"Nick darling, I'm a very silly woman —or do you remember? I've been cross all morning and I've just realized why. Our son stood me up! I was planning a picnic for us, but it seemed he had made other arrangements. A Big Boy—a character Eight Years Old—has deigned to play with him, and what chance had I? None. I honestly believe I've been jealous. Darling, will you please write him and lay down the law about when he can have —1, a jackknife; 2, a bow and arrows; 3, a BB gun; and, 4, a bicycle? He asks me a hundred times a day."

Subconsciously she had been listening to the boys' voices outside. Now her pencil stopped and she realized that it was some time since she had heard a sound.

She went to the door and called, "Jackie! Freddy! Boys!"

There was no answer. She walked around the house, calling, and Freddy's bicycle was gone too.

"Jackie!" she called. "Where are you?"

"I'm here," said Jackie's voice, thick and choked.

"Where?" Clare cried. "Where, Jackie?"

He rose slowly from the tall grass of the orchard, and then ran, catapulting himself into her arms. His face was streaked with tears and, as Clare knelt, holding him against her, he was shaking.

"Darling," she soothed. "Darling, darling." Her hand stroked his head and her heart thumped. What now? she wondered.

Jackie rubbed his eyes with the back of his hand. "I hate Freddy Ives!" he said. "He's a liar. He's a Dam Liar."

She held him close, waiting.

"You know what he said?" he demanded.

"No. What?"

Jackie tossed his head. "He said that my father might get dead in the Pacific." His voice shook with a scorn that was mostly bravado and with a dreadful uncertainty. "That's a Dam Lie, isn't it,

(*Continued on page 74*)

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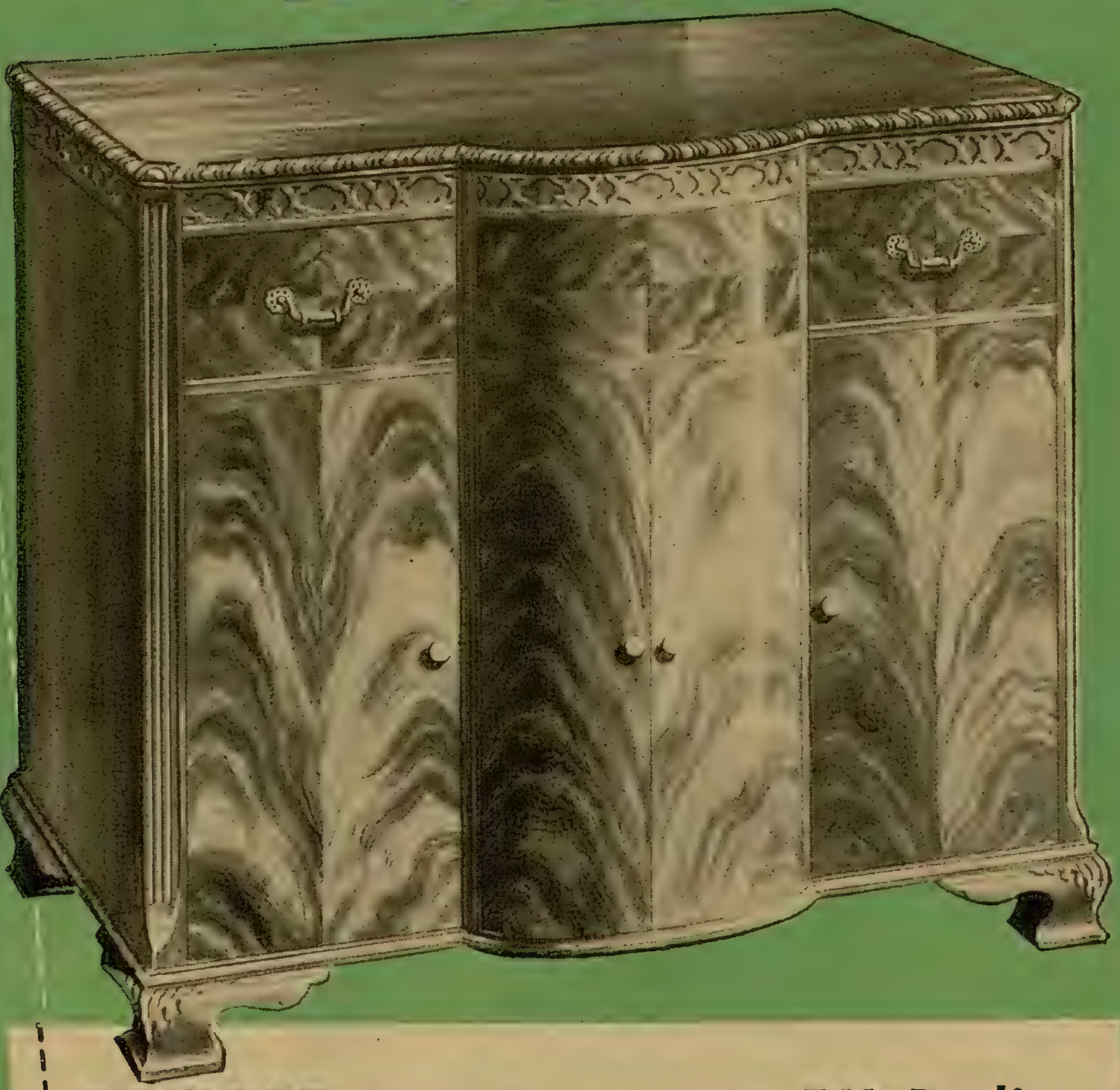

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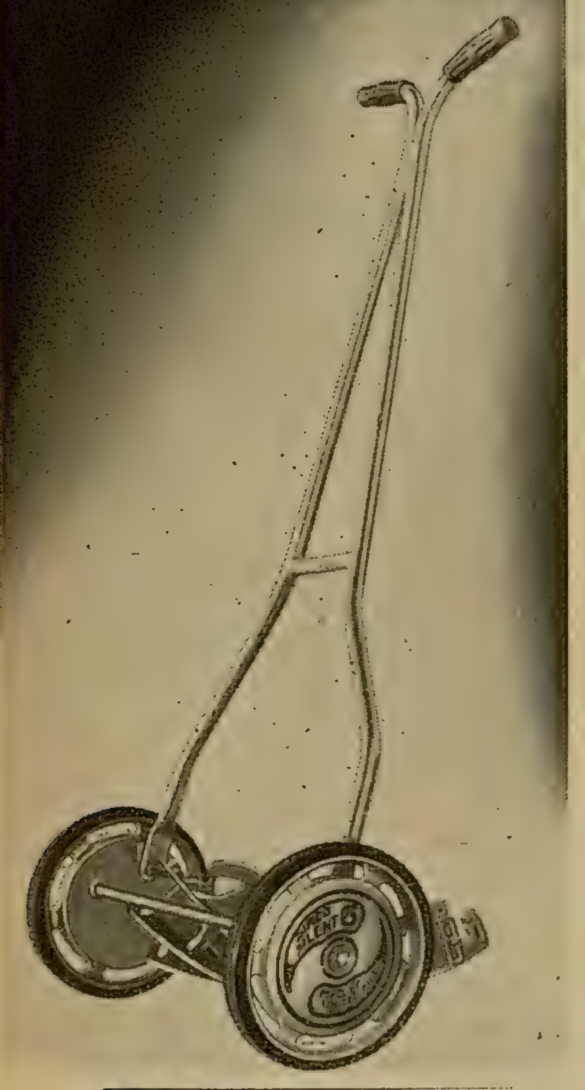

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(*Continued from page* 72)

mother?"

Clare looked at him silently, her mouth dry.

"I told him my father *promised* us he'd come back, and he said that was silly. *He's* silly, isn't he, mother?"

You can't tell the truth, thought Clare. You certainly can't tell the truth to a little boy not six! As she looked into his frightened tear-wet eyes, she remembered Nick. *We'll never lie to him, Clare. The best way to make sure of a truthful child is never to tell him the first lie. . . .*

"Daddy promised that he'd come back if he could," she heard herself answering, clear and quite steady.

His wet brown eyes stared at her. "But he couldn't—he wouldn't—really get dead, would he? He'd kill those Japs first, wouldn't he? He's bigger—" His voice stopped.

Clare said, "Jackie, that's why we have to pray so hard. To bring him home safe. Lots of people do get killed in wars. It could happen to daddy. We have to hope and pray."

"But—" His small forehead was corrugated with trying to understand this terrible new thing. "What would we *do* if daddy got killed?"

"We'd take care of each other," she told him. "We'd try to do everything the way he wanted, Jackie, and be brave."

"I wish we could get him a bulletproof vest," he said. "Only there's submarines, too. Couldn't we send him some water wings?"

"He has some," she replied quite gravely. "Don't you know those funny jackets they call Mae Wests?"

"Why do they?"

Clare laughed. It seemed strange that she could laugh. Nick would have laughed, too. "Oh, because Mae West is a plump lady and they look like her."

"Why do they have this old war?"

"Well," she said, "it's sort of complicated, Jackie. You see, it began when you were a little baby." She told him things he could understand, and later, when they went into the house, she got out the atlas and showed him the countries on the maps, the big blue Pacific Ocean, and the dots that were islands where Nick had been.

SHE was setting out their lunch in the kitchen when she heard the radio go on in the living room. A singing commercial, quickly strangled, a blast of music, before it stopped at the midday news. She stood on the threshold and looked at her child bent forward, listening. She waited until the broadcast ended before she said gently, "Lunch is ready, darling."

He was too young to comprehend war, yet some new knowledge had formed inside his head. That night when he said his prayers, his eyes shut tight, his hands clenched. "Bring my father home safe, please," he begged. It was as though he were trying to pray harder.

There was a long gay letter from Nick in the mailbox next morning.

She wrote Nick, a few days later: "It's a strange psychological thing about Jackie. He has become interested in the war news. He asks me questions and really seems to understand maps and movements. But he's lost all interest in playing war. I'm not sure whether I like it or not. You can say, 'Just like a woman!' darling, and I'll make a bow. I hated those perpetual war games, and yet now that he seems to realize the awful seriousness of it, I'm almost regretful. He's such a little boy to have any awareness of something so big."

She addressed the envelope and wrote an eight and a five within the circle. Eighty-five letters—eighty-five weeks.

Jackie was spending the day with the

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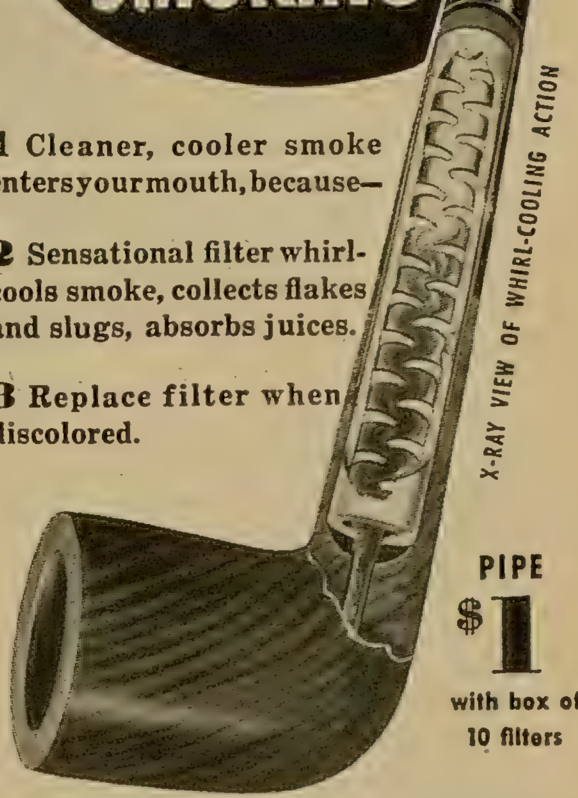
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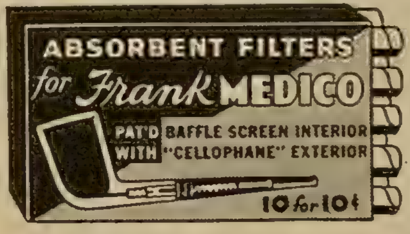

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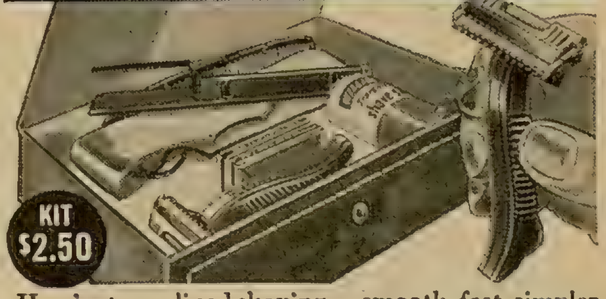

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Blaneys, and she decided to walk to the village to mail her letter, and market, and then stop at Martha's to pick him up. As she walked down her path between the thriving perennial borders, Chet Barker's station wagon went up the lane. She waved, smiling, but he did not see her, which was surprising. Chet, the see all, know all, tell all of the town, Nick had once described him. Chet was station agent, expressman, and telegraph operator.

She posted her letter and did her marketing, and when again she turned up her path to leave her bundles, she saw Martha Blaney sitting on her doorstep. Martha's eyes met Clare's reluctantly, and she got to her feet slowly, and stood still.

"Nick?" said Clare.

Martha's throat moved as she swallowed. She put out one hand.

Clare stood still, holding the market basket. "Is he wounded or dead?" she asked.

"Oh, Clare!" cried Martha. She put her arms around her friend.

"He's dead," said Clare. She pulled away from Martha's embrace and carried the basket to the steps, set it down carefully.

"Let me see it," she added, knowing now why Chet had not looked in her direction.

Martha gave her the message. "The War Department regrets to inform you . . . "

"Clare darling—" Martha said, and Clare looked at her blankly.

"Go away, Martha. Don't try to talk. There's nothing to say."

JACKIE and Paul appeared around the corner of the house.

"Hi, mom," Jackie called. "Can Paul stay to supper?"

"Go away, Jackie," said Clare.

Jackie looked at her in astonishment. He saw the telegram in her hand. "Is that from my father?" he asked.

Clare said, quite flatly, "Your father is dead, Jackie."

Martha Blaney uttered a cry of protest. Paul, frightened and bewildered, began to sob loudly. Jackie walked up to his mother and took hold of her limp hand.

"Mummy!" he said.

"Go away, please," she repeated.

He clung tenaciously to her fingers. "You told me," he said. "People have to get killed in war. We did pray hard, mummy, both of us. God can't help it because it isn't even fair to Him."

Clare Hamilton looked down at her son.

"You told me the truth, mummy. You said it could happen. He promised to come home if he could."

"Jackie," said Clare softly. "Oh, Jackie!" She knelt down so that their faces were on a level, and suddenly she bent her head against his small square shoulder, her arms tight about him.

"You said we'd try to do what he wanted and be brave," he reminded her, standing stiff and awkward, with her face pressing against his neck, supporting her weight. She sobbed and a look of pain and bewilderment came into his eyes. "Oh, mummy, what would daddy want us to do *first?*" he asked.

Clare lifted her head. Tears streamed down her cheeks. Paul clung to his mother, wailing, and Jackie began to cry.

"I didn't *want* him to be dead!" he sobbed. "I prayed so hard!"

Clare pulled him against her and knelt, rocking him back and forth, soothing him. "I know, darling," she said. "I do know. But we'll take care of each other. We'll do things the way he wanted." She looked up at Martha over the top of the small dark head, and her lips stirred in a faint smile. "I think daddy would want Paul to stay to supper, Jackie. I got strawberries at the store."

THE END

Haines Hall

Game from the hills...

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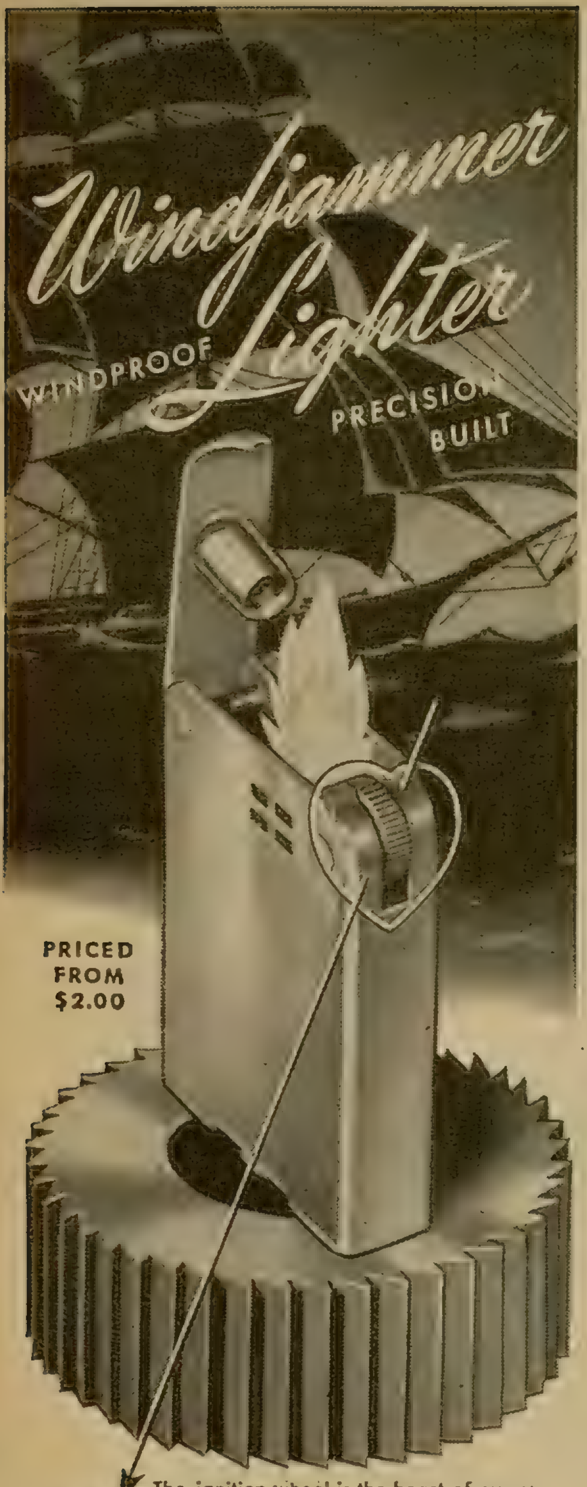

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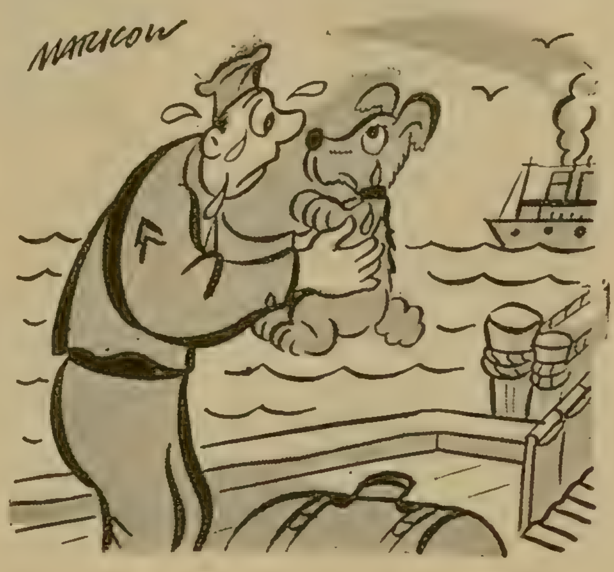
THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

SGT. VICTOR DIAMOND, *Victorville, Calif.* No, the B-29 Superfortress is not the biggest bomber ever produced in the United States. The experimental XB-19, built about a year and a half ago, had a wingspread of 212 feet, as compared to the 141-foot spread of the B-29. The XB-19 never proved successful, though, and was dropped.

* * *

Cpl. Tommy Cooke, Luzon. No, you won't be allowed to bring your dog home with you from the Philippines. Army Regulations prohibit the carrying of pets or mascots on Army vessels. I know how tough it's going to be to part from "Top Kick," but it all comes under the heading of the fortunes of war.



How tough!

* * *

Frieda Lobel, New York, N. Y. I agree with you that spectator sports are not absolutely necessary during a war, but I would not bar participation in sports. The only time a sport has ever been tied up with the defense of a country was back in 1457, when the Scotch Parliament banned the playing of golf because it was taking too much time from archery, which was considered necessary for defense.

* * *

R. H., Brooklyn, N. Y. Old Sarge has looked up both quotations for you. General George A. Taylor, of the Fighting First Division, while hanging on to the beach in France on D Day, said to his men: "Hell, we're dying here on the beach. Let's move inland and die." Sergeant Joe Louis' statement at Madison Square Garden was: "We're gonna win the war . . . 'cause we're on God's side."

* * *

Mrs. Ken Harlow, New Orleans, La. You have been misinformed about the ravages of malaria in the Army. As a matter of official record, the over-all death rate is .01 per cent, which means malaria is fatal in only one case out of every thousand.

* * *

Lillian D. Peters, Santa Ana, Calif. When I wrote to you and said you couldn't hold 1941 quotations against anyone in 1945, I meant that it is permissible for circumstances to change a man's opinion. For instance, in 1941 a certain colonel in the U. S. Army said, "The German Army is the best in circulation. If the 'Fight for Freedom' organization knows a better army, let me hear about it." In 1945 that colonel had a different opinion, for in 1945 he was General Walter Beedle Smith—the man who accepted Nazi General Jodl's surrender of the German Army in the little red schoolhouse in Rheims, France.

* * *

Pvt. R. L. S., Portland, Ore. You will still be entitled to the benefits of the G. I. Bill of Rights with your "blue" discharge, since those benefits are available to veterans with other than a dishonorable discharge. However, you will not be allowed to wear the gold lapel button signifying service in the Armed Forces.

* * *

Sgt. Carl Dowling, Miami Beach, Fla. America is the greatest machine-producing country in history, but you are asking for a little too much when you ask that a new plane be designed and put in production in three months. Just to give you an idea of how long it may take, the famous Lockheed P-38 was designed in 1936, made its first flight in 1939, and went into production in January, 1941.

* * *

Larry Black, Minneapolis, Minn. It is true that if a discharge certificate is destroyed, it is irreplaceable. However, you can get a certifying letter from the Adjutant General's Office, U. S. Army, in Washington, D. C. (Note to other veterans: Have photostatic copies of your discharge made, so that it will not be necessary to carry the valuable original.)

* * *

Mrs. G. T., Buffalo, New York. Yes, you are entitled to a free memorial flag. The next-of-kin of anyone who dies in the Armed Forces of the United States is furnished such a flag upon request.

Army: When a soldier is buried overseas in a registered grave, make the request to the nearest Veterans Administration Office. When buried at sea, or when body is not recovered, make the request to Quartermaster General, U. S. Army, Washington, D. C.

Navy: Make request to Bureau of Ships, Navy Department, Washington, D. C.

Marine Corps: Request to Headquarters, U. S. Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Coast Guard: Write to Headquarters, U. S. Coast Guard, Washington, D. C.

Important: Include name, rank, and serial number of the deceased, plus all other information you have.

This department of Liberty is for your convenience. It is here to answer your questions about the Armed Forces. No names will be used without express permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

IT'S A TOPSY-TURVY WORLD—TO THEM!

Continued from Page 29

try will require far more than a superficial knowledge of this country and its people.

In describing the traits and psychology of the "average American," for example, Miss Margaret Mead, noted author and anthropologist, was called upon to explain our national reverence for that typical American invention, the I. Q. test; how it could have appeared in an American newspaper that the average intelligence of our soldiers is between thirteen and fourteen years; and why astrology magazines are so popular here.

AFTER explaining these riddles, she went on to say:

"Here, everybody likes to think he belongs to the middle class, even the rich who can afford six servants. Equally, workers in this country tend to think their children won't be workers, and thus we move toward a rather middle-class picture. A striking example of this," she pointed out, "is that we have no youth movement from labor at all. We have Boy Scouts and Campfire Girls, comprised of the children of rich and poor alike. Workers' children go into middle-class organizations but form no organization of their own at all. There is always this orientation toward the middle class."

To the infinite delight of the Russians, Miss Mead described the American idea of home: "A white house in a magazine advertisement, with green shutters and a lawn all around, and a vacuum cleaner and all the latest electrical gadgets, and father running up and saying, 'I just got a raise.'

"This stereotype, this fiction," she went on, "is sometimes called the American Dream. It is the way all unified people, who are at the same time very, very diverse, get to think. When a number of people in this country talk about saving the American home, they are all talking about the same home, but none of them will be living in it."

Such statements of course brought forth an excited barrage of questions. The one point that recurred constantly in discussing all the topics, whether radio, the theater, motion-picture production, or what have you, was that these endeavors were not sponsored or federally underwritten in this country, but were risks taken by private companies or private citizens. The fact that a show will run for years on Broadway astonishes the Russians, accustomed to a repertory state theater with a weekly change in program, or to keeping a worthwhile show in repertory permanently. They had to grasp the idea that the American producer of the hit show has invested heavily and therefore wants his show to run just as long as it's in the money.

The same principle was apparent in the question, "If nobody in America likes to listen to radio advertising, why do you still have it?" The answer: Without advertising, no profit; no profit, no radio shows, and everybody likes radio shows.

Like most foreigners in this country, they admired the American sense of humor and loved the spice of American slang. Our habit of ribbing—blandly insulting one another for no apparent purpose—is a characteristic that at first is a source of wonder to strangers. It takes a little time for them to place this type of levity correctly in the pattern of our humor. Speaking on "American English," Professor Margaret Schlauch pointed out that "the interesting thing about most of our slang is that it illustrates a characteristic American

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tendency to play with language. We don't necessarily use slang as an economy of words. Instead, we're inclined to be wasteful of words in order to be humorous."

Our lunch-counter slang affords a typical example, Professor Schlauch went on. Instead of ordering hash, the counterman shouts, "Clean up the kitchen!" and for black coffee, "Draw one in the dark!"

The Russians were delighted, and from that time on have been vying with one another in collecting slang expressions.

ANOTHER phase of American life that mystified them at first is the idealized taste in motion-picture art in this country. They held the American motion picture in high esteem, and knew the personal lives of all the stars, but they couldn't understand why all movie actresses must necessarily be gorgeous and all actors handsome.

Asked why the Russian farm scenes in North Star were so prettified, Mr. McManus explained, "Since it is a policy in our films to present as nearly as possible the ideal woman, man, and situation, it would seem a great mistake to picture the home of a war ally in less ideal terms. Since this idealism is what you might call the idiom in which people accept films, it becomes logical to use the same idiom when we speak about an ally with whom we are seeking obviously and properly to create an understanding and liking."

The Russian students hashed this over for a minute and emerged, evidently pleased, with the verdict that McManus was quite right.

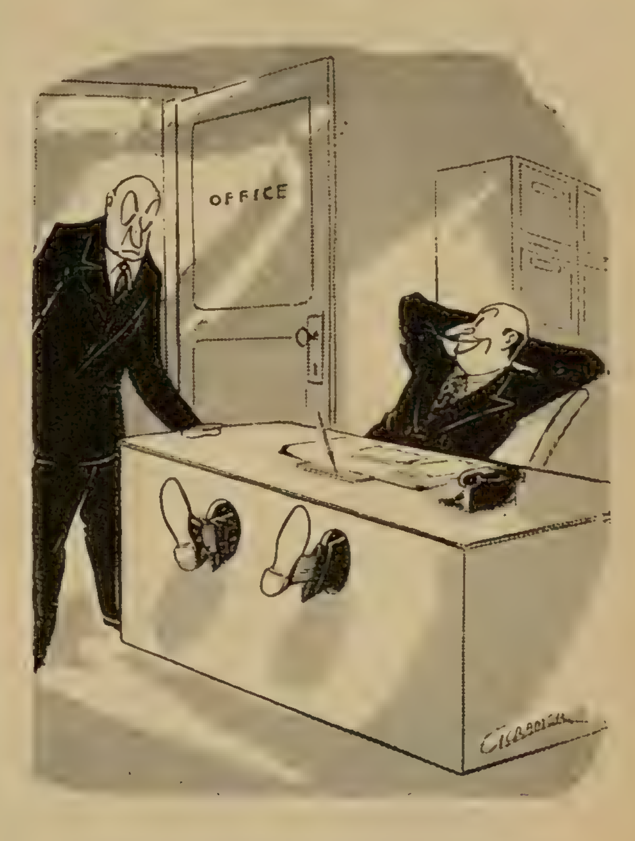
After one session, Mr. Gamzue took a couple of the students out for a late snack. They ordered coffee and pancakes. When the pancakes arrived with maple syrup, the Russian followed his example and poured it generously over their stacks. The boys tasted it warily, a look of dismay spreading over their faces. They looked at Gamzue, evidently wanting to know what was the big idea.

"That's maple syrup. Comes from Vermont," he explained.

"In Russia we also eat pancakes, always wiz caviar and sour cream," stated one of the boys, turning to his fellow student for moral support. "Sour cream goes better, doesn't it?" he asked.

"No," came the wistful response, "I like better with maple syrup. Sour cream makes me homesick."

THE END



"It's more comfortable than putting them on top."

MADISON SQUARE GARDENER

Continued from Page 35

of engineering jobs and made inspection trips, traveling around the country and absorbing additional practical experience.

In 1932 he was hired as assistant engineer of the Garden. Seven years later he became assistant to Jim McNally, ailing veteran superintendent of the arena. When McNally died a few years after that, Donopria was placed in full charge.

The problems that had confronted McNally and those he faced himself formed the foundation of Donopria's magical bag of tricks.

When Paderewski, scheduled for a charity concert in 1932, refused to play in the huge arena with the existing acoustics, the Garden magicians, unperturbed, installed a sound-absorbent ceiling of rock wool at a cost of $35,000. And when Walter Damrosch conducted an orchestra there, a seven-and-a-half-ton sounding board was put in, at his request, so that the notes wouldn't rebound off the great dome, seventy-nine feet above the audience, and get scattered around.

A really serious problem confronted Donopria's mentor in the early days. John Ringling, one of the original backers of the Garden, had, ironically, neglected to allow sufficient height in the arena entrances for his own circus elephants to enter! The defect was remedied by hinging two sections of seats over the entrances, so that they could be raised or lowered as needed.

One of the few things the Garden can't handle, Donopria recalls wryly, showed up after a $1,000 prize contest in 1936 for the best suggestion for its summertime use. The overwhelming majority of requests were for a swimming pool. But the Garden's floor wasn't built to take the weight of a huge pool and the enormous quantity of water necessary to fill it.

First prize, incidentally, went to a man who proposed a concert by the WPA orchestra, largest in the world. The event was staged, and although the Garden lost $500, President John Reed Kilpatrick was not unhappy. "The patient died," he said, "but the operation was successful." For the Garden got an estimated quarter of a million dollars in free publicity.

So far, the Garden has a record to maintain. At no time in its history has an event been canceled because it couldn't be staged properly or on time. Donopria's closest shave in this respect occurred back in 1939 on one of his first jobs as boss. With a basketball game scheduled for the next night, and the superintendent busy directing the construction of the court, Shorty, one of the truck drivers, headed down the ramp to the storage vault to get the backboards.

THESE backboards are special glass plates, three quarters of an inch thick, to enable spectators in the end arena and balcony seats to see the exciting action under the basket. They weigh about 500 pounds each and require delicate handling by several men. For some reason that Donopria doesn't know to this day, Shorty decided to load singlehanded. Somehow—and this is another minor mystery—he got them onto his truck. When he reached the top level, however, one of the men took a look at them, and yelled for Donopria.

"The backboards are cracked!" he moaned.

"*Both* of them?" Donopria asked quickly. He had a spare stored away for just such an emergency.

"Yep," came the glum answer.

At that hour Donopria couldn't possibly get a glazier to prepare new plates in time. And he had to be ready by early *morning* to enable the basketball teams to practice and adjust themselves to the court.

Wooden backboards could be used if absolutely necessary, but the Garden would have to refund a lot of money to people whose view would be blocked. He had to figure out some other solution.

At that point he suddenly recalled that Mike Jacobs had taken a fling at professional basketball over at the Hippodrome, where they'd used glass backboards. With two of his men he raced over to the Hippodrome. But the place was dark and they couldn't find the watchman.

Desperately they looked around the building, and finally discovered an open service entrance door. Inside, one of Donopria's men who had once worked at the Hippodrome led the way to the loft where the glass backboards should be stored.

They were there all right, but Donopria had to waste more precious time finding somebody who could release them. Finally he found a relative of Mike Jacobs who had the authority, and the backboards were carted to the Garden.

The new glass plates were a little too small for the Garden frames, and a welder had to be called in to shape the brackets to the substitute backboards. The job was finally completed, and Donopria relaxed. The show would go on.

Shorty, the chap responsible for the damage, quit on the same day, expecting that he'd have to pay $150 apiece for the cracked plates. On the contrary, he's back at the Garden again, one of Donopria's best men. But the canny superintendent, like any good magician, is taking no chances now. He has *three* spares stacked away in his storage vault—just in case!

THE END

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The thrifty, keen-edged Thin Gillette!
For ease and speed it wins hands down—
The swellest low-priced blade in town!
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Produced by the Maker of the Famous Gillette Blue Blade
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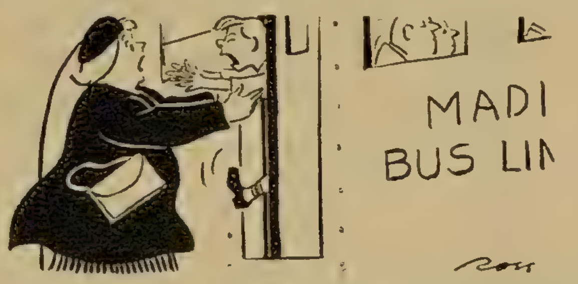
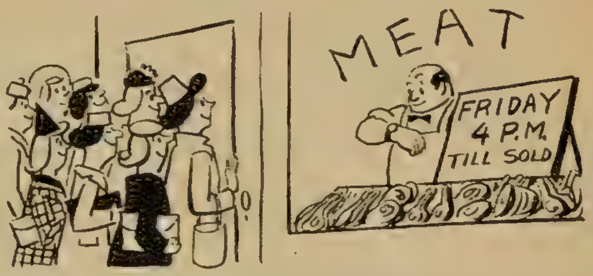
Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

AUTOMATIC TROUBLE: A modern marvel we'd be better off without is the door on buses and trolleys that opens automatically when a passenger steps on the tread next to it. After she disembarks, the door closes itself, which sounds obliging, but isn't if the lady has a small child waiting on the higher step for Momma to turn around and pluck him out. If she has a shopping bag or packages, it's natural for her to leave Sonny till she descends, so she won't spill him en route, and the next thing she knows, the door is closing between her and her descendant. By acting quickly and thrusting her foot back on the step she can manage to rend the door open before the bus starts off. A New York bus conductor told me that old ladies were constantly getting into difficulties, trying to maneuver themselves and packages out, with an uncooperative umbrella caught on the other side of the automatic door. This kind of door is a very special menace, since the driver cannot open it from his seat.



CHRISTMAS IS HERE AGAIN!—Christmas comes twice a year nowadays—the regulation December 25 model for folks on the home front, and the one we're now handling for our service men and women overseas. The War and Navy Departments, the OWI, the War Advertising Council, and the Army and Navy postal services all join in reminding us that *the official period for sending gifts overseas extends from September 15 to October 15.* Last year 84,000,000 Christmas packages were delivered to our fighting forces before Christmas Day. The War Department warns us that packages will be accepted for mailing only within the present limitations of size and weight, 15 inches in length, and 36 inches in length and girth combined. Don't pack gifts in a shoebox or other flimsy container. Last year thousands of packages fell apart and were undeliverable. Gifts worth buying and mailing are worth the extra dime a good stout corrugated fiberboard box may cost you. The container approved by the War Production Board is 10 inches by 6 by 4, which permits compact packing. Boxes should be wrapped in heavy paper if possible, and tied with strong twine. Contents should be packed tightly, with shredded paper or other filler to keep articles from shifting. *An extensive survey has been taken of what service men and women want and don't want.* Heading the list of DON'TS are soft candies, soft cakes and cookies, because they don't travel well. Among the things our fighting men want are pictures, canned luxuries such as olives, nuts, sardines, books, writing cases, service watches, pipes, pens, engraved identification tags, waterproof wallets, cigarette lighters. Our servicewomen ask for pictures, books, play clothes, stockings. *Prohibited* by the War and Navy departments are perishables, intoxicants, inflammable materials (including matches of all kinds and lighter fluids), and poisons. Addresses must be legible, in typewriting or ink. A slip containing the complete address of addressee and sender plus a list of the contents should be enclosed to permit identification in case the address on the outside becomes defaced or the box is broken. Parcels containing only books are acceptable at a special postage rate, lower than parcel post. . . . If you *must* bake him a cake, make the kind of fruitcake that lasts. By taking the top off an ordinary tomato-juice can, baking the cake in the can, then sealing the top back on with adhesive tape, and packing in a sturdy box with plenty of filler paper, your man *may* get the cake intact. But don't waste scarce sugar, butter, and time baking a cake that can't take a beating . . . Greeting cards must be in sealed envelopes and may be mailed at any time during or after the thirty-day mailing period for packages. . . . Don't forget, he wants letters most of all, with news and pictures of home. You can mail those every day of the week, and he will love you for them.



FRIDAY AT FOUR: A Portland, Maine, meat store advertises lamb legs, lamb rib chops, leg of veal, veal chops, and veal patties under the heading, "Friday 4 P.M. till sold." That's one of those afternoon parties bound to be a success.

HEAVEN BE PRAISED!

**Hark to the sounds of merrymaking
Intoned by mothers now forsaking
The seashore camp, the mountain perch.
As back to town they blithely lurch,
They bask in thoughts of urban ease
Devoid of poison oak and fleas,
With running water, cold and hot,
And ice cubes spawned upon the spot.**

**Long have they brooded, lest the fall
And home would not return at all,
With grocery stores in every block,
And bread and milk, at least, in stock,
And bathroom pipes that need no plumber
To drop around and spend the summer. . . .
Plus that ecstatic moment when
Their young are trapped in school again!**

IN PLYMOUTH, MASS...91% OF THE OIL-O-MATIC OIL BURNERS INSTALLED IN THE PAST 20 YEARS ARE STILL ON THE JOB

Plan for your future security. Keep the War Bonds that you buy!

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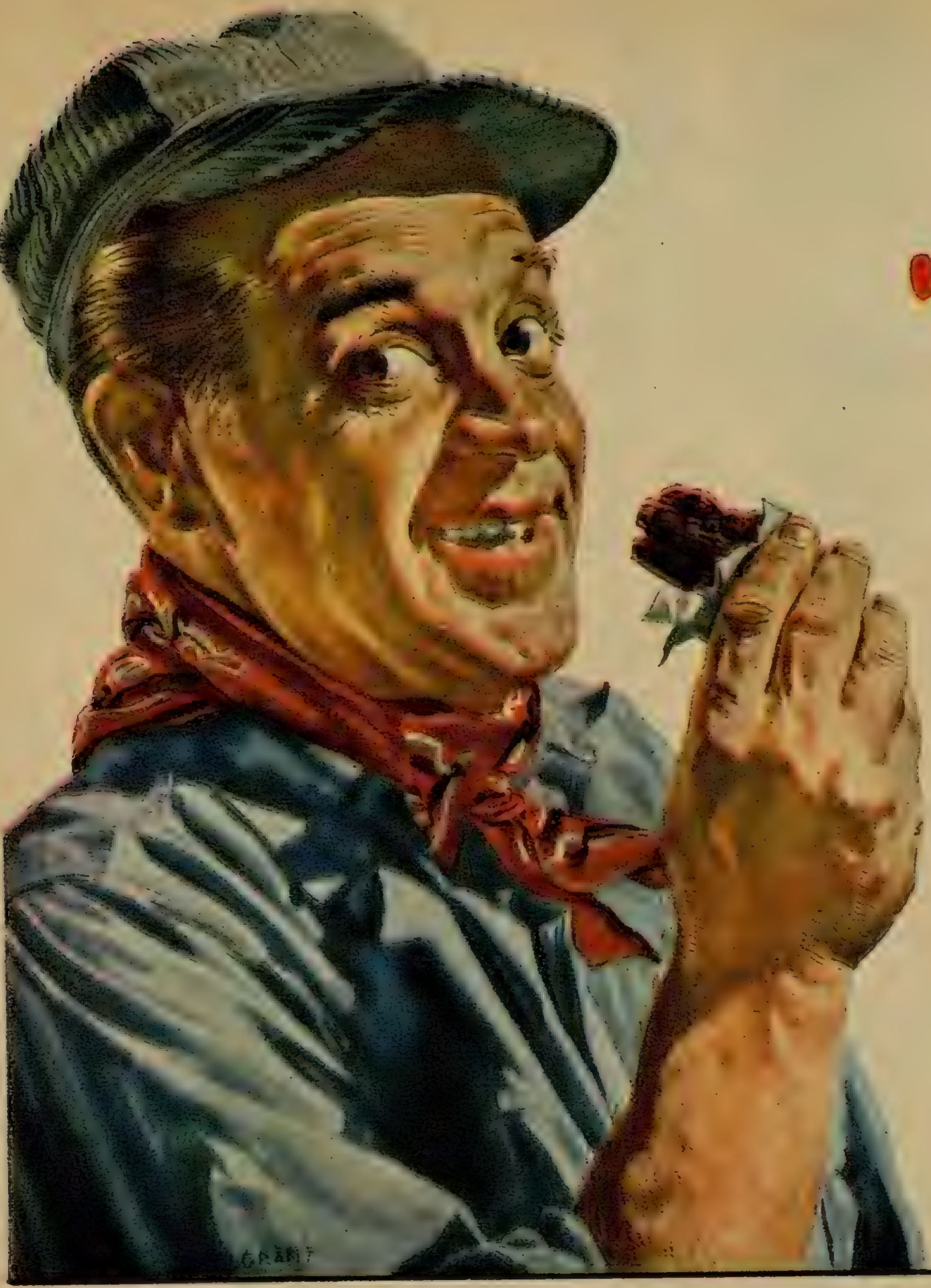

The "Can Do" of Candy

There's room in the fist of any two-fisted guy for a handful of candy—whether he's bossing a truck, tickling a typewriter or swinging a brassie. When he takes in candy, he takes in energy—and energy helps do the job better.

There's a boost in candy which men on the job, women at work and children at play are fast learning to know and to appreciate.

We call it the "*Can Do*" of Candy.

That "Can Do" simply means quick energy which gives you the get-up-and-go to keep on with the job. To keep up the pace when you feel like slacking up.

Candy won't do a worker's work, but the energy it provides will help him feel more like doing it.

Candy won't teach a child to spell, but its important energy helps give him the will and concentration to learn.

Candy won't do the housework, but its quickly available energy will help make the homemaker feel that the dust mop pushes more easily and the dishwashing goes faster.

Sure, candy is a pleasant food to eat, with its fine flavors and its wholesome ingredients from farm, orchard and dairy.

But candy, because it's one of the energy champions among foods, eaten at the right time, is a friend for anyone who has a job to do.

WAR NOTE: If your favorite candy is scarce these days, remember war conditions cut sugar supplies short. Candy makers are doing their best—so, if you can't find your favorite, try other fine candies.

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. . . an organization devoted to maintaining high standards of quality in candy and the dissemination of authoritative information on its use as an energy-producing, morale-building food.

YOUR EMOTIONS CAN MAKE YOU SICK

Continued from Page 31

We are no longer afraid of the word psychoneurotic because we know it doesn't mean going crazy. A neurosis is no more insanity than mumps is cancer. But we once thought of a neurosis as something that merely made a person act a little peculiarly at times. Now we must face up to the fact it can actually make him sick.

These sicknesses are not imaginary and the patient is not malingering any more than the soldier with combat fatigue is gold-bricking. Indeed, it is the very variety, severity, and duration of the "nervous" person's suffering that makes the doctor suspect he is dealing primarily with a mind and not a body. A diseased gall bladder kicks up only an occasional spasm. Even the pain of cancer is intermittent. But the individual who has fallen sick of his own emotional conflicts is likely to hurt all over all the time!

Nor can he, as his impatient friends and relatives urge, just "will" himself out of his distress. As Drs. Edward Weiss and O. Spurgeon English point out in their textbook on psychosomatic medicine, ". . . without help and enlightenment a patient cannot handle anxiety of an unconscious nature any more than he himself can handle an acutely inflamed appendix."

What's the hope of a cure for the legions of us whose trouble is not failing hearts or diseased livers but our own emotional maladjustments to life?

A lot depends on how eager we are to get well and how willingly we acknowledge that the trouble lies chiefly in ourselves rather than in some abscessed tooth, infected tonsils, or diseased gall bladder. To many people the process of getting to know themselves as they really are is painful business—worse than an operation. It means confessing the existence, under the slick surface we have built up to impress ourselves and others, of primitive impulses that motivate every one of us. Thousands cling to their ailments because they find that an escape into invalidism enables them to duck responsibilities they are too emotionally immature to assume.

Doctors point out that there is no royal road or convenient short cut to mental and emotional health. They remind us that we have usually been a long time "getting that way" and cannot expect to be re-educated overnight.

Brief methods of psychotherapy ranging from sugar pills and mild sedatives to suggestion and hypnosis have proved generally unsatisfactory and disappointing. To tell the public otherwise would be scientific chicanery. At best, these are temporary measures which may shift symptoms but don't reach the root cause of the difficulty, often buried deep in the unconscious mental processes. Eventually the symptoms return or new ones crop up like the Hydra's nine heads, any one of which, when cut off, was succeeded by two others!

If the emotional conflict is fairly close to the level of consciousness and of quite recent origin, any good general practitioner can often straighten out the patient simply by listening to him talk and picking up the clue from his conversation. Thus one doctor arranged an amicable meeting between two former partners who had quarreled, and restored his patient's blood pressure to normal within a week. Sometimes it is a relatively simple thing that needs adjustment—obtaining the co-operation of a nagging wife, shifting a person from a hateful to a happy job, recommending a hobby, or curing mother-in-law trouble that is driving a man to stomach ulcers.

But in many cases the real conflict is unknown to the person himself because the original cause of it was so painful to his pride or his sex that he plowed it under years ago. Now, left to fester in his unconsciousness, it remains lost to his conscious recollection.

In such cases there is still no substitute for depth psychology, or the classic psychoanalytic technique which enables the emotionally sick individual to rediscover and live through the experiences responsible for his psychic shock. Doing that, he can re-evaluate them in the light of his more adult judgment and understanding. By unburdening on a sympathetic and understanding analyst, freely associating ideas under expert guidance, and interpreting his dreams, he is finally unshackled from the past and can head once more toward a happy and constructive life.

More and more, briefer methods of psychotherapy are being sought. Perhaps narcohypnosis, now yielding the Army promising results in cases of combat fatigue, may help solve the problem. In this treatment, injections of sodium pentothal produce a dreamlike trance. In it the soldier can relive his shocking battle experience much more quickly than he can by psychoanalysis. But, so far, this method has seldom been tried on civilians.

ALL this work is hampered by manpower shortage. At present we have only 3,500 trained psychiatrists in the whole country, most of them serving with the armed forces, and the Veterans Administration alone could use 34,000 more after the war. There are also too few outpatient psychiatric clinics to provide free or inexpensive treatment. We need more psychiatric social workers, too.

These things are coming, and will come faster if the public demands them. Our returning veterans desperately need such facilities. As a nation we cannot afford to pay the price of *no* psychotherapy. For it is not the idiots, the low-grade morons, or the insane whose sick emotions produce these crippling and disabling illnesses. The people most liable to succumb to them are, potentially, often the world's most valuable and capable citizens.

Civilization has made tremendous strides in conquering the infectious diseases. Now we must repel the ones that are striking us down from bases established in our own hates, anxieties, and emotional immaturities. It is as challenging a hope as tomorrow's peace conference, because man is trying to wrest this peace from the warring elements within his own heart and soul. When that day comes we shall have achieved the time anticipated by Dr. Harlow Shapley, Harvard astronomer, "when an adult indulging in tuberculosis, arthritis, and neuroses will be branded as a social pariah and put in jail." Not even Dr. Shapley expects it for another hundred years or so!

THE END

SOON

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Ronson Lighters continue to serve our Armed Forces with distinction, the world over. But more RONSONS will soon be available for civilian use, giving smokers traditional RONSON fast action . . . quality . . . precision . . . dependability . . . durability . . . versatility . . . They're well worth waiting for!

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Famous one-finger, one-motion patented RONSON action

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WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

For Cigars, Cigarettes and Pipes

OVER 14,000,000 HAVE BEEN SOLD

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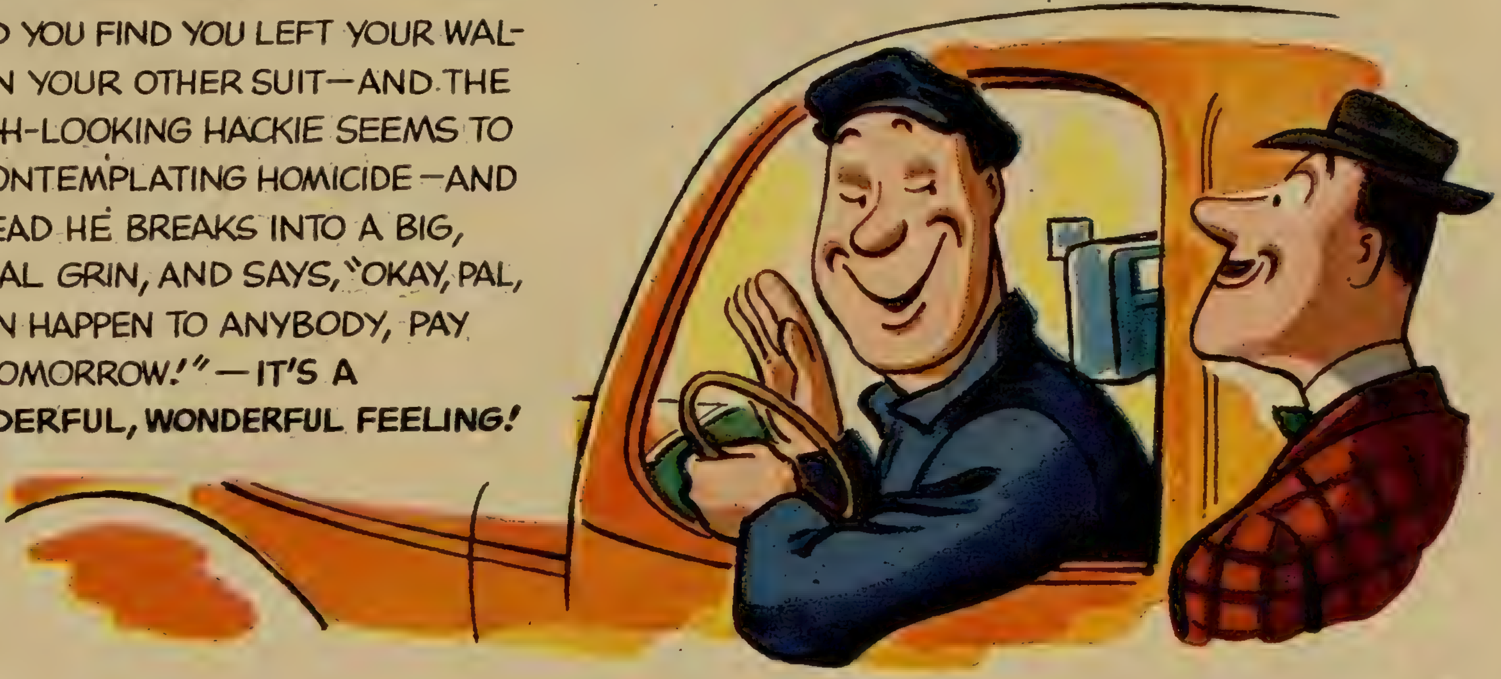
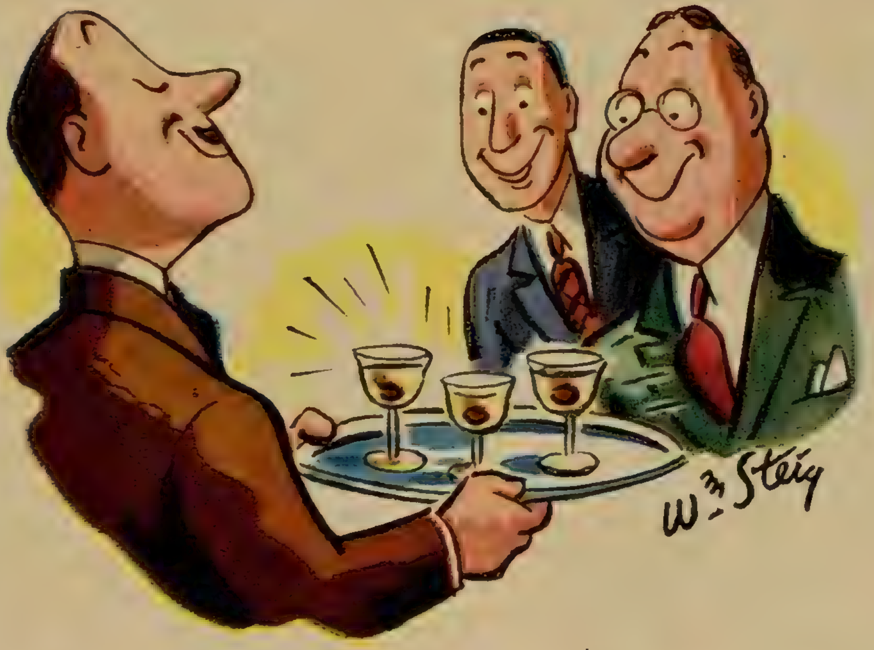
IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!

WHEN IT'S TIME TO PAY THE CAB-FARE —AND YOU FIND YOU LEFT YOUR WALLET IN YOUR OTHER SUIT—AND THE TOUGH-LOOKING HACKIE SEEMS TO BE CONTEMPLATING HOMICIDE—AND INSTEAD HE BREAKS INTO A BIG, GENIAL GRIN, AND SAYS, "OKAY, PAL, IT CAN HAPPEN TO ANYBODY, PAY ME TOMORROW!"—IT'S A **WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!**





WHEN YOU'RE GIVING A PARTY FOR YOUR FRIENDS—AND YOU KNOW EVERYBODY EXPECTS JUST AVERAGE MARTINIS—AND INSTEAD YOU BRING OUT DRINKS MADE WITH KINSEY, THE GENIAL GIN—AND EVERYBODY'S FACE BRIGHTENS, BECAUSE THE DRINKS ARE SO SMOOTH, SO FLAVORSOME, SO UTTERLY DELIGHTFUL—**IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!**

KINSEY

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MR. WEBSTER (THE BIG DICTIONARY MAN) SAYS: "**GENIAL**: CONTRIBUTING TO CHEERFULNESS AND LIFE; AGREEABLY WARM AND CHEERFUL."

KINSEY
Distilled Dry Gin
J. G. Kinsey

94.4 PROOF - 100% SMOOTH

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IT'S WASHABLE
DRIES IN 1 HOUR
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ASK YOUR DEALER FOR A FREE DEMONSTRATION

LIPS HURT?

CHAPPED? When exposure chaps and cracks your lips—apply soothing Lypsyl.

DRY? Has a cold dried and roughened your lips? What you need is Lypsyl for quick relief!

WINDBURNED? If your lips are roughened by wind and sun—ease pain, help heal skin cracks with Lypsyl.

Get LYPSYL for Quick Relief!

- Yes, Lypsyl brings quick relief from sore, chapped lips. A colorless stick pomade. Easy to apply. Only 25¢ at most druggists.

LYPSYL (PRONOUNCED "LIP-SIL")

JAP SURRENDER SALESMEN

Continued from Page 23

right here with me," Charlie had said. "Would you like to meet him?" The Jap had nodded eagerly, and in a moment he and a none-too-confident Vince Smith had been shaking hands.

Everyone silently hoped today's lieutenant would be as tractable. It was now a little past one o'clock. The huntsmen settled down to wait. Sergeants Newsom and Nicolosi kept an alert eye out. Commander Bucknam swept the escarpment with his binoculars, wondering aloud how many Japs were watching the goings-on from the caves and with what quantities of hand grenades and side arms.

ONE twenty-five. Nicolosi sees a head above the cane toward the highway to the rear. "Shall I put one close to him?" he asks.

"No," says Charlie. "He might return the fire." It is concluded that the head belongs to a souvenir hunter out of bounds. Toughie and his companion now return; Toughie pauses behind, without comment, and the other leaves in the direction the seven P. O. W.s took, toward the Zimmerman cave. After a while Toughie follows him.

Charlie, pacing restlessly, head down, hums a ballad. Bucknam announces, "I see Toughie and another boy down there." The P. O. W.s have apparently started back. The question is, will they have the five hold-out Japs with them? "Five to one he doesn't come out," says Charlie, referring to the hold-out lieutenant.

"He will or somebody will get banged up," Sam answers.

Toughie and Smiley return up the trail and Smiley is grinning in characteristic fashion. Toughie feints a right to Sam's ribs. The rest of the P. O. W.s come in alone. They are slow to report.

Charlie steps up, looking from the interpreter to the assembled circle, and says, "Come on now, boys—what's the score?"

The interpreter relays that the lieutenant will meet us here tomorrow. Charlie growls skeptically. The interpreter grins. Charlie and Sam discuss and act out methods to waylay the five most efficiently when they leave the cave, and the methods include no cajolery.

Next day the hunting party is back on the scene fifteen minutes early. The party has grown somewhat. It includes Staff Sergeant John P. Grady, nineteen, of Eastport, Maine, a B-29 gunner who a few hours earlier was helping to ladle gasoline bombs into Osaka; James Glenn Garner of Norman, Oklahoma, and several new guards.

Before they set off, Charlie cautions the P. O. W.s to be extra careful. Today is the showdown, and a man badly confused is unpredictable, he warns. The hold-out lieutenant's mind might snap at the last moment. He may have decided on suicide after all, and be planning to take somebody with him. Then Charlie waves the P. O. W.s off and, in an afterthought, adds, "Embarrass him as little as possible." As on the day before, there is a feeling of being watched.

The guards are spread out to the right of the path, far enough apart so that a single grenade won't wipe them all out. Sam explains that the Japs, knowing they are coming, might have hidden a man in the cane on the left to see that no ambush is being prepared and maybe to set one himself, depending on how things go.

Charlie assigns to each guard his own Jap in the line as it is expected to approach, telling them what to do in any of several potential situations.

One fifty-two. This is nearly an hour past the appointed time and hopes are sinking when Bucknam, back on the truck with the glasses, cries, "Somebody hollered!" No one else seems to have heard an outcry, but there's something in the wind now.

Two o'clock. A figure emerges from the distant undergrowth and comes forward on the run. It is Smiley. Charlie and Sam move down to meet him. He reports that the lieutenant and his men are coming out. He warns against treachery and runs back.

Two ten. Bucknam reports that they have started forward. There is a delay. A gunshot is heard. The wait continues.

"I'll bet the lieutenant has committed suicide," Bucknam says.

"I'll take that bet," returns Sam. "Two beers."

Two nineteen. "Smiley is coming back," calls Bucknam—then, "They're starting out." He counts seven in line coming up the trail. Those are our seven. He picks up the count again: "Eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve." Our seven, and five hold-out Japs. Success!

THE foremost man is the surrendering Jap lieutenant. He is short, wearing khaki trousers and a white undershirt—both items, like himself, in severe need of laundering.

He walks rapidly up to Charlie, hands over a pistol, salutes, and takes the proffered hand. There is a quick but restrained frisk of his person, and he passes on like a somnambulist toward the vehicles. He gets into a jeep with Smiley and sits detachedly while the others drink thirstily from the party's canteens and board the truck. One has a Chinese mandarin beard and another's head and hand are wrapped in soiled bandages. There isn't much doubt that these men are glad it's over. There is no explanation of the shot heard down the trail.

On the ride into camp the newcomers are plainly amazed at what they see all around. Even the lieutenant bends a look now and then, at such moments as when a helicopter comes cartwheeling around a hill. At headquarters he is seated in the shade outside the Quonset hut until clothing, promised to the captives, can be provided. He perches on the edge of the seat, gazing forlornly into space. Once a brief smile escapes him, a smile at something another Jap says.

By the time all are taken away, the four men, given clean new clothing and cigarettes, are already developing a new outlook. The lieutenant himself will catch on in a few days. Perhaps, before long, they'll all be ready to help round up those few Japs still on the island. In any case, they are no longer threats to Americans, and they were disarmed without injury to anyone.

"Give me fifty or a hundred P. O. W.s like my boys when we go into Japan," Charlie said, "and I'll surprise you."

Happily, he didn't have to prove it.

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

In Washington, a court official was lecturing to a group of aliens who were seeking citizenship papers. He spoke at length on the history of the American flag, and his audience was most attentive. At the close of the lecture, the speaker asked, "What is it that you always see on the government buildings in this city?"

After a moment of silence, a man got to his feet and announced: "Pigeons."

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

THE WATCHER BY THE POOL

Continued from Page 21

In addition to the sheep killings, other livestock was attacked. Poultry yards were raided. Venturesome watchdogs which discovered and attacked the marauder met death. A sense of fear spread through the hills. Children were escorted by armed elders to and from school. Stories took shape, many of them doubtless exaggerations. But there was no denying that a furred outlaw was abroad in the valley. People spoke of it as the Killer. And now Davy Thrane knew that he was face to face with the beast.

They stood there a long moment regarding each other. Possibly the wild dog was considering the situation. As far as Davy knew, the animal had not attacked human beings. The wild dog, wise in its way, may have been trying to ascertain if the boy was armed. Davy, on sudden inspiration, guessed as much and sought to take advantage of it. He stooped abruptly and picked up a piece of broken limb lying beside the trail.

Yet the effect was not what the boy had hoped for. As he raised the club, gun fashion, the wild dog did not retreat. Instead, its ears flattened, white fangs showed, and its body slunk low, as though the beast was preparing to charge. Still holding the club threateningly, Davy began backing off.

The dog did not follow at once, but continued to stare at the boy, and it seemed that the dying rays of the sun struck lambent fire from the basilisk eyes. Davy knew that no mere bluff would save him should the dog decide to attack. Likewise the club would prove a puny weapon. He took his eyes off the animal for a moment to give a quick glance around.

Ten feet from him a bushy cedar grew close to the bank of the pool. Lifting the club threateningly once more, the boy began sidling toward the tree, whose widespreading limbs branched from the trunk at a point starting no more than three feet from the ground. But Davy gulped in new terror as he observed that the wild dog likewise was moving, slowly, cautiously, as though he were stalking game.

The boy's nerves gave way first. Abruptly he wheeled and raced for the tree, leaping to the first limb and grasping the one above it, swarming up the tree like a startled squirrel. Yet even as he gained the third, then the fourth limb, something smashed through the branches just below him with a spine-chilling growl. Yet Davy never paused to look down. He had swung to the next limb, then one still higher, and so on until he knew he was well off the ground. The dog's charge and leap had passed just beneath.

Safe now, fighting against faintness, the boy looked down. On the ground beneath the tree the wild dog sat, staring upward at him with inscrutable gaze. Save for that single snarl of disappointment, the animal had made no sound. It regarded him with yellow-green eyes which were flatly devoid of expression.

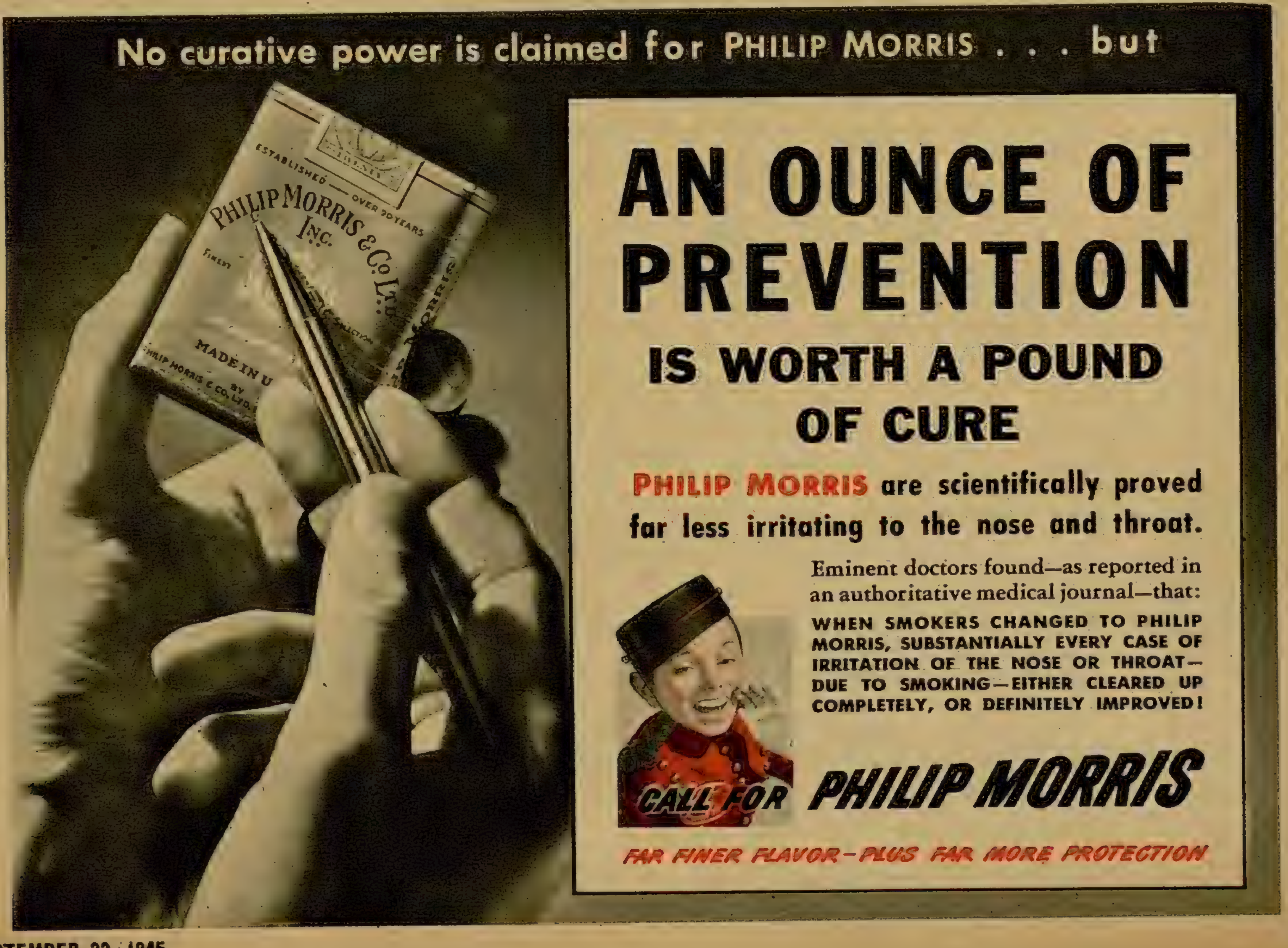
Yet it seemed to understand that it was incapable of climbing the tree. What else was in its mind the boy scarcely could guess. In the fading light he studied the beast. It was a dog perhaps, yet in appearance more wolf than dog; its eyes were cold, steady. It seemed to Davy that, if anything, they held an insane light. He thought, It must be old Charley Spence's wolf dog, all right. Likely he was never more than half tamed anyway. With the death of Charley Spence, the beast had undergone atavism that returned it entirely to the wilds.

Davy knew that he was lucky to have discovered the wild dog when he did—before darkness fell, when the circumstances would have been more hazardous. Yet for the moment he was safe, although the outlook was uncertain. As long as the wild dog remained on guard, Davy would not dare leave the tree. In fact, he surmised that he'd have to spend the night there, unless somebody came to rescue him. It would be foolish to try to make his way homeward while the dog still roamed the woods.

THE creature sat there, regarding him hopefully, and the twilight thickened until the brush clumps became no more than blackly opaque shadows. Was it possible that he had made a mistake about the beast? Davy loved all dogs. It was not hard to reason that maybe all this one needed was an overture of friendship. Maybe—

On sudden impulse, Davy resolved to find out. He clucked to the dog encouragingly and moved as though to descend the tree. The beast watched him tensely. Davy slid down to a lower limb, and he saw the dog's body sink almost to earth, its steady gaze brighten with anticipation. Now the beast's eyes, in which the waning light found reflection, were like yellow-green fire. Davy stuck his left foot a little lower, still talking confidently to the dog. The next second the boy, luckily keeping a grip on the limb above him, jerked his body upward as the wild dog took off in an arrowy leap.

The beast missed, fell back, striking a lower limb. But the next instant it had recovered. It sat down again, licking its chops. Davy, prickles of fear running over his skin, pulled himself farther up into the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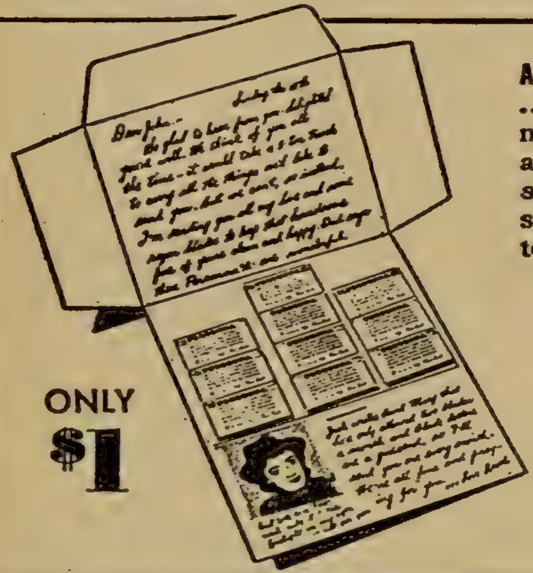

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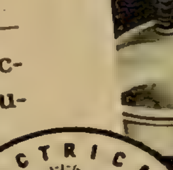


tree. He had almost put himself within reach of the Killer. He knew he wouldn't do it again. Still shaken by the narrowness of his escape, for the wild dog's fangs had clicked only a few inches below Davy's dangling foot, the boy settled himself.

He knew then that it was a siege, that he'd have to remain here in the tree until help came. It was going to be tough, but there was no other choice. Perhaps the Killer would leave; yet even if he did, Davy decided that he would take no chances until daylight came or help arrived. His effort to make friends with the wild dog failing, the boy hunched himself on the limb, waiting.

The moon came up at last, a vast buttery moon, yellow as a patch of wild dandelions on a hillside. The pool of Indian Creek, a charmed spot by day, took on an enchanted aspect by moonlight. At intervals trout broke the surface. Otherwise the placid stretch was limpid, fringed with silver filigree. Beneath the tree the wild dog lay stretched, watchfully and hopefully. Davy hunched himself to a new position on the limb. He was hungry, and presently, he knew, he would be sleepy; yet he had no intention of relaxing as long as the Killer waited.

The moon lifted higher, and the spot took on an atmosphere of ethereal significance. Davy saw where the stream shallowed out before breaking over the rock-wall dam and into a roaring rapids below. The shelving beach of pure sand lay like a patch of silver in the moonlight. Davy yawned and unbuttoned part of his suspenders. He slipped these around the limb just above him, buttoned them again to his trousers. If he *should* fall asleep, he wouldn't come tumbling out of the tree. That help would come ultimately, he had no doubt. His father would be hunting for him, suspecting why the boy had failed to return to the homestead. Davy looked down once more. Dimly he saw the outlines of the Killer. Still waiting.

Yet the boy had a sense of security. There was nothing to fear for the moment. He yawned again and indulged himself in the luxury of closing his eyes. By and by somebody would come along and find him. He tightened his hold on the limb, hoping that the suspenders wouldn't break. And then he was suddenly wide awake, the moonlight shining strongly in his eyes.

His arms were still locked about the limb, and in his slumber he apparently had not stirred. Yet as he opened his eyes and looked about him it seemed that the night world had changed. He had surely been asleep—an hour, maybe longer.

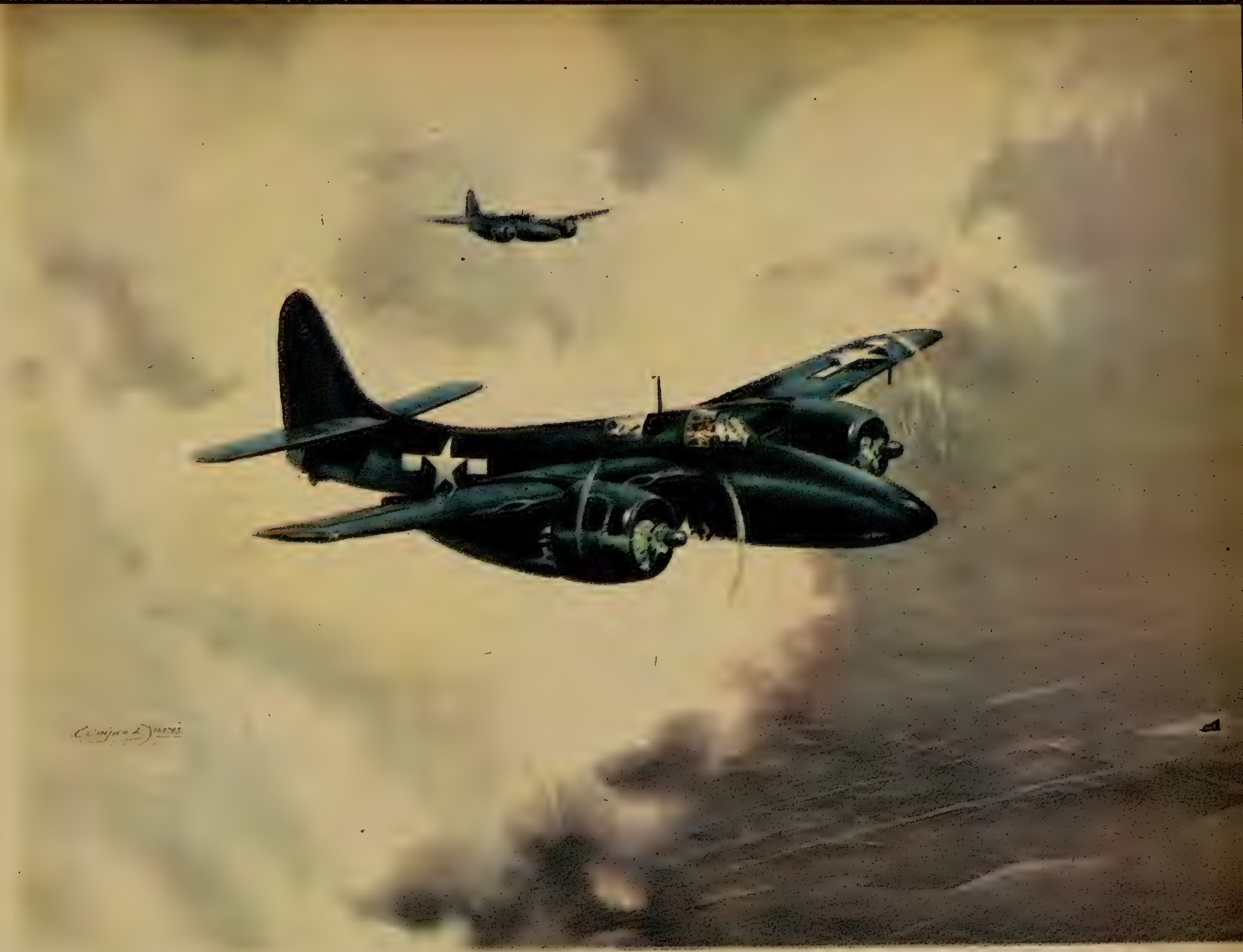
For the moon had lifted until it shone directly into the pool, and the woods were bathed with ghostly light and steeped in silence. And the Killer was gone!

DAVY stared down at the ground at the foot of the tree. But there was no sign of the wild dog. Possibly he had decided that the game of waiting would take too long to play; maybe he had become too hungry to stay longer and had gone off in search of his nightly kill. Another sheep perhaps, although the Killer so far had never paused long enough to devour his prey. He seemed to kill for the love of killing. Doubtless the only interest he had in his treed captive was to kill and be gone.

Hope stirred in the boy. If the Killer was really gone, then it might be possible to descend the tree and hurry homeward. Possibly the wild dog was miles away by this time.

The boy decided that he might slide to earth and hurry off toward the distant house long before the Killer discovered that he was gone. Otherwise he would be

(Continued on page 88)



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(Continued from page 86)

compelled to stay in the tree all night, or at least until his father came along with other searchers. They must have missed him long before this. But it might take time to find him. Davy thought he'd take the risk. He unhitched himself, dropped to a lower limb. And then paused, for he had seen movement at the edge of the pool.

His first thought was that the wild dog had returned, but he saw then that this was no dog. It was a medium-sized animal, its fur dark gray, its somewhat short rounded tail ringed with black, and as it lifted its face, he made out other patches of black across the eyes. Davy smiled in relief. It was a raccoon, the biggest he had even seen. Must be Ol' Smear-Face himself.

Often he had heard stories by his father and others of the big coon who lurked in the fastnesses along Indian Creek. This was the monarch himself. Nobody else had ever seen him, said the stories. Davy knew that it was only chance—the fact that he had been hidden in the tree and had remained silent—that had given him this glimpse of Ol' Smear-Face.

For a long moment the boy watched in curiosity, repressing a desire to laugh. For Ol' Smear-Face, believing himself unobserved, was busy with his own affairs. His humanlike forepaws groped in the water, the slender fingers digging beneath submerged stones. Sometimes they came up with a small shellfish, even with a gravel-coated periwinkle or larvae of the salmon fly. Moonlight made the sand strip where Ol' Smear-Face squatted almost as bright as day. Each time the big coon found a tidbit that appealed to his taste, he sniffed at it tentatively, then held it under water again, scrubbing it thoroughly. He did this while staring around with a rapt comical expression on his curiously marked face. Once the food was cleaned, the raccoon's deft paws stripped off the shell, popped the morsel into its mouth. Ol' Smear-Face appeared to be enjoying himself hugely.

Once his exploring paws brought up a small clam. This was scrubbed as thoroughly as the other items of food. Then Ol' Smear-Face placed the clam beneath his long plantigrade hind feet. At once the toes of his front paws, tipped with sharp claws, began finding openings along the edge of the shell. But the clam defensively kept its shell closed. Finding that he couldn't force the shell open, the coon popped the clam in his mouth. Accurately his fangs cut through the strong muscle at the back of the clam. This time the shell yielded to the sinewy fingers, and the coon munched the meat which his claws expertly dug out. Davy wanted to laugh outright.

THEN he realized that he had been watching the animal longer than he had intended. The moon was now almost directly overhead. If he hoped to get back home before the Killer returned, he'd better start.

He wasn't afraid of Ol' Smear-Face, of course, even though he had heard almost fantastic tales of how the big coon had proved more than a match for many a strong dog. No ordinary dog, his father had said, could kill a big coon unaided. But Ol' Smear-Face would skedaddle the instant he discovered that he was being watched by the boy. Davy moved as though to descend the tree, but paused as he saw a change come over Ol' Smear-Face.

The coon had stopped feeding and had abruptly become tense and watchful, even threatening, for his thick fur had curiously lifted itself until he seemed almost twice as large as he had been. His sharp-pointed ears were lifted and he was listening to something he had heard in the brush just behind him. Davy could see the black buttonlike nose twitching as Ol' Smear-Face tested the gentle air currents. Suddenly, with a chirring sound of anger, the big coon turned and sprang directly into the pool.

At the same instant there was the rush of a dark form which had been lurking in the brush. One moment the beach held only the coon. The next, the Killer was there. Watching, round-eyed and tense, Davy realized now that the wild dog had doubtless never left the place at all, but had hidden himself in near-by brush, in the hope that the boy would feel encouraged to descend the tree. Only the fact that hunger, or perhaps the killer instinct, had driven him to attack the coon, had brought him forth at all. Now, pausing there on the edge of the pool, apparently disappointed that his stalk and charge had failed, he stared malevolently at Ol' Smear-Face, who floated buoyantly just out of reach, regarding his foe speculatively.

Only for an instant did the tableau hold; then, with a mighty leap, the wild dog sprang into the pool, determined to swim down the big raccoon.

Possibly Ol' Smear-Face had not counted on this. It may have been that his immediate intent was to stop the wild dog long enough so that he could swim to the opposite bank and swiftly climb a tree. Now, with the wild dog swimming strongly just behind him, the coon turned as though in panic and struck out across the pool.

From his vantage point in the tree, Davy could see that Ol' Smear-Face, good swimmer though he was, could not match the power in the wild dog's legs. Steadily the Killer drew toward his prey. Davy wanted

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to yell, to do something that would distract the wild dog, but it seemed that he could not utter a sound. At that moment the coon, as though sensing that flight was hopeless, swung about courageously. He appeared to launch himself straight at the fanged jaws which gaped abruptly.

The wild dog's jaws came together with a click like that of a bear trap—but Ol' Smear-Face was no longer there. He had dived like a muskrat. Swinging half about, the wild dog looked in astonishment for his victim. Just then the big coon appeared beside him, and a fraction of a second later was on the dog's back, gripping his foe by the fur at either side of the neck. In a tremendous flurry to shake the coon loose, the wild dog went under, as the weight of the coon, which probably was all of twenty-five pounds, slid forward. Struggle as he would, the dog could not dislodge that nemesis which gripped him with hands and feet that were as deft as a monkey's. The wild dog's rear quarters rose out of the water, lashing desperately. Then both battlers went under. No sound was heard save the furious splashing. Both Ol' Smear-Face and his enemy fought in deadly silence. And suddenly Davy could see neither of them, for the sluggish current drew the gladiators into deep shadow at the lower end of the pool, near where the water broke over rocks, cascading in a fall of perhaps ten feet. But the boy could hear the struggle going on, although it was diminishing. And presently he could hear nothing more of it whatever.

He drew in a deep breath, awed and shaken by what he had seen. There came to him now something his father had told him about coon hunting—that once a raccoon could entice a dog into the water, the outcome was certain. But this, it seemed, was a battle which had ended in a draw. Davy was sure that the wild dog had paid for his crimes; it seemed likely, too, that the coon was also drowned. Yet even as he considered it, he saw a light moving through the trees toward him, heard voices, the whining of hounds. This would be his father and probably old Bill Jennings and his cougar pack. With a yell of relief the boy slid down the tree.

But as he did so he saw something gray move along the opposite edge of the pool and vanish in the brush. He glimpsed a pointed head, bright eyes that peered at him from a mask of dark fur. Ol' Smear-Face, monarch of his kind, had survived the battle after all, and was prudently making off, now that he heard the approach of men.

Then Jed Thrane was chuckling and shaking him with fond reproach.

"You had us worried, boy," the man said. "Figured you were out lookin' for that fool cow. She showed at the place just before dark, soon as her calf was strong enough to wobble."

But the hounds, bellowing now, had plunged across Indian Creek. A moment later their singing had turned to yelping as they said they had treed their game. From yonder came the voice of old Bill Jennings.

"Hey!" he called jubilantly to Thrane. "They got Ol' Smear-Face up a snag. Been tryin' to land him ever since he nigh drowned one of my dogs. Come over here and hold 'em back while I shoot him!"

"No!" screamed Davy in sudden panic. He had a story to tell and it should be a tale that would win Ol' Smear-Face freedom from the harassment of dogs and hunters for all time. Even if he had to trade the new calf for the big coon's life, Ol' Smear-Face was going to be able to hunt his favorite pool in peace in the still nights to come.

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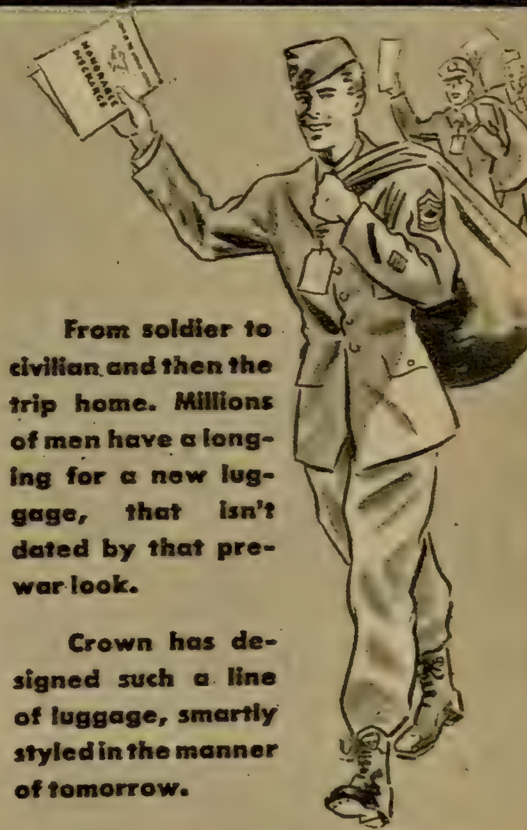

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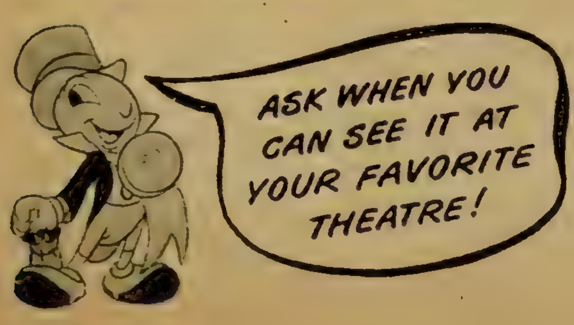
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(United Artists)
Charles Laughton, Randolph Scott, Barbara Britton, John Carradine

According to pirate history, the gallows jig was a dance feared in and around the waters of Madagascar, for it was performed at the end of a rope and was the last number on the program. Charles Laughton undertakes a quick fling at this light fantastic in his latest movie, Captain Kidd.

The whole picture might be called a light fantastic for that matter, for it's a pirate story with drawing-room repartee. Laughton as the terrible William Kidd, buccaneer, is as saucy as Dorothy Parker, up to his well-deserved hanging.

The cast gets its sea legs early and action is the word for Kidd from the start. It all begins in a cave, with Laughton and three bloodthirsty pals burying a chest containing you know what. In absolute tradition, one pirate is shot and falls into the hole on top of the chest, where his whitened bones will ever remain to stand ghostly vigil over the loot. Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

As a pirate, the real Captain Kidd might have been top wave on the bounding main; but in the picture, Kidd has a valet, a British warship to stomp around on, and a whole assortment of lush appurtenances which have undoubtedly never been seen anywhere outside of a Hollywood pirate picture.

When Randolph Scott gets aboard Kidd's ship, of course, justice will out, as Scott has so often proved. Put a blade in his stout right arm and many a villain shrinks before him. Barbara Britton is one of the fairest pirate's prizes a man could duel for, and—strangely enough—two men duel for her. The duel is a bow in part to the late Doug Fairbanks, senior, for tables are overthrown, much territory covered, and finally the villain is forced backward out of a window to a stormy end in a turbulent ocean.

John Carradine is so sinister in this picture, he often looks over his own shoulder to keep an eye on himself. The other pirates pale in comparison. All, that is, except Laughton. He cowed 'em on the good ship Bounty and with a fair wind and a stout ship beneath his feet, he'll bully the best.

Randolph Scott fences in a foul fellow for lovely Barbara Britton.

Laughton's wit sparkles throughout the picture, and in the last scene he stands ready for hanging, when a spectator cries out, "Billy, tell the 'angman to save me a scrap o' the rope!" Laughton whimpers and replies, "Step up—you can have it all if you'll stick your ugly head through this."

To say that Captain Kidd takes you away from reality is an understatement. It is an escape from escape pictures.

Captain Kidd is a picture to see, for it has the elements of entertainment that allow full relaxation—requiring no use of the mind at all. It's a rollicking farce of pirate days, and even of the early pirate pictures. In fact, you're apt to leave the theater with the thought that you've just seen Charles Laughton in Captain Kidding.

Just in case you've forgotten Laughton's table manners, here's the way he cools his soup.

UNCLE HARRY

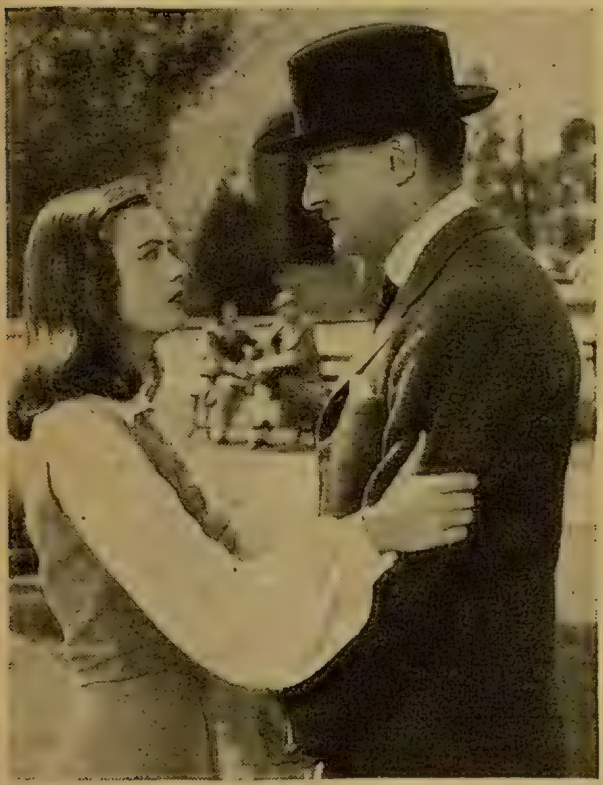
(Universal)

George Sanders, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Ella Raines

THE long-run Broadway psychological drama, Uncle Harry, has been made into a film by Universal Pictures, with an ending that should have a credit reading: "Mutilated by the Hays office."

Some day soon, audiences will stop and figure out just whom the Hays office is protecting. According to movie censorship, a murderer has to be punished by death. This is probably a good lesson for children who are imaginative and have a steady movie diet, but to adults a punishment of mental torment stretching for years and years might seem to be ample—but not in Hollywood. Beyond this objection is the bewildering thought that when such a story is purchased with the knowledge of censorship beforehand, why doesn't the producer insist on the script writer's coming up with an imaginative finish? The writer on this seems to have taken the easy way out after a good start.

Until the end of the picture this is a good "mood mystery," with murder always in the offing. George Sanders brings the foul deed to pass in polite tradition—with just a touch of poison in dear sister's cocoa.

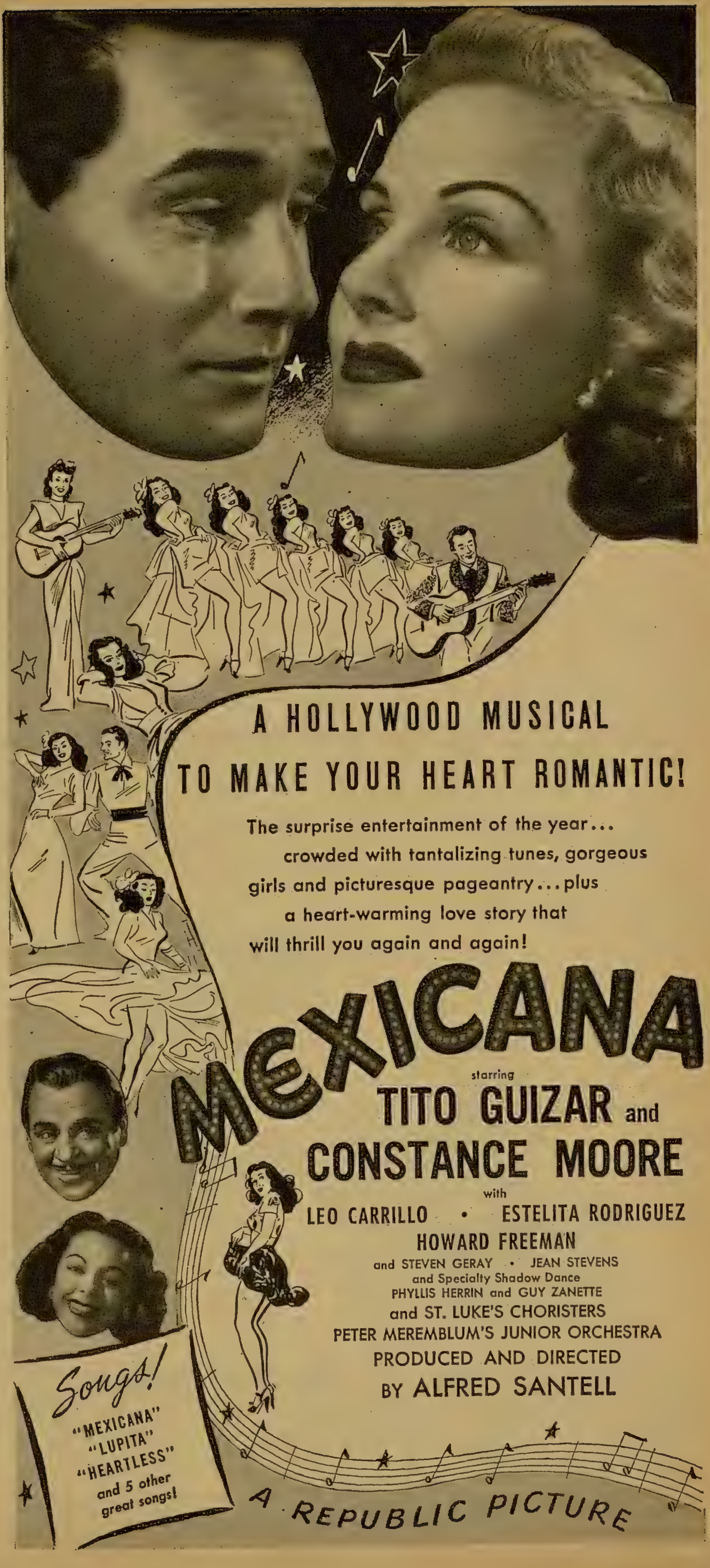


Ella Raines brushes off poor Uncle Harry.

Ella Raines is nice to look at, but she hasn't improved much since Tall in the Saddle as far as acting is concerned. The best female part in the picture falls to Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Sara Allgood, who used to be one of the chief attractions of the Irish Abbey Theater players—along with Barry Fitzgerald—turns in the top supporting performance.

The scope that can be given a story on the screen is not too important in Uncle Harry, for it is still a dialogue picture. It succeeds in building to the inevitable climax and holds interest without sacrificing plausibility. There is little evidence as to what there is about Uncle Harry to make him so attractive to the four women around him, but he certainly must have charm, for even his fellow townspeople think the world of him. This doesn't seem to get across to the audience though.

Recently a national campaign was conducted, stressing the novel ending of the picture, The Woman in the Window. Through the clever presentation the ending was more or less acceptable. But Uncle Harry, sitting in that same window, seems uncomfortable.



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WHAT IS UN-AMERICAN ACTIVITY?

Continued from Page 19

Hutchins of Chicago University, and former Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes.

The list included people of widely varying points of view on political, social, and economic matters—such people as Eleanor Roosevelt, Henry Wallace, Walter Lippmann, Walter Winchell, David Lawrence, Mark Sullivan, H. V. Kaltenborn, Fulton Lewis, Jr., Colonel Robert McCormick, Governor Arnall of Georgia, and Governor Bailey of Mississippi.

My letter closed with this statement: "Too often in America we are all inclined to attribute 'un-Americanism' to the political, economic, and social theories with which we disagree. Obviously this is not the proper test." In so writing, I was expressing the opinion of our entire committee.

Replies from seventy-two respondents confirmed my conviction that in this free land of ours it is not easy to agree upon what actually *is* an un-American activity. There are, of course, many obvious types of un-American acts in both wartime and peace, but the border-line cases outnumber the obvious and are often the most troublesome. Careful study, however, indicates that un-American activities can be defined with reasonable accuracy and that the number of groups and individuals engaging in them is both disgusting and disturbing.

INTERESTINGLY enough, one of the first replies to this survey was also one of the most comprehensive and helpful. John W. Davis, prominent New York City attorney and one-time Democratic candidate for President of the United States, submitted what proved to be the keynote of many letters, a sort of central melody often echoed with variations by other respondents.

Mr. Davis said, in part: "You are dealing primarily with matters of government, where it seems to me that the standards are perfectly clear and the function of the committee is obvious. There are three recognized documentary sources by which un-American activities can be tested: the Preamble to the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution itself, and, if it can be treated as a separate document, the Bill of Rights. Those things which conform to these yardsticks, speaking in the political field, may properly be called American. Those which do not are un-American—or worse. I should think the activities of your committee might properly be directed to ventilating any activities of whatever sort which challenge these standards, and to exposing the motives and the support of those who pursue them."

Mr. Davis continued: "The fact that men have the right to speak or write as they please does not exempt their speech or writing from the field of your inquiry. It is not criminal, for instance, for any man or group of men to advocate the granting of patents of nobility, or the creation of a state-established church, or the disfranchisement of citizens because of creed, or the abolition of the right of private property; but it would be deeply un-American for them to do so. If someone were to proclaim that the Constitution of the United States was antiquated and should henceforth be ignored by governmental officers, such advocacy might or might not become criminal, but *it would unquestionably be un-American.*

"If any organized movement addressed to these ends should appear, I think your committee would render a public service by inquiring into its source, its resources, its activities, and the character of its membership. . . . I know of no better way to preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States than to drag its enemies of whatever degree out into the open."

Mr. Davis is a great constitutional lawyer. Throughout his reply he stressed the fact that all of the guaranties of our Bill of Rights must be vigorously protected. He distinguished carefully between acts which are definitely illegal and those which, although legal, may still be dangerously un-American.

Underscoring this distinction, he said: "I repeat, there is no challenge in this to the right of free speech. Sacred as that right is, it must, like all other rights, be exercised with a due sense of responsibility. Those who use it to incite crime or violence may be punished under the criminal law. But short of this, it does not invade this right to inquire concerning any statement un-American in character (such as I have undertaken to define it) as to who it was. that said it, when and where and by whose instigation, and with what support."

Finally he stated: "I should like to add that I conceive to be fully within the scope of the committee's jurisdiction those movements essentially disloyal in character which are designed to weaken the allegiance of their members to the United States or to favor some foreign sovereignty."

Mrs. Roosevelt wrote, in part: "My first objection to [the Dies Committee] was that it created the kind of fear of government in this country which I have always associated with European secret supervision such as the Gestapo.

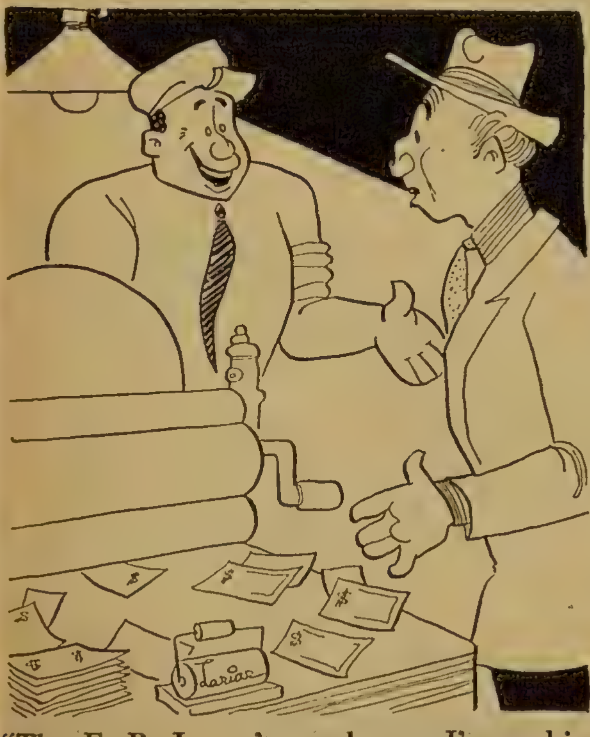
"It is wrong in a democracy, I think, for the people who have a right to participate in their government to be afraid of any branch of it unless they have committed a crime.

"Neither do I think that when people are suspected and called before a committee of Congress, they should be questioned in a way which makes them feel they have been judged and condemned before they are heard.

"I think if any investigatory body is set up in the Congress and honestly conducted to bring before the people those who have worked in ways which are considered detrimental to our national interests, there could be no objection and such a committee would be upheld.

"I am not convinced, however, that a

THE HOME FRONT



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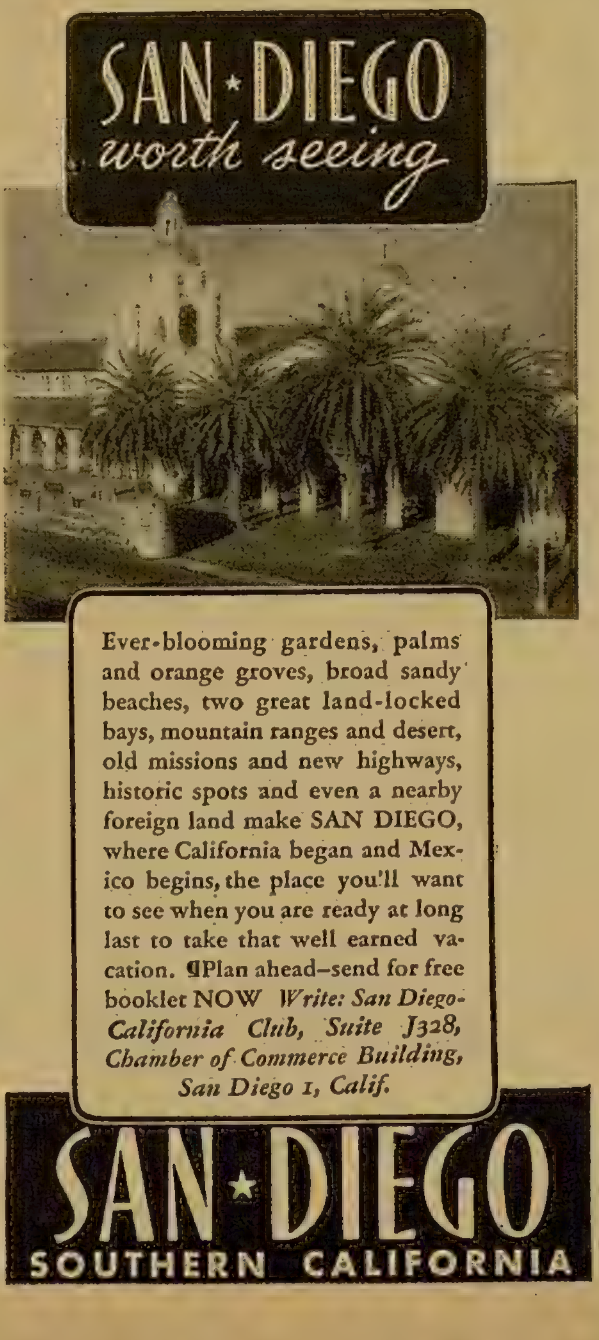

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committee such as this can do more than the F. B. I. or the Secret Service, or that it can serve a really good purpose in our democracy. But I am quite sure that it can earn a far better reputation than the Dies Committee has had in the past, and this leads me to believe that that is what you hope to do."

The editor of the Los Angeles Times, L. D. Hotchkiss, put his definition succinctly in these words: "Any statute, regulation, or usage which enables a majority to trample upon the rights of a minority is to me un-American. The advocacy of any totalitarian proposal thus becomes an un-American activity, whether it comes from the right or the left."

Few Americans would disagree with the portent of this statement, but it leaves undetermined what we shall consider "advocacy" to the un-American degree. And how centralized must government be to warrant its classification as "totalitarian"? It is when we run into these fine-edge distinctions that honest and sincere Americans disagree about the legitimate scope of our committee's activities.

Erwin D. Canham, editor of the Christian Science Monitor, put it this way: "Americanism finds its inviolable unit in the individual — in God's man. Because philosophies came along in this world—Nazism and Mikadoism—which denied the place of the individual and tried to impose that denial upon us, we have found it necessary to go to war. We object equally to totalitarian Communism. And so in our own nation we should investigate, expose, and strive to correct as un-American everything which seeks to deny the place of the individual, as established, defined, and limited in the Constitution and the Bill of Rights."

John P. Lewis, managing editor of PM, a newspaper vociferously critical of the old Dies Committee, made this recommendation: "To draft a sound program for investigating un-American activities requires no more than honest acceptance of the principle in the Declaration of Independence that all men are created equal, and honest intent to support the guaranties of freedom contained in the Constitution and its amendments. If your committee will . . . investigate all those who seek to destroy the principle of equality or the human freedoms guaranteed in the Bill of Rights, it will need no further charter."

LEFT once more to our committee, however, is the perplexing problem of deciding which is more "un-American": to advocate the destruction of "the principle of equality or the human freedoms guaranteed in the Bill of Rights" or to bar vicious individuals with these destructive tendencies from exercising their rights of speech and expression as guaranteed in the same document!

Former Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes also recognized this paradoxical problem, but he did not entirely make clear how to avoid the difficulty.

He wrote in part: "Anything which limits the free exchange of ideas is un-American, and, under this definition of un-Americanism, obviously the committee would concern itself with the attempts to foist upon this country such ideologies as Fascism and Communism with their bars to freedom of speech and press.

"We need a faith in our common good and mutual good will more than ever before. That faith is in no way helped by irresponsible accusation that the administration, let us say, has espoused one totalitarian trend and the manufacturers, let us say, have espoused another, when all that is involved in the shooting is a good old-fashioned family dispute about which comes first, the man or the dollar. This is

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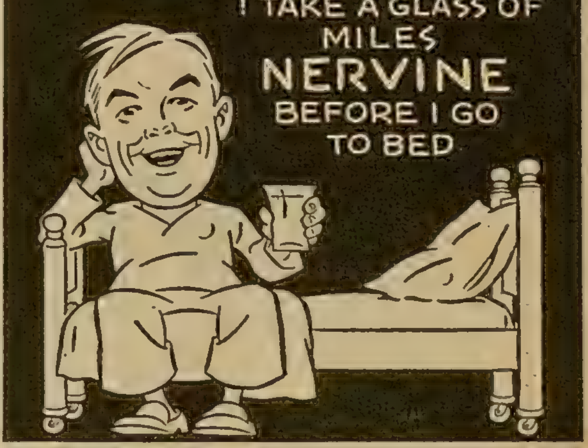

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PEACE!

The Pacific war ended with dramatic suddenness. As a consequence, this issue of Liberty and several issues yet to come will contain advertisements and editorial matter obviously written in the belief the war would continue for some time.

As is well known, the contents of magazines, particularly advertisements, must be prepared weeks in advance of publication date. Naturally, therefore, some advertisements in this issue may seem outdated, but it is our hope these will be accepted as a tribute to the boys who won the victory and as indicative of the determination of American industry to back up the armed forces till victory and beyond.

The Editors.

a dispute that will go on, like washdays, as long as there are men and dollars and dirty linen, and we might as well get accustomed to that.

"Therefore I commend to the committee the task of attempting to re-establish the place of objective truth in American society. If the committee can find some way to give the unscrupulous individuals among us a greater sense of their responsibility to their fellow men in our nation, it would be making a real contribution to American life."

Quite so, Mr. Ickes; but you have placed vast new burdens on the shoulders of a committee earnestly seeking its proper scope and desiring to limit its efforts to plowing that particular furrow.

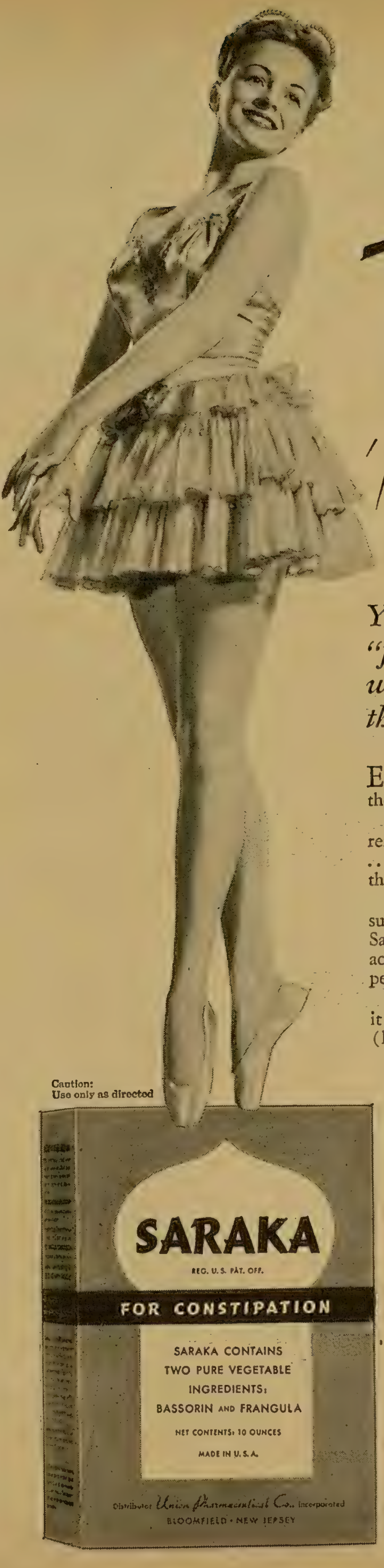
Secretary of Commerce Henry Wallace wrote in a more discouraging vein. He replied tersely: "If you will read the enclosed little booklet entitled, The Price of Freedom, you will understand that a man with my attitude would inevitably look upon a Congressional committee on un-American activities as being definitely un-American itself except perhaps in time of war. In time of peace, I am convinced the whole spirit of the committee would tend more and more in the direction of witch-hunting in order to serve the prejudices of individual members."

The whole purpose of my survey and the committee's time-consuming efforts to define its objectives is to prove Mr. Wallace's pessimistic prediction in error! "Witch-hunting" and "prejudices" are precisely the elements which all of us on this new committee are determined to bar from our committee room.

A number of the respondents stressed the distinction between activities conceived and conducted solely by Americans—no matter how repugnant they are to most of us—and activities financed or instigated by foreign sources. Both H. R. Baukhage, radio commentator, and Colonel McCormick of the Chicago Tribune high-lighted these distinctions in their letters.

Said Baukhage: "It seems to me that un-American activity is activity dictated by some foreign government or other institution, the purpose of which is to achieve an objective beneficial to that government or that institution and contrary to the greatest good of the greatest number of Americans. How on earth you are going to judge motives, however, is beyond me."

Colonel McCormick expressed it thus: "I think the time has come when one might investigate the financial connections



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with Europe of Americans taking part in international discussions, and also connections by marriage or blood relationship."

Two groups with a special right to be heard on the subject are the great veterans' organizations, the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars. These organizations wrote vigorous, explicit, and strikingly similar letters denouncing and defining what they held to be un-American.

Homer L. Chaillaux, director of the National Americanism Commission of the American Legion, wrote from national Legion headquarters in Indianapolis: "The Committee on Un-American Activities should investigate every organization which comes under the following classifications: (1) Those which have stood for use of force and violence to destroy our form of government any time during the past ten years. (2) Foreign-controlled, -organized, and -dominated groups which have tendencies paralleling what we have known as Fascism and Nazism in Europe and Asia. (3) So-called native Fascist organizations. (4) All organizations which contend that they are interested only in social revolution. (5) Groups which prey upon racial and religious angles as a medium to build intolerance and hatred against blocs of American people. (6) All so-called peace organizations which are international in origin and international in present affiliations."

Our committee requested the Brookings Institution in Washington to study the responses to this questionnaire and to prepare a digest of the sentiments expressed. The Institution was also invited to add its own recommendations to its report.

The following paragraph from the Brookings report summarizes a theme that recurred in the majority of the letters: "It is un-American for any person or organization to secretly conspire by any methods, constitutional or otherwise, to overthrow a government of law and to substitute therefore a government vested with complete discretionary power." Here Brookings high-lights the importance of vigilance by a committee such as ours in protecting America against *any* and *all* who would deprive citizens of the protection they enjoy under a government by law and expose them to the possible excesses and iniquities of a government by men.

OUR committee has held many meetings since it was authorized last January. In these meetings we have discussed policies, definition, investigatory procedures, and the qualifications of the staff members we have been employing to assist with the mighty tasks ahead. Up to now there has been a complete meeting of minds on all points. We are resolved to engage neither in whitewashing nor witch-hunting. We propose to follow the trail of evidence on un-American activities wherever it leads, and we expect to follow it all the way to its source whether it takes us to high places or back alleys. Several important investigations of which the public will hear much in future months are now being pursued quietly by our investigators. We have nobody whom we are pledged to protect and nobody against whom we have passion or prejudice. We desire to practice American concepts of fair play and to avoid making any implications of guilt until the evidence warrants its revelation to the public along with the proof.

The following objectives are among those we hope to achieve. They may be supplemented or modified as experience justifies, but they will be among the early missions we shall undertake:

1. To determine the adequacy of existing laws with respect to un-American activities and to recommend new laws that

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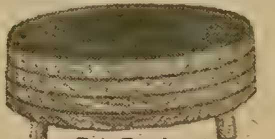

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At last—a sure-fire gift for a boy or girl who owns a bike. The new BIKE-OMETER tells them their bicycle speed at a glance. Fits on the handlebar—a sturdy, all-metal speedometer, that works like those on the big B-29s. Every youngster wants one—and the price is only $1, postage paid, direct from the makers—and fully guaranteed. It looks like a lot more money. Send $1 for each BIKE-OMETER wanted. Ask about Sales Agent plan.

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might seem essential.

2. To publish the results of our investigations and studies so that our fellow citizens, in and out of Congress, may have accurate and comprehensive information and can govern themselves in accordance with the facts.

3. To inform legislative officials and executive officers in Washington and elsewhere of the un-American activities of persons who seek to influence the course of government.

4. To disclose the un-American activities of real or potential candidates for public office whether by election or appointment, should any such seek to crawl into power under false colors.

TO help guide its efforts, our committee has adopted the following working formula:

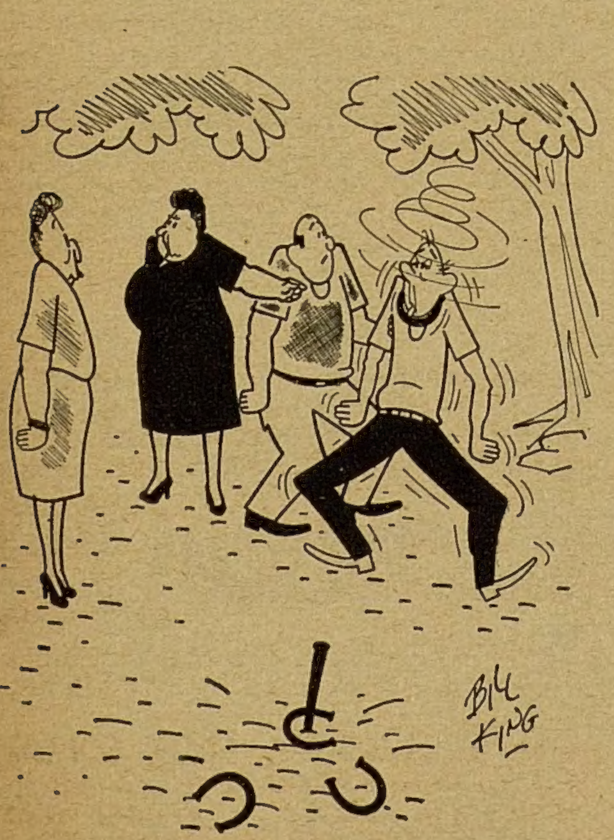
"We shall consider as activities coming within the purview of our investigatory authority [any which] . . . seek to promote or do promote any . . . scheme . . . which would . . . restrict or interfere with the proper administration of the provisions of the Constitution of the United States, [except for] any proposal or activity which seeks to accomplish an amendment to the Constitution of the United States in the manner and form prescribed therein; and, further, that it is un-American for any group or individual to conspire secretly by any methods, constitutional or otherwise, to overthrow the government."

Our formula designates also, "activity of any person who knowingly co-operates with or is obedient to any foreign government, association, or organization in connection with any program . . . detrimental to the enjoyment of the rights and privileges guaranteed to citizens . . . or injurious to the established form of government . . . or which seeks to advance the interests or position of any foreign government to the detriment of those of the United States."

The House Committee on Un-American Activities is not a one-man committee. Neither is it a "one-ism" committee, unless that "ism" be Americanism. It will conduct neither a pardon board nor a purge.

Only persons with something to conceal have any cause to bemoan its existence or to besmear its objectives. All other Americans should welcome the fact that Congress has placed a committee on guard to help you keep America American.

THE END



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SEPT. 22, 1945

PAUL HUNTER
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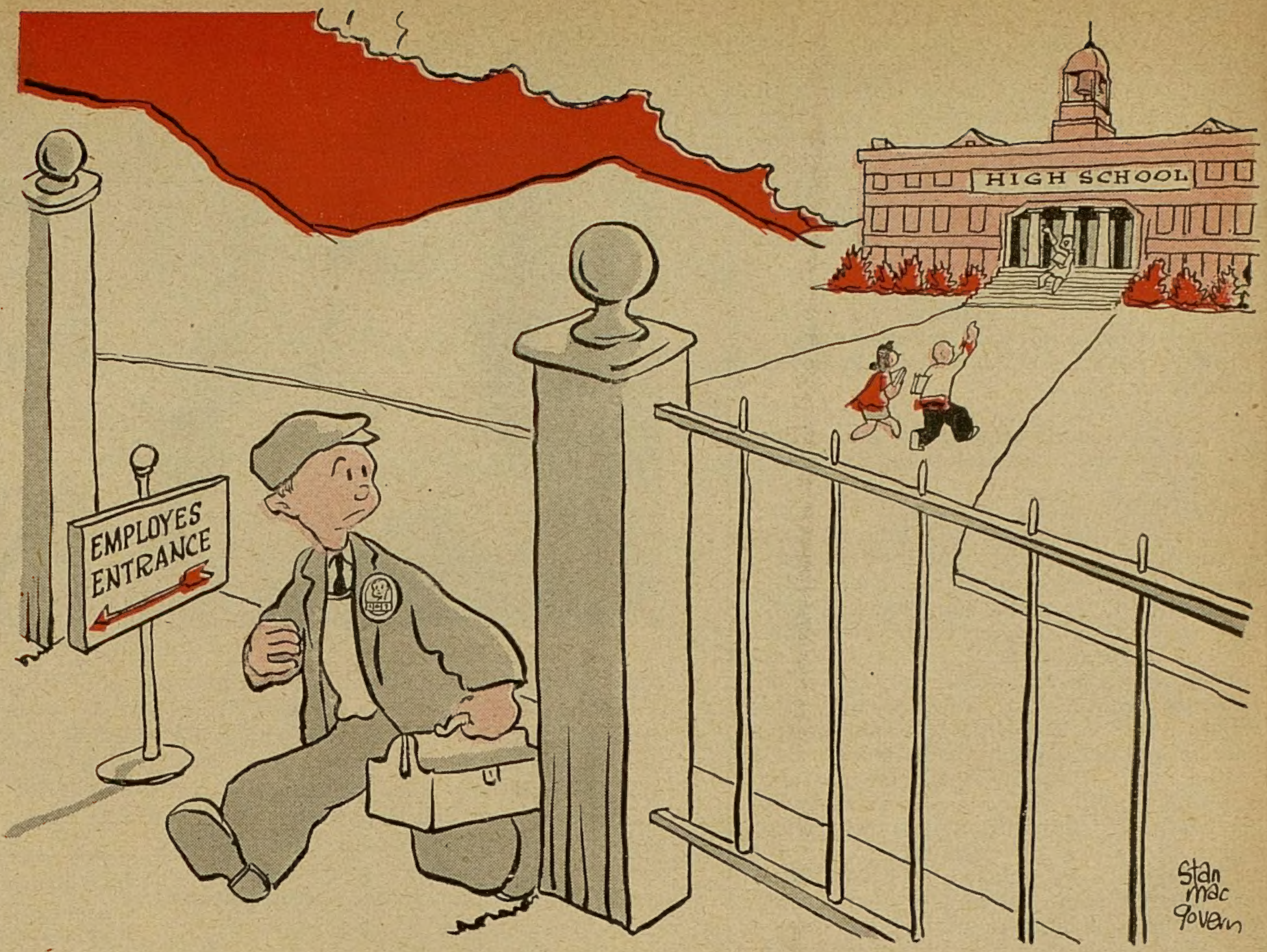


RECONVERT THE SCHOOL CHILDREN

ONE form of reconversion which should not and must not be delayed is the return to the classroom of the millions of teen-age boys and girls who have interrupted their schooling to take jobs during the war period.

High-school enrollment at the close of the 1944-45 school year was more than a million below the prewar peak. In the spring of 1945, nearly three million boys and girls held jobs instead of attending classes. Between four and five million were at work during the past summer. The temptation to continue on these vacation jobs is very great. It should be resisted not only by the boys and girls themselves but by parents, educators, and employers.

The war has made serious inroads on the learning process. Its effects will be felt for many years in a dearth of trained manpower among all the sciences and arts. Young men of military age perforce had to interrupt their schooling, but far too many boys and girls have sacrificed education for temporary financial gain. Now the war is over. The trend away from the classroom must be stopped and reversed.

We are entering upon an age which will make our past scientific achievements seem puny indeed. An understanding of the sciences, of history, politics, and economics will be vital. The United States cannot fulfill its role in the world or achieve the political and economic goals it has set for itself unless its citizenry is educated beyond any previously accepted standard. Any young man or young woman who is without adequate education in the postwar years will be at a serious disadvantage. Thus, adequate education is an individual problem as well as a national one.

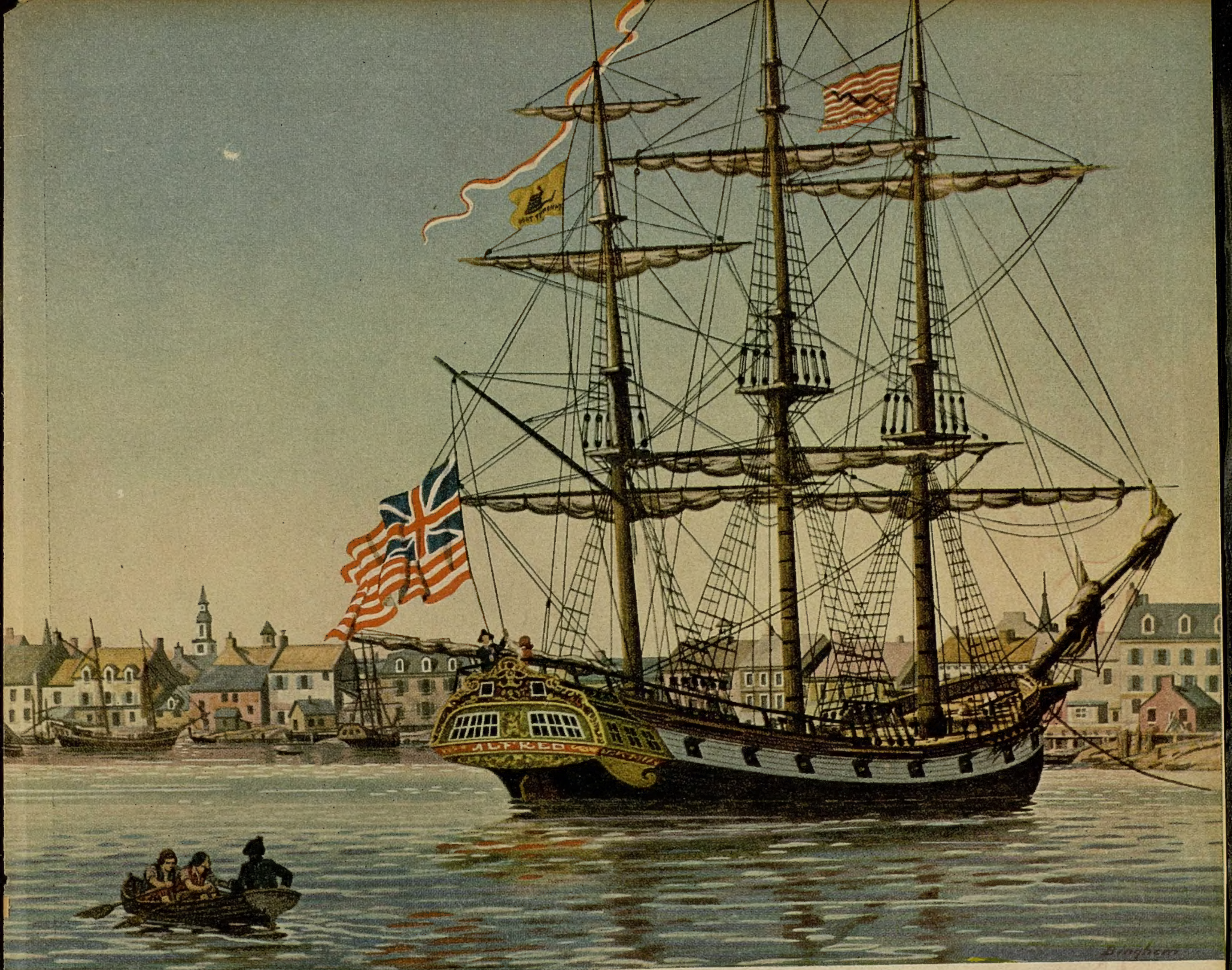
Every student, every parent, and every school official should recognize the dire need for intensified and expanded education. Where it is necessary for teen-age boys and girls to work, arrangements should be made for them to work part time in conjunction with the educational process. Much experimentation was done along these lines in prewar years. It can be carried a great deal further if the definite goal of a complete education for everyone is determined upon regardless of obstacles.

In the world of tomorrow it will be more than ever true, in the words of the Bing Crosby song, "If you hate to go to school, you may grow up to be a mule." The mules of the future, as of the past, will get the lowliest and hardest jobs; bend their backs and strain their muscles for low pay. In the coming age of universally applied science, the educated will design the machines, pull the levers, and handle the gadgets. They also will reap the big rewards.

To make ourselves the best-educated nation on earth should be a top goal of America and of every American.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
. . . FOR ALL



Raising the first American flag on an American Man-of-War, the "Alfred", Philadelphia, 1775*

Philadelphia

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that banner in the sky"...
Oliver Wendell Holmes

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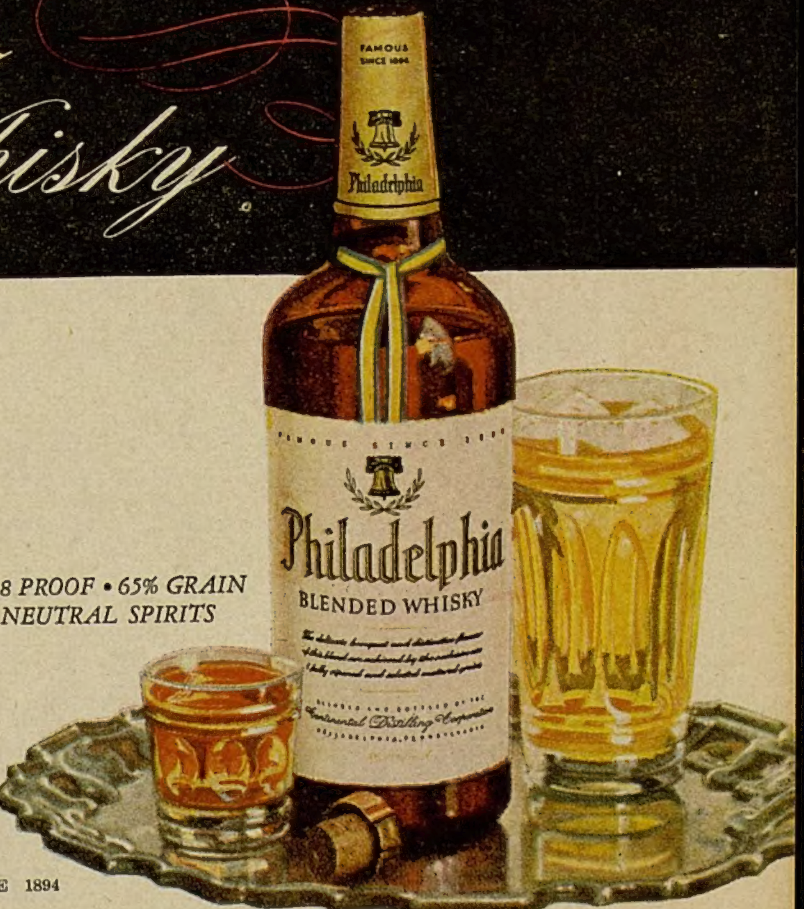

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